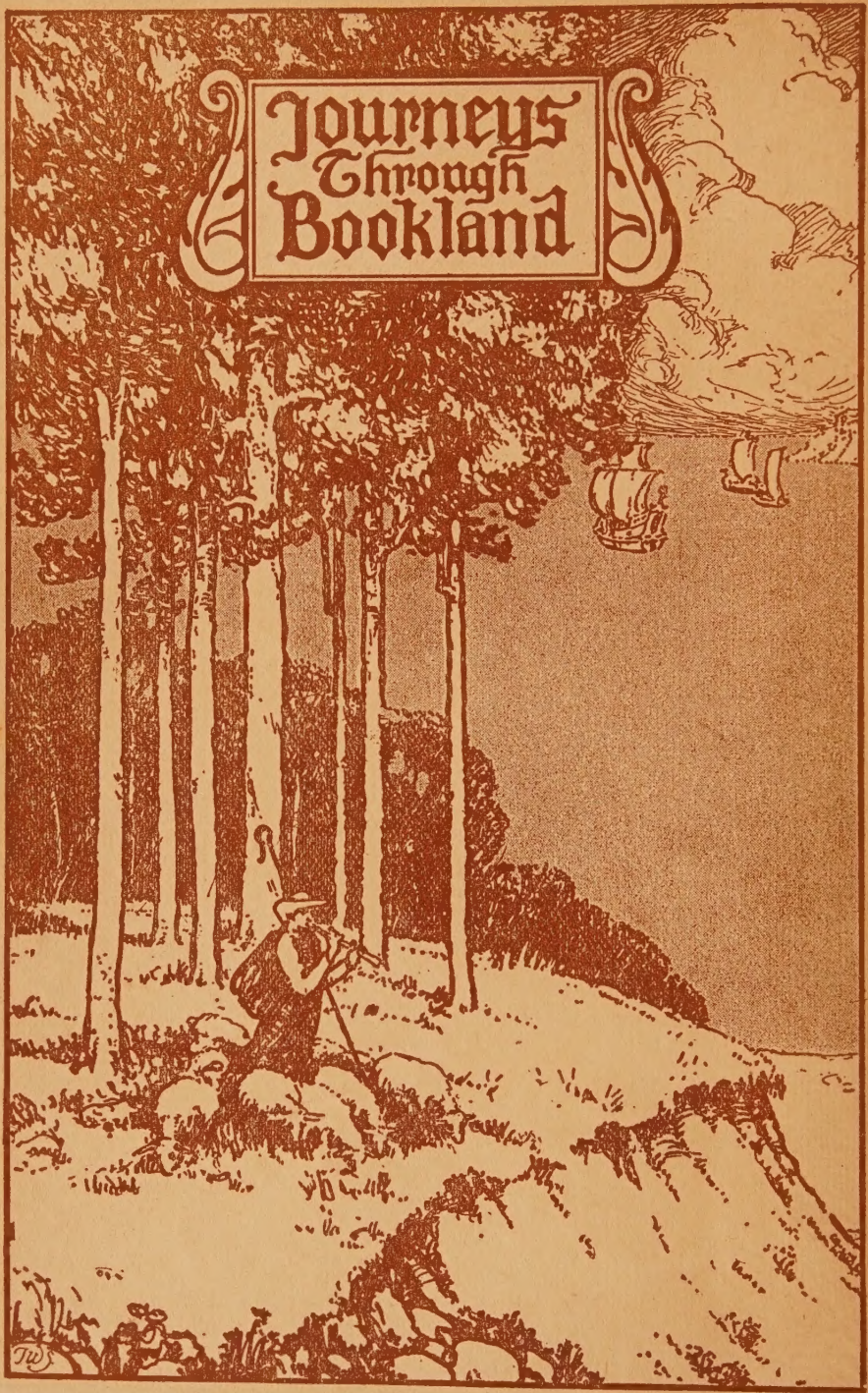
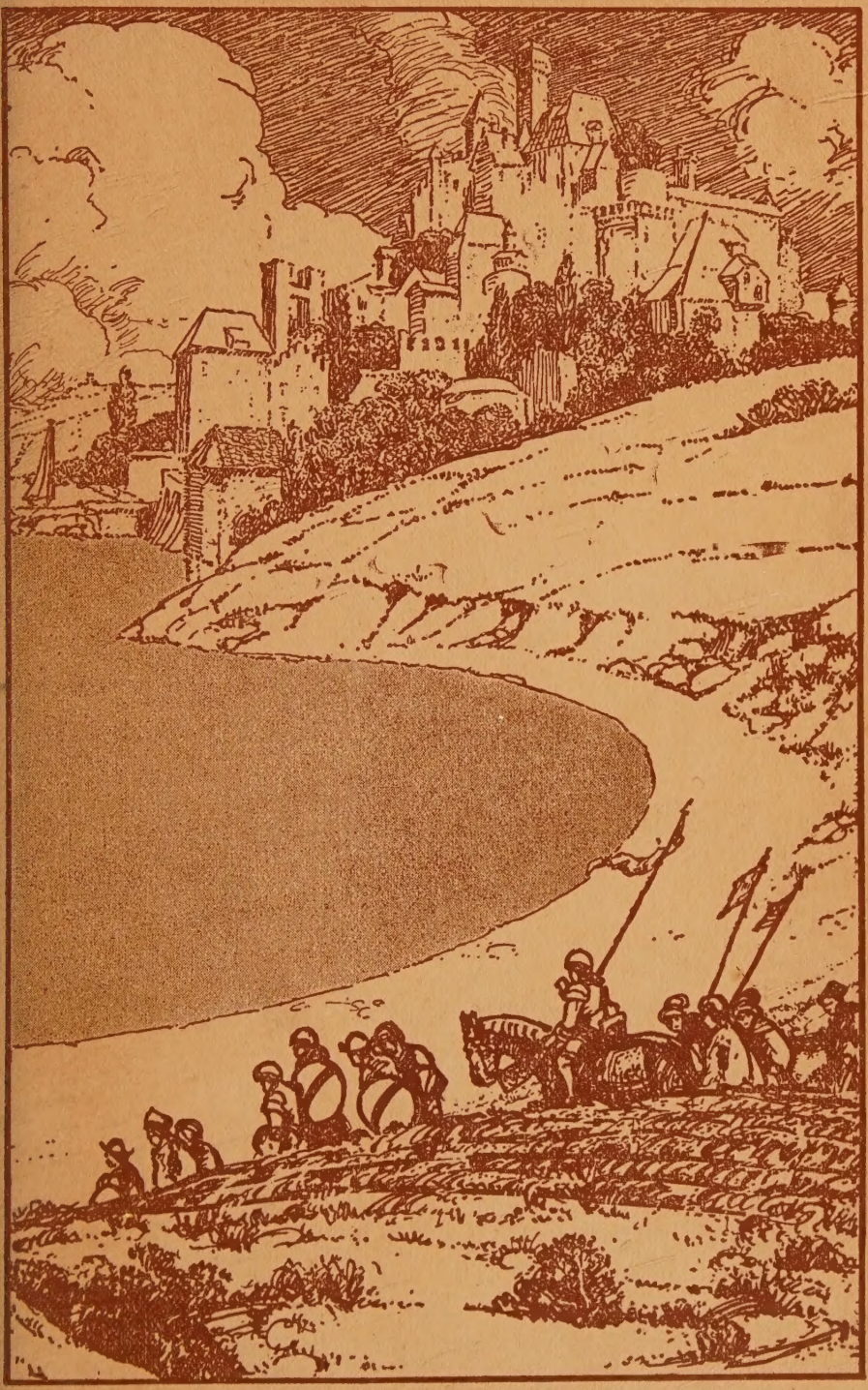
JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND

Journeys Through Bookland





JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND

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Pippa Passes the House of Jules

Journeys Through Bookland

A New and Original Plan for Reading, Applied to the World's Best Literature for Children

BY

Charles H. Sylvester

AUTHOR OF *English and American Literature, Etc.*

VOLUME TEN

BELLOWS-REEVE COMPANY

CHICAGO

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Title-page and halftone decorations by Mrs. Thomas Wood Stevens. Initial letters, tailpieces and other decorations by Mrs. Thomas Wood Stevens, Frederick Grant and Miss Edith Virden.

MR. PICKWICK AND SAM WELLER[1]

CHARLES DICKENS

MRS. BARDELL AND SAM

R. PICKWICK'S[2] apartments in Goswell Street,[3] although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in his parlour,

1. These selections are from *the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* This was published originally in monthly numbers, and it was not until the appearance of Sam Weller as a character that it gained any great popularity. The preface to the original edition bears date September 27, 1837. Since that time there has been no falling off of interest in the books, and they leave us with their diverting incidents, which amuse and entertain us as much as they did their first readers.

The extracts published here are arranged in the order in which they appear in the books. They give a good idea of Pickwick and his inimitable servant.

2. Mr. Pickwick is elsewhere described as a small, portly man with a bald head, whose beaming eyes were seen twinkling behind circular spectacles. He wore a long-tailed coat, waistcoat, tight breeches, hose and gaiters, and presented altogether an amusing and attractive personality.

His faithful servant Sam says of him, "I never heerd, mind you, nor read of in story books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters—not even in spectacles, as I remember, though that may have been done for anythin' I know to the contrairey—but mark my words, he's a reg'lar thoroughbred angel for all that; and let me see the man as wenturs to tell me he knows a better vun."

3. Goswell Street, London.

or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict[4] and sole executrix[5] of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behaviour on this particular morning would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped

4. *Relict* means *widow.*

5. She was left to manage all the property her husband had when he died.

his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment—

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends—" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know,

Mr. Pickwick; and whether its a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humoured glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"OH, MR. PICKWICK!"

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider.—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman,[6] Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

6. Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass are the three members of the Pickwick Club who travel with Mr. Pickwick, and whose adventures make up the greater part of the *Pickwick Papers*. In another place Dickens speaks of the three men as follows:

"Mr. Tracy Tupman—the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses —love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat; but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion." "The poetic Snodgrass and the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs."

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"TAKE THIS LITTLE VILLAIN AWAY!"

"Thank you, sir—thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive—" said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive

what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink.

"I want to speak to you about something," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door. "Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear;

and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."[7]

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "*I* should like to know, in the first place, whether you're a goin' to purwide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds[8] a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

7. *Farden—farthing.*

8. Twelve pounds equal about sixty dollars.

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here.

"Take the bill down,"[9] said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Certn'ly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the enquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

The history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provided, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in, Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray

9. Sam alludes to the bills "Boy Wanted" or "Man Wanted," that are often seen in the windows of stores and offices in the city.

coat with the P. C. button,[10] a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessaries, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said the suddenly-transformed individual, "I wonder whether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

SAM'S VALENTINE

AS Sam was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that he should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

So saying, he at once stepped into a stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-

10. A brass button with the initials "P. C.," Pickwick Club.

nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar[11] himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

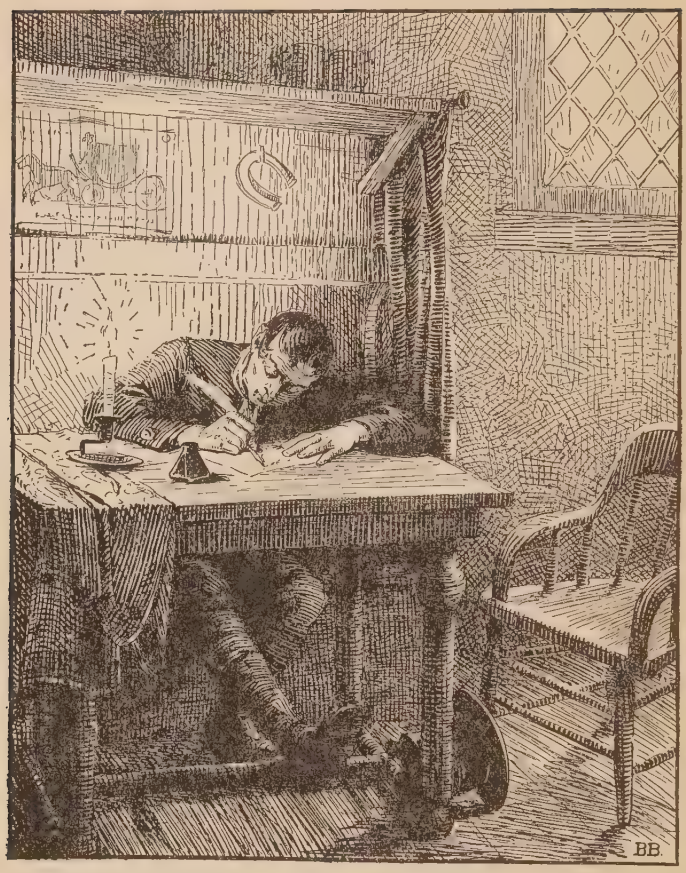
"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn'orth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you miss?"

The brandy and water luke,[12] and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlour, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen

11. The Blue Boar is a tavern or inn. The old English inns bore very curious names: *The George and Vulture, The Marquis of Granby, The Pig and Whistle* are examples.

12. *Luke—lukewarm water.*



SAM COMPOSED HIMSELF TO WRITE

to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the

habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!"[13]

13. In another place Mr. Pickwick is told by Sam how his father came to marry. Sam is speaking about the "touts" who peddled licenses for marriage at the offices. "'What do they do?' asked Mr. Pickwick. 'Do,' said Sam, 'do! *You*, sir! That a'nt the wost on it neither. They puts things into old gen'lm'n's heads as they never dreamed of. My father, sir, wos a coachman. A widower he wos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should inwest the money—up comes the touter, touches his hat—"Licence, sir, licence?"—"What's that?" says my father. "Licence, sir," says he.—"What licence?" says my father.—"Marriage licence," says the touter.—"Dash my veskit," says my father, "I never thought o' that."—"I think you wants one, sir," says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit—"No," says he, "damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large," says he.—"Not a bit on it, sir," says the touter.—"Think not?'" says my father.—"I'm sure not," says he; "we married a gen'lm'n twice your size, last Monday."

These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizing trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Did you, though," said my father.—"To be sure, we did," says the touter, "you're a babby to him—this way, sir—this way!"—and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a organ, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. "Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir," says the lawyer.—"Thankee, sir," says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. "What's your name, sir," says the lawyer.—"Tony Weller," says my father.—"Parish?" says the lawyer.—"Belle Savage," says my father; for he stopped there wen he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, *he* didn't.—"And what's the lady's name?" says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. "Blessed if I know," says he.—"Not know!" says the lawyer.—"No more nor you do," says my father, "can't I put that in arterwards?"—"Impossible!" says the lawyer.—"Wery well," says my father, after he'd thought a moment, "put down Mrs. Clarke."—"What Clarke?" says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink.—"Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking," says my father; "she'll have me, if I ask, I des-say—I never said nothing to her, but she'll have me, I know." The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and *I* never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' said Sam, when he had concluded, 'but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the wheel greased.'"

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a going to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely——.'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

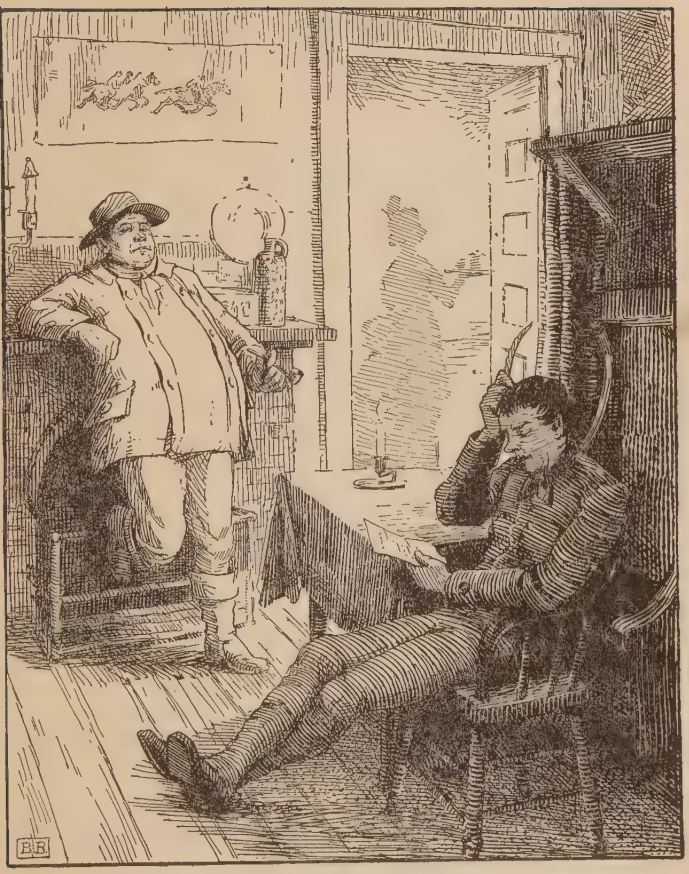
"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows: never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed'—."

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.



"I FORGET WHAT THIS HERE WORD IS," SAID SAM

"No; it ain't 'dammed'," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam,

scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythor good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that raythor strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end

to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

"Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"'That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it, Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name.

"Sign it, 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy

o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

THE TRIAL[14]

USTICE Stareleigh was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar,[15] who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

14. This is the account of the trial of the breach-of-promise suit brought by Mrs. Bardell against Mr. Pickwick.

15. *The bar*—the lawyers who are admitted inside the bar that divides the room and keeps spectators out of the way.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury. Immediately afterward Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz[16] rubbed his eyes very hard with a large, white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look

16. Sergeant Buzfuz is the lawyer who will speak to the jury on Mrs. Bardell's side. Dodson & Fogg have prepared the papers and conducted the case until now. In this country, one attorney may attend to everything, but in England the practice is different. Mr. Perker has conducted Mr. Pickwick's affairs, and Sergeant Snubbin will plead at the trial.

MRS. CLUPPINS PLACED MASTER BARDELL ON THE FLOOR

towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

Mrs. Bardell recovered by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the

part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote: "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case."

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience —never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law —had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I intreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single

gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz

in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time,

waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract: and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling wit-

nesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper he proceeded:

"And, now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B.,

I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible

single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and

when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella: keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring with an earnest countenance, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

"Mrs. Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "pray compose yourself, ma'am." Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself, she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppense ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was a sound of voices in the front room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices, Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating

that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great

sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument, was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin

"attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly——"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that——"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his notebook.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat

the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking

very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if any body should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I

was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not;" replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible

dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with

great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of a projected marriage, and had led, he knew, to the defendant being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich![17]

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and

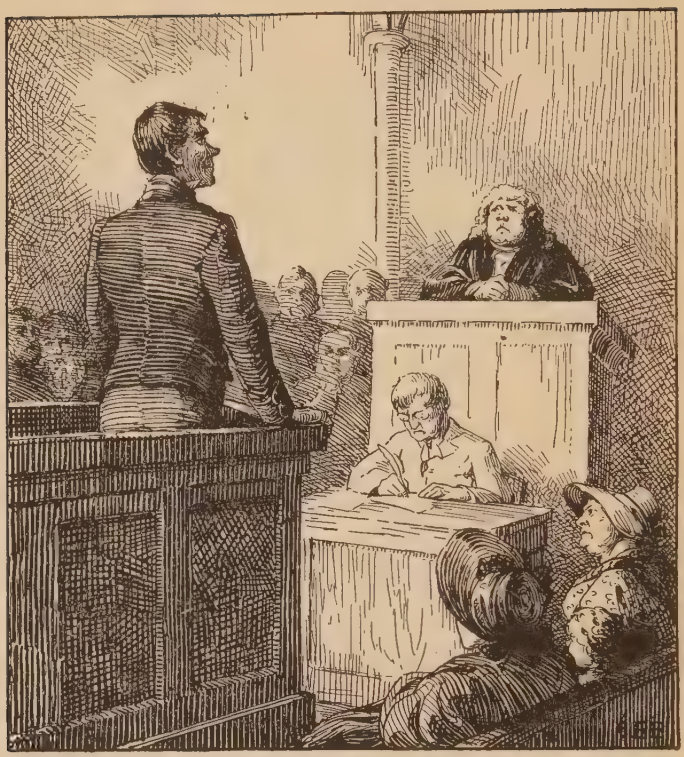
17. The little incident told in another part of the story was one in which Mr. Pickwick was wholly innocent and which had been closed to the perfect satisfaction of every one concerned. Mr. Winkle, in his embarrassment, tells only half the truth, and the skilful lawyers on the other side make the most of it.

dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box: both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July. Had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."



"SAM WELLER, MY LORD."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W?'" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam, "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right too, Samuel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythor suspect it was my father, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgment and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by defendant; eh, Mr. Weller? said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at that time, my Lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit of clothes; wery careful indeed, my Lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam, "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly

foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh, yes, wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at that the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew

general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read. "Then that's my case, my Lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr. Pickwick. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return home from some country excursion. It is sufficient to add in general terms, that he did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as every body knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed on your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; and having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

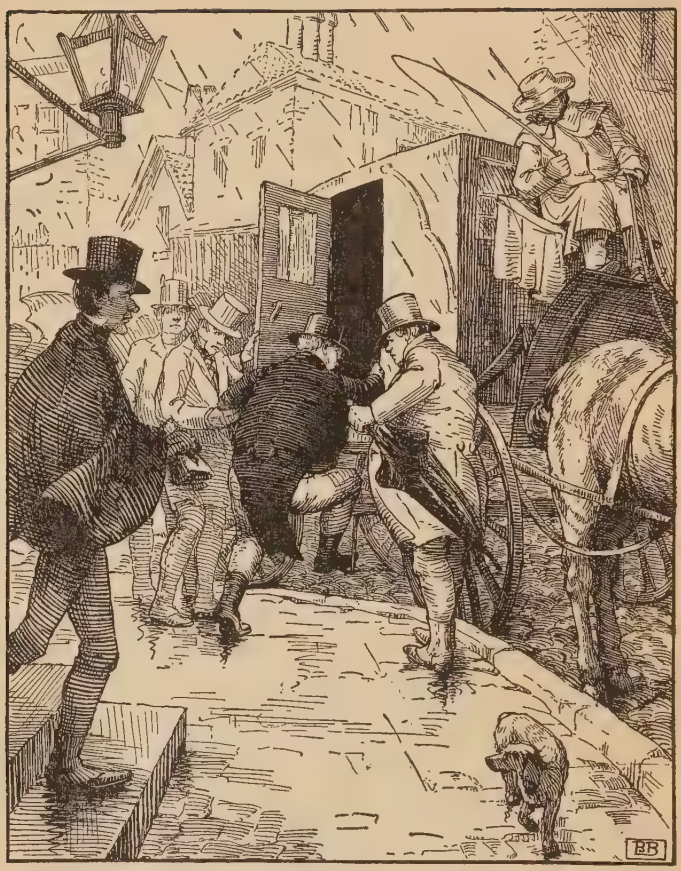
"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."



MR. PICKWICK WAS ASSISTED INTO A HACKNEY-COACH

"He, he, he! We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR[1]

NOTE,—Caius Julius Cæsar (100–44 B. C.) was the greatest of Roman generals. He began early to take part in political life, identifying himself with the popular party, and he filled various offices most satisfactorily. In 62 B.C. he was elected to the consulate, the highest office in the state, and just before entering on his duties he formed with Pompey, then at the height of his power, and with Crassus, the First Triumvirate. This was not a form of government; it was simply a coalition formed to advance the interests of its members.

At the close of his consulship, Cæsar was sent

1. Plutarch, the author of the *Life of Cæsar*, from which this selection is taken, was a Greek writer who was born about 46 A. D. and lived about eighty years. Of his life not much is known, save that he spent considerable time in travel, and that he returned for his last years to his birthplace, Chæronea in Bœotia. He was, during his lifetime, less famous as an author than as a philosopher and as a teacher and guide to the young people who gathered about him, constituting a sort of informal school.

His *Lives*, for which he is chiefly remembered, are among the most valuable as well as the most delightful writings that have come down to us from ancient times. Most of them are arranged in pairs; that is, a life of Cæsar is joined with a life of Alexander the Great, and a formal comparison is added. These comparisons are often forced, and it is believed by some authorities that they were not written by Plutarch, but were added later.

For our knowledge of many of the great men of antiquity we are chiefly indebted to Plutarch, and English literature owes a special debt to him because it is from his *Lives* that Shakespeare drew the materials for all of his dramas which deal with ancient history. The translation which Shakespeare used was the one quoted from here—that of Sir Thomas North.

For ease in reading, this selection has been divided into paragraphs, and quotation marks have been added, but no other changes have been made.

as proconsul, or governor, to Gaul, where he remained for nine years. He did wonderful things in that province, conquering the warlike Gauls and the sturdy German invaders, and reducing the country to complete subjection. Leaving Gaul for a season, he crossed over to Britain and subdued the island. Meanwhile Pompey, at Rome, had become jealous of Cæsar, whose victories had made him a popular idol, and he succeeded in getting the Senate to pass a decree ordering Cæsar to disband his army. This Cæsar refused to do, and instead he led his soldiers across the Rubicon, the river which separated Gaul from Italy, and advanced toward Rome. Pompey and his supporters fled, and Cæsar speedily became master of the state. He crossed into Greece and defeated Pompey, and the Senate, subservient to Cæsar as it had been to Pompey, conferred upon him all the offices in its power. Wars in Spain, in Africa and in Pontus increased his fame, and he became undisputed master of the Roman world.

Cæsar was great not only in war. He was an author as well as a general, and his *Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars* is a masterly history. One of his acts which conferred most benefit on the people was the revision of the Calendar. Many were the projects for the improvement of the city which he planned, but he was not allowed to carry them out. While he was at the height of his power, his death came in the manner which Plutarch describes in the following selection.

T that time, the feast Lupercalia[2] was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herd men, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place.

Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius,[3] who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar having made this proof, found that the people did

2. The Lupercalia was a Roman festival held annually on February 15th, in honor of the pastoral deity Lupercus.

3. Marcus Antonius, or Mark Antony, (83–30 B. C.), had helped Cæsar in his contest with Pompey and was his colleague in the consulship.

not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.

After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes:[4] because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person, unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favor Cæsar showed unto him, kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life, after the battle of Pharsalia[5] when Pompey fled, and did at his

4. That is, *Brutuses*. Lucius Junius Brutus was an ancient Roman hero who had taken a chief part in driving Tarquin the King from Rome, and in abolishing the kingly office (509 B. C.).

5. This was the battle in Greece at which Cæsar finally defeated Pompey.

request also save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius,[6] who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Some one day accusing Brutus while he practiced this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, "Brutus will look for this skin": meaning thereby, that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet, that for ambition's sake, he would not show himself unthankful or dishonorable.

Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other: they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect. "Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and

6. Cassius had been a friend of Pompey, whom he had aided in his struggle against Cæsar. After the Battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pardoned him, as he did many of Pompey's supporters, and they were to all appearances fully reconciled.

egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks."

Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella,[7] that they pretended some mischief toward him: he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided: considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place: are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo[8] the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand,

7. Dolabella was a Roman politician who had given Cæsar some aid at the Battle of Pharsalia and who therefore felt himself entitled to great rewards. Since, owing to his turbulence and his profligate character, he was constantly stirring up strife at Rome, Cæsar gave him appointments in Spain and in Africa.

8. Strabo (about 64 B. C.—19 A. D.), was a Greek historian and geographer. His *Geography*, in seventeen books, is still extant, but of the forty-three books of his *History*, there remain but fragments.

insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.

That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come:" "So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus,[9] sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so talk falling out among them, reasoning what death was best: he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for."

Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lam-

9. Marcus Æmilius Lepidus had served as consul with Cæsar, and had been appointed by Cæsar governor of Nearer Spain. After Cæsar's death he joined himself with Antony.

CALPURNIA ENTREATS CÆSAR

entable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms.

Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as among other, Titus Livius[10] writeth,

10. Titus Livius, or Livy (59 B. C.—19 A. D.), was a famous Roman historian. He wrote a history of Rome in one hundred and forty books, of which, however, only thirty-five are extant.

that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterward, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: That he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were

assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams: what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself?

"And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time."

Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept, till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him.

And one Artemidorus, also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar: came and brought him a little

bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself among other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius, beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise: he did softly call upon it, to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself.

Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose.

So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then

THE CONSPIRATORS ABOUT CÆSAR

part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came toward him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being

offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him struck him in the neck with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard: and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin: "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me."

At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw: they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere, but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder: and then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his body. Men report also, that Cæsar

did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed, that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst among them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again.

But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the otherside, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out

of the Senate, and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went among them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them: among them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterward put to death, for their vain covetousness of honor, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates, or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reproved, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify every man, ordained besides, that Cæsar's funeral should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done: and gave certain provinces also, and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every

man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when they had opened Cæsar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money, bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords: then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burned the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses.

There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go: and then Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burned Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another,

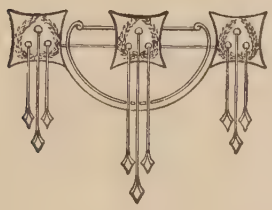
so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself), wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently despatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within few days after they departed out of Rome.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age: and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger: but a vain name only and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime, did continue afterward in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at Philippi,[11] slew himself with the same sword, with the which he struck Cæsar. Again, of signs in the element,

11. This was a city in Macedonia, the scene of the battle between Brutus and Cassius on the one hand, and Antony and Octavius on the other.

the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe. But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness, and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside, and said nothing: at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Then Brutus replied again, and said: "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them

that withstood him, he drove them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it, and slew himself, but yet as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.



THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

NOTE,—The following selection from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is given to show how closely Shakespeare followed his source, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*. In the other parts of this great drama the similarity is equally great; thus the incident of Antony's offering Cæsar the crown, the warnings "blazed forth" by the heavens, the vision of Brutus at Philippi, are all used by Shakespeare in a masterly manner. This unoriginality in his plot by no means detracts from the genius of Shakespeare; he invented few of his plots, but he showed his wonderful genius in his treatment of them.

Perhaps this selection from *Julius Cæsar* will make you want to read the whole play. It is the easiest and the simplest of all Shakespeare's tragedies, and therefore the best for you to begin with. There are a number of wonderful scenes in it. But perhaps the most wonderful of all is the scene where Antony makes his speech over the body of Cæsar. Plutarch does not tell us that it was Antony who stirred up the wrath of the Romans against the conspirators, but Shakespeare makes him do that in one of the most skilful and masterly speeches in all literature.

ACT II

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S *house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*[1] CÆSAR *speaks.*

OR heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murther[2] Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[3]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

1. His *night-gown* was his dressing-gown.
2. *Murther* is an old form of *murder.*
3. *Stood on ceremonies* means *insisted on omens.*

A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,[4]
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

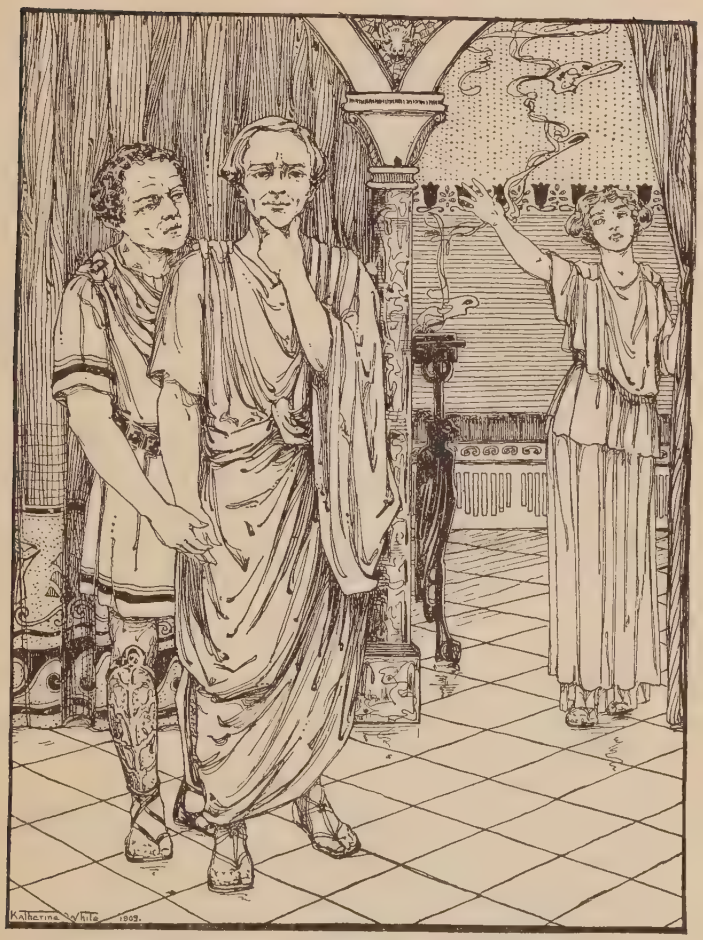
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers!

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

4. *Beyond all use* means *unusual, unnatural.*



COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES BEFORE THEIR DEATHS;
THE VALIANT NEVER TASTE OF DEATH BUT ONCE.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.[5]
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

5. The ancients believed that the condition of an animal offered for sacrifice foretold many things.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.[6]
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

6. *Cognizance* here means *souvenirs.*

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,[7] for some one to say
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[8]

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS,[9] BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,[10] METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS[11] *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.[12]

7. *A mock apt to be render'd* means *a sneering reply likely to be made.*

8. *Liable* means *subject, subservient.*

9–10–11. These are three conspirators whom Plutarch does not mention.

12. This is an anachronism. There were no clocks to strike in Cæsar's time.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you:

"HERE WILL I STAND TILL CÆSAR PASS ALONG."

security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of[13] emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

13. *Out of the teeth of* means *beyond the reach of.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer.[14] *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.* CÆSAR *speaks to the* Soothsayer.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read.

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Scene changes to the Senate-House, the Senate

14. This soothsayer had the month before warned Cæsar to beware the ides of March.

sitting. Enter CÆSAR *with his train, the conspirators, and others.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd:[15] press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

15. *Address'd* means *ready.*

"AY, CÆSAR, BUT NOT GONE."

Casca. Are we all ready?
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[16] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men.
. . . Be not fond,[17]
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of[18] my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

16. *Couchings* means *crouchings*. It may be that Shakespeare wrote *crouchings*, and that the mistake crept in afterward.

17. *Fond* meant, in olden times, *foolish*, and is so used here.

18. *Repealing* is here used in its obsolete sense of *recalling*.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*[19] Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies.*

19. *Et tu, Brute.* There is no record that Cæsar said these words in dying. Most commentators think that it is a decidedly false note for Shakespeare to introduce this Latin exclamation here.

JULIUS CÆSAR[1]

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

N person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off towards the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits.

He was a great bather and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding.

In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it

1. The following character sketch of Cæsar is from the *Cæsar* of James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), an English historian. His judgment of Cæsar is much more favorable than is that of Plutarch.

was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On one occasion when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials.

Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia[2] held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority.

2. The capture of Alesia, which was defended by Vercingetorix, the bravest of the Gallic leaders, was one of Cæsar's greatest exploits.

The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander.

Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be heard of. But Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Darazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Aedui;[3] and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories.

He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He travelled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a

3. The Aedui were the first Gallic tribe to form an alliance with the Romans.

definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to the enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate.

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family.

When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless

there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment.

Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the Civil War began and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

When praetor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends; therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the Civil War is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquest in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which

he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

As far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible like a force of nature.

From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality.

He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles.

But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did

not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

*FROM THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART**

NOTE,—The following selection is from an account of the Hundred Years' War by Froissart. The Hundred Years' War is the name given to a series of contests between the French and the English between 1337 and 1453. The war was undertaken by the English kings and the object was to gain possession of the French crown, to which Edward III of England believed that he was entitled. There were various skirmishes prior to the Battle of Crecy (or Cressy), but that was the first great and decisive contest. The English were victorious, as they were in most of the battles during the reign of Edward III, but these victories, brilliant as they were, gave to England little permanent advantage; and when Edward finally withdrew from the war, England as well as France was in an exhausted condition. The war was continued with varying fortunes during the reigns of Edward's successors, and in the time of Henry V (1413–1422), it really seemed as if England might permanently subdue France.

*Jean Froissart was a French poet and historian who lived from about 1338 to about 1410. From 1361 to 1366 he was secretary to Philippa, Queen of England, the wife of Edward III, whose exploits are celebrated in this extract from his works. Froissart's great work is his *Chronicles*, in the four books of which he described in a vivid manner the wars and other events of the last three-quarters of the fourteenth century. His account is of especial interest because he received most of his information about the events he described from people who had taken prominent parts in them.

However, with the help of Joan of Arc (Volume IV, page 404) the French losses were retrieved, and when in 1453 the English were finally driven from France, they held nothing in their possession except the city of Calais, which they had captured shortly after the Battle of Crecy.

The English king referred to in Froissart's account is Edward III (1312–1377), and the French king is Philip VI (1296–1350). The English prince who distinguished himself at the Battle of Crecy was a son of Edward III, commonly known as the "Black Prince." He was at the time of the Battle of Crecy but sixteen years old.

Of the order of the Englishmen at Cressy, and how they made three battles afoot

ON the Friday the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the king made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly, that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey[1] to his honor: then about midnight he laid him

1. *Journey* has here its old meaning of the *day's work.*

down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the prince his son with him, and the most part of his company were confessed and houselled;[2] and after the mass said he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed.

Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles:[3] in the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name: they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other: every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had

2. *To housel* means *to administer the eucharist.*
3. *Battles* means here *battalions.*

the king: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the king leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battle, it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles: then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet[4] and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

The order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and how they beheld the demeanor of the Englishmen

THIS Saturday the French king rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the Abbey of Saint Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching toward his enemies, some of his lords said to him: "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that

4. A *salet*, or *sallet*, was a sort of helmet usually made without a visor.

they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the king sent four knights, the Moine of Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu and the Lord d'Aubigny to ride to aview[5] the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing.

The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them: they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French king saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said: "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the king said to the Moine, who pertained to the king of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world: "Sir, speak you."

Then he said: "Sir, I shall speak, sith[6] it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night: for or[7] they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall

5. *To aview* is an archaic synonym of *to survey.*
6. *Sith* means *since.*
7. *Or* was formerly used to mean *before.*

find our enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the king commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner: "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and Saint Denis."[8] They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost: and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the king nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies: and as soon as the foremost saw them, they reculed[9] then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list: some went forth and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their

8. Saint Denis was a missionary to the Gauls, sent out from Rome about 250 A. D. He made numerous converts to Christianity, but his preaching was not acceptable to the Roman ruler of Gaul, and Saint Denis was in 272 put to death. For a long time the name of Saint Denis was the war cry of the French soldiers.

9. *Reculed* is an old form of *recoiled.*

enemies, they took their swords and cried: "Down with them! let us slay them all."

There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvellous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

Of the battle of Cressy between the King of England and the French King

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battles. The first, which was the prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse[10] and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some

10. *In the manner of a herse* means that the soldiers were drawn up in the form of a harrow; that is, the line of battle was much longer from side to side than from front to back.

came before and some came after in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and said to his marshals: "Make the Genoways[11] go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis." There were of the Genoways cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest."

These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse[12] with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchman's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that: then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little,

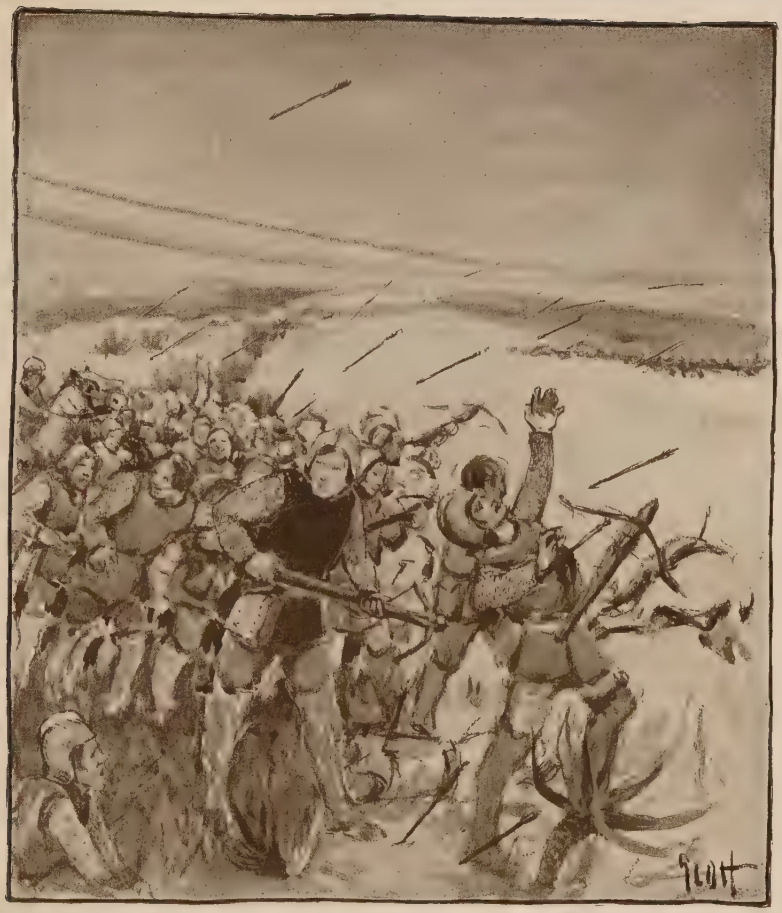
11. *Genoways* were the *Genoese*.
12. *Clipse* was the same as *eclipse*.

and the Englishmen removed not one foot: thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick, that it seemed snow.

When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them fly away, he said: "Slay these rascals, for they shall let[13] and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them: and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas[14] they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia[15] called Charles

13. *To let* meant *to hinder* or *to prevent.*
14. *Whereas* is here used for *wherever.*
15. The King of Bohemia was an ally of the French king.



THE ARCHERS LET FLY THEIR ARROWS

of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him: "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said: "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said: "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French king would

fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours[16] of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let[17] but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came, there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometimes came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came and

16. *Currours* were *couriers* or *messengers.*
17. *Let* meant *hindrance.*

fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said: "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt[18] would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt his brother might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the

18. Sir Godfrey of Harcourt was an exiled French noble who rendered much aid to the English King.

French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale, his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the Duke of Lorraine fought under their banners, but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a three-score persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king: "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the king called the captain, who came to the walls and said: "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king said: "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the king entered, and he had

with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny and the Lord of Montsault. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

How the next day after the battle the Englishmen discomfited divers Frenchmen

ON this Saturday, when the night was come and that the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain and fled away. Then they made great fires and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the king avaled[19] down from the little hill whereas he stood; and of all that day till then his helm came never on his head. Then he went with all his battle to his son the prince and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said: "Fair son, God give you good perseverance;

19. *To avale* was an old synonym for *to descend.*

ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly: ye are worthy to keep a realm." The prince inclined himself to the earth, honoring the king his father.

This night they thanked God for their good adventure and made no boast thereof, for the king would that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God. On the Sunday in the morning there was such a mist, that a man might not see the breadth of an acre of land from him. Then there departed from the host by the commandment of the king and marshals five hundred spears and two thousand archers, to see if they might see any Frenchmen gathered again together in any place.

The same morning out of Abbeville and Saint-Riquiers in Ponthieu the commons of Rouen and of Beauvais issued out of their towns, not knowing of the discomfiture the day before. They met with the Englishmen weening[20] they had been Frenchmen, and when the Englishmen saw them, they set on them freshly, and there was a sore battle; but at last the Frenchmen fled and kept none array. There were slain in the ways and in hedges and bushes more than seven thousand, and if the day had been clear there had never a one scaped. Anon after, another company of Frenchmen were met by the Englishmen, the Archbishop of Rouen and the great Prior of France, who also knew nothing of the discomfiture the day before; for they heard that

20. *Weening* here means *imagining*.

the French king should have fought the same Sunday, and they were going thitherward.

When they met with the Englishmen, there was a great battle, for they were a great number, but they could not endure against the Englishmen; for they were nigh all slain, few escaped; the two lords were slain. This morning the Englishmen met with divers Frenchmen that had lost their way on the Saturday and had lain all night in the fields, and wist not where the king was nor the captains. They were all slain, as many as were met with; and it was showed me that of the commons and men afoot of the cities and good towns of France there was slain four times as many as were slain the Saturday in the great battle.

How the next day after the battle of Cressy they that were dead were numbered by the Englishmen

THE same Sunday, as the King of England came from mass, such as had been sent forth returned and showed the king what they had seen and done, and said: "Sir, we think surely there is now no more appearance of any of our enemies." Then the king sent to search how many were slain and what they were. Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Richard Stafford with three heralds went to search the field and country: they visited all

them that were slain and rode all day in the fields, and returned again to the host as the king was going to supper. They made just report of that they had seen, and said how there were eleven great princes dead, fourscore banners, twelve hundred knights, and more than thirty thousand other. The Englishmen kept still their field all that night: on the Monday in the morning the king prepared to depart: the king caused the dead bodies of the great lords to be taken up and conveyed to Montreuil, and there buried in holy ground, and made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Cressy to bury the dead bodies.

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA[1]

E. S. CREASY

HE war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on.[2] It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America, but both Europe and Asia now see and feel.[3]

1. This description of the defeat of Burgoyne is taken from *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a very interesting historical work, written over fifty years ago by a man recognized as an eminent scholar, a professor of history and a judge of the English Courts.

2. It should be remembered in reading this account that the author is a patriotic Englishman. We shall have a chance to test his fairness, to see if he is too much prejudiced to be a good historian. What does the next sentence in the text indicate?

3. The earlier part of the essay, from which this selection is taken,

Still, in proceeding to describe this "decisive battle of the world," a very brief recapitulation of the earlier events of the war may be sufficient; nor shall I linger unnecessarily on a painful theme.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, usually classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother country.[4] The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York, and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the South, although everywhere it was formidably strong.[5] But it was among the descendants of the stern Puritans that the spirit of Cromwell and Vane breathed in all its fervor; it was from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British crown had been offered; and it was by them that

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contains a brief sketch of the growth of the colonies, and an estimate of the position and importance of the United States at the time the essay was written. The author says that the United States was increasing so rapidly in wealth, power and influence, that any opinions he could form would soon be out of date. Nearly sixty years have passed since then, and we can appreciate the changes that have occurred by comparing his picture with our present condition. The whole world now sees and feels the power of the United States in a way that was not dreamed of fifty years ago.

4. What reasons can you give for the fact that the New England colonies were the strongholds of insurrection?

5. What does he mean by "the central settlement of New York?" Why was the feeling of resistance less vehement in the central settlement of New York? What was there in the nature of the colonists of Pennsylvania that made them still less inclined to resist? Why should the southern colonies partake of the nature of the New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians rather than of the New Englanders? Find the answers to these questions in the characters of the early settlers.

the most stubborn determination to fight to the last, rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been displayed. In 1775 they had succeeded in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston; and the events of 1776 had made New York (which the Royalists captured in that year) the principal basis of operations for the armies of the mother country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hudson River, which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England States, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England States are situate. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontier. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.[6]

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province.[7] The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defense, but

6. If you are not familiar with the region described, study the map closely. It will make the text clearer.

7. This was the expedition under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, which, though both armies reached Quebec, and attacked with vigor in December, was repulsed with great loss of life; in fact most of the assailants were either killed, wounded or taken prisoner.

for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely reenforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations, all communication between the northern colonies and those of the center and south would be cut off.[8] An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over

8. The map shows you how excellent a military plan this was. The lakes and the river made a natural highway, both ends of which the British held. The Eastern colonies lay in a rude triangle, with the English, by land and sea, on two sides of them. When the British should hold the line along the Hudson, the third side of the triangle would be filled in, and the New England colonies would be entirely surrounded as well as cut off from the Middle and Southern colonies.

Pennsylvania and the South. At any rate, it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the Royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. No European power had as yet come forward to aid America. It is true that England was generally regarded with jealousy and ill-will, and was thought to have acquired, at the treaty of Paris, a preponderance of dominion which was perilous to the balance of power; but, though many were willing to wound, none had yet ventured to strike; and America, if defeated in 1777, would have been suffered to fall unaided.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops; he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Philips and Brigadier-General Frazer. His reg-

ular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about 7,200 men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the red Indians near the Western lakes to join his army. Much eloquence was poured forth both in America and in England in denouncing the use of these savage auxiliaries. Yet Burgoyne seems to have done no more than Montcalm, Wolfe, and other French, American and English generals had done before him. But, in truth, the lawless ferocity of the Indians, their unskillfulness in regular action, and the utter impossibility of bringing them under any discipline, made their services of little or no value in times of difficulty; while the indignation which their outrages inspired went far to rouse the whole population of the invaded districts into active hostilities against Burgoyne's force.[9]

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his red allies a war feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time, he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all

9. Does the writer think Burgoyne profited from the use of the Indians as soldiers? Does he think it was wrong for Burgoyne to use them? What is your opinion?

the horrors of war, Indian as well as European.[10] The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet, by which the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition; but the reduction of Ticonderoga, a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point, was a more serious matter, and was supposed to be the critical part of the expedition. Ticonderoga commanded the passage along the lakes, and was considered to be the key to the route which Burgoyne wished to follow. The English had been repulsed in an attack on it in the war with the French in 1758 with severe loss. But Burgoyne now invested it with great skill; and the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about 3000 men, evacuated it on the 5th of July. It seems evident that a different course would have caused the destruction or capture of his whole army, which, weak as it was, was the chief force then in the field for the protection of the New England States. When censured by some of his countrymen for abandoning Ticonderoga, Saint Clair truly replied "that he had lost a post, but saved a province."[11] Burgoyne's troops pursued the retiring Americans, gained several advantages over them, and took a large part of their artillery and military stores.

10. To how great an extent would Burgoyne's words influence the Indians? Do you think he expected them to refrain from their barbarities?

11. Do you think St. Clair acted wisely or in a cowardly manner?

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough, and thence, slowly and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. But their feelings, and those of the English nation in general when their successes were announced, may best be learned from a contemporary writer. Burke, in the *Annual Register* for 1777, describes them thus:

"Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the Northern army in its onset. It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter

of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.

"At home, the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all those who hoped or wished the unqualified subjugation and unconditional submission of the colonies. The loss in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal consequences, than even that of ground, of posts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and most degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the resolution and abilities of men, even in their defense of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Those who still regarded them as men, and who had not yet lost all affection to them as brethren; who also retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon constitutional principles, without sacrificing the dignity of the just authority of government on the one side, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impossible, notwithstanding their favorable dispositions in general, could not help feeling upon this occasion that the Americans sunk not a little in their estimation. It was not difficult to diffuse an opinion that the war in effect was over, and that any further resistance could serve only to render the terms of their submission the worse. Such were some of the immediate effects of the loss of those grand keys of North America— Ticonderoga, and the lakes."

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were

naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters, none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with re-enforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage.

Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the

victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages; and thus "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defense of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marches, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force."

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate result of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General Saint Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force[12] of about 1,000 men and some light

12. The Indians were Mohawks under the command of Chief Joseph Brant, a blood-thirsty man much feared and hated by the whites.

field pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix, which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany, where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, Saint Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison.[13] At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster, he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large detachment of German troops, at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The Americans, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field:[14] they then marched against a force of five hundred grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, who, after

13. Fort Stanwix was held by Colonel Peter Gansevoort with about six hundred men. General Nicholas Herkimer raised a force of eight hundred men from among the settlers of that vicinity and attacked St. Leger from the rear. At the time the soldiers made a sortie from the fort. In the struggle that followed, Herkimer was mortally wounded, and it is said that fully one-third of the troops engaged were killed.

14. The Americans were commanded by Colonel John Stark and Colonel Seth Warner, both strong types of the sturdy, patriotic American colonists. Seth Warner led a company of Green Mountain boys, the famous Vermont militia, and had already distinguished himself by his bloodless capture of Crown Point the year before.

a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army. The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American Loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed with it.[15]

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy and unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skillful officer, was left with a considerable force

15. The loss to the British may have been much under-estimated. An American authority says that of the more than fifteen hundred British troops, scarcely one hundred escaped death or capture

at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for re-enforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about 3,000 of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and watercourses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men); and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New

York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added, that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually re-enforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And finding the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than 6,000 men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream.

The lines were fortified in the center and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still.[16] The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of 1,500 regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Philips, Reidesel,[17] and Frazer under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack. The right of the camp was commanded by Generals Hamilton and Spaight; the left part of it was committed to the charge of Brigadier Goll.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Ameri-

16. The Americans had now probably twenty thousand men, counting regulars and militia.

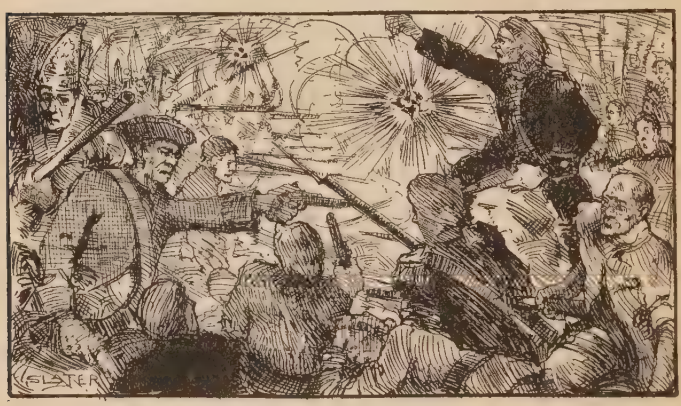
17. Baron Reidesel was in command of the German troops.

cans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of 1,700 men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished.[18] All depended on the fortunes of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprised one of the best bodies of Grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates' camp, and then deployed his men into line. The Grenadiers under Major Ackland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the center, and the English Light Infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked;

18. What a dramatic situation the author shows. In so doing does he give force to his claim that Saratoga was really one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world?

and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American general, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The Grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the center, so as



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to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the Grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The Light Infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line which enabled them to baffle this maneuver, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the gallant Grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for

this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and center were in complete disorder; but the Light Infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillery-men, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the Light Infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound

in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defense of his post, but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill, he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from recrossing that

river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night toward Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.[19]

Before the rear guard quitted the camp, the last sad honors were paid to the brave General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the 7th, and expired on the following day. The funeral of this gallant soldier is thus described by the Italian historian Botta:

"Toward midnight the body of General Frazer was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly round while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within range of the enemy's batteries, and while the service was proceeding, a cannon-ball struck the ground close to the coffin, and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain."

19. The battles around Saratoga are given different names by different authors. Creasy writes of all the engagements under the general title of the Battle of Saratoga. Other writers speak of the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemis Heights, and others still, of the battles of Stillwater.

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says:

"It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from 10,000 combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than 3,000 were English.

"In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Bur-

goyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a Convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, "This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter." After various messages, a convention for the surrender of the army was settled which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The Articles of Capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a

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messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the Convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this Convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and

wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the Convention was executed, General Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly and liberally supplied. Discussions and disputes afterward arose as to some of the terms of the Convention, and the American Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return of Burgoyne's men to Europe; but no blame was imputed to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.

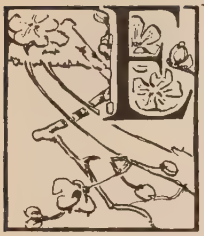
Gates, after the victory, immediately dispatched Colonel Wilkinson to carry the happy tidings to Congress. On being introduced into the hall, he said: "The whole British army has laid down its arms at Saratoga; our own, full of

vigor and courage, expect your orders. It is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need for their service." Honors and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; and it would be difficult (says the Italian historian) to describe the transports of joy which the news of this event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "*There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves.*"

The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga, and of the victorious march of Burgoyne toward Albany, events which seemed decisive in favor of the English, instructions had been immediately dispatched to Nantz, and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity; as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of the sea. The American commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French government; and

they even endeavored to open communications with the British ministry. But the British government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation. But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother commissioners found all their difficulties with the French government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the house of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged *the Independent United States of America*. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and, before long, Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by this country for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent and recent enemy, England.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



VERYONE wishes to know something of the first of the really great English writers, the one who has gained and richly deserves the title of Father of English Poetry, but the information we have about him is vague and unsatisfactory. We know that he was born about the year 1340 in the city of London and lived in comparative ease. As a youth he studied in both Oxford and Cambridge and was a page in the house of one of the royal family. For a while he served with the army in France and was taken prisoner there. He was at one time Comptroller of the Port of London, at another was a member of Parliament, and in the course of his life he held a number of other important offices. He died in the year 1400 and was the first poet honored by burial in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey. He was a stout and jovial man, with fine, soft eyes peering out of a bright face, and by his gracious manners he gained the warm friendship of most of the leading men of his time. To quote Lowell, "If character may be divined by works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly human, and friendly with God and man."

His best writing was done between the years 1381 and 1389, during which time he wrote *The*

House of Fame, *Legend of Good Women*, and the best part of the *Canterbury Tales*. It is upon this last work that his fame chiefly rests.

The plan of the *Canterbury Tales* is as follows: Chaucer imagined that there met at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, England, about thirty people representing nearly all classes of society and types of men. Different as these persons were, they were united by one common interest: all were pilgrims to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. It was proposed that they should travel together, and to while away the time each person was to tell to the others two stories, one on the journey to the shrine and another while returning. The teller of the best tale was to be feasted by the others. Chaucer did not complete his work, and but two dozen of the stories now exist.

The best part of the *Tales* is the *Prologue*, in which Chaucer describes one by one the persons who make up his party. These descriptions are bright and keen and in them Chaucer shows marvelous power of penetration into character and has given us just such types of humanity as exist today. He has drawn them so perfectly that they are for all time. They seem like the people we know around us, for human nature is the same in all ages. The knight would be still a very perfect gentleman, and the manners of the nun would be as faultless now as they were in the fourteenth century. One of the finest characters is the parish priest.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Persoun[1] of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a learned man, a clerk[2]
That Cristes gospel treweley wolde preche;
His parischens[3] devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.[4]
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,[5]
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his poure parischens aboute,
Of his offrynge,[6] and eek of his substaunce.[7]
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte not[8] for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief[9] to visite
The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite,[10]
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,

1. Parson, the parish priest.
2. A scholar educated in the University.
3. Parishioners.
4. Times.
5. It was hateful for him to excommunicate any of his flock because they did not pay their tithes.
6. The voluntary contributions he received from his parishioners.
7. Income.
8. He did not stop.
9. Misfortune.
10. Great and small.

No wonder is a lewed[11] man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,[12]
A (foule) schepherde and a clene schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He sette not his benefice to hyre,[13]
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;[14]
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous,[15]
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,[16]
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To draw folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was busynesse;
But if were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe[17] scharply for the nones.[18]
A bettre prest, I trowe, ther nowher non is,
He waytede[19] after no pompe and reverence,

11. Ignorant.
12. Take heed.
13. He did not let his curacy to a stranger.
14. He did not run to London, to St. Paul's, where he could find a better paying employment in singing masses for souls and be maintained by a brotherhood.
15. Cruel.
16. Haughty.
17. Snub.
18. Once.
19. Sought.

Ne makede him a spiced[20] conscience,
But Cristis lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

The *Canterbury Tales* are written in heroic meter; that is, in rhymed couplets of iambic pentameter. But there are many irregularities and inaccuracies in the meter; so many, in fact, that Chaucer has been mercilessly criticised for his careless verse. The better class of critics, however, give him the highest kind of approval, and this seems wholly right when one considers how little Chaucer had to assist him, how much he created for himself. Mrs. Browning says, "Not one of the Queen Anne's men, measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for topknots, did know the art of versification as the old, rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet, but his verse has, at least, as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation."

That he was an ardent lover of nature his writings show, as they contain several positive assertions of the fact and numberless indirect allusions that tell more certainly the state of his feelings. For flowers and the spring time, his fondness became almost a passion. In the *Legend of Good Women* he says:

"Now have I then eke this conditioun,
That of all the floures in the mede,

20. Too particular.

Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun;
To hem I have so great affectioun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morrow.
This blisfull sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honore,
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe.
And ever I love it, and every ylike newe,
And ever shall, till that mine herte die,
All sweare I now, of this I woll not lie."

He had a keen appreciation of amusing incidents, and worked them into his stories in witty form. He drew these incidents from many sources and used them freely, but withal in a way so altogether original that we cannot charge him with any form of plagiarism. He is probably the greatest narrative poet England has known. Of this phase of his genius Lowell has written: "Chaucer's best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly, as a water

lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into a ripple."

Of the long line of English writers, most have spoken of him in terms of warmest praise. Occleve, a devoted friend, and himself a writer of no mean power, said:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence."

Spenser called his works a "well of English undefiled." Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes:

"And Chaucer with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine."

THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

IN THE generation that followed Chaucer there appeared a book that became very popular and was accepted in good faith by its readers. Now we know that it is a compilation from many sources and not a record of any man's travels. However, in the prologue is this account of the author and his purpose:

"I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, and passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles where dwell many diverse folks, and of diverse manners and laws, and of diverse shapes of men; . . . I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither.

"And ye shall understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it. But lords and knights and other noble and worthy men that con[1] Latin but little, and have been beyond the sea, know and understand if I say truth or no,

1. Know.

and if I err in devising, for[2] forgetting or else, that they may redress it and amend it. For things passed out of long time from a man's mind or from his sight, turn soon into forgetting; because that the mind of man ne may not be comprehended ne withholden, for the frailty of mankind."

Again in the conclusion this is written:

"And I, John Mandeville, knight, abovesaid (although I be unworthy), that departed from our countries and passed the sea, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty-two, that have passed many lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good honorable country, and at many a fair deed of arms (albeit that I did none myself, for mine unable insufficience), now I am come home, maugre myself, to rest, for gouts arthritic that me distrain[3] that define[4] the end of my labor; against my will (God knoweth).

"And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and fifty-six, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our countries. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that

2. Because of.
3. Afflict.
4. Mark.

they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them."

The book has proved entertaining to thousands of people and furnishes us with a delightful example of the language of that early day. You will enjoy better the selections given below, because the spelling has been modernized and some notes have been added.

THE HOLY CROSS

ND ye shall understand that the cross of our Lord was made of four manner of trees, as it is contained in this verse—*In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.*[5] For that piece that went upright from the earth to the head was of cypress; and the piece that went overthwart, to the which his hands were nailed, was of palm; and the stock, that stood within the earth, in the which was made the mortise, was of cedar; and the table above his head, that was a foot and an half long, on the which the title was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that was of olive.

And the Christian men that dwell beyond the sea, in Greece, say that the tree of the cross, that we call cypress, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple off; and that find they written. And they say also that their scripture saith that Adam

5. Palm, cedar, cypress and olive were in the cross.

was sick, and said to his son Seth, that he should go to the angel that kept Paradise, that he would send him oil of mercy, for to anoint with his members, that he might have health. And Seth went. But the angel would not let him come in; but said to him, that he might not have the oil of mercy. But he took him three grains of the same tree that his father ate the apple off; and bade him, as soon as his father was dead, that he should put these three grains under his tongue, and grave[6] him so: and so he did. And of these three grains sprang a tree, as the angel said that it should, and bare a fruit, through the which fruit Adam should be saved. And when Seth came again, he found his father near dead. And when he was dead, he did with the grains as the angel bad him; of the which sprung three trees, of the which the cross was made, that bare good fruit and blessed, our Lord Jesu Christ; through whom Adam and all that come of him should be saved and delivered from dread of death without end, but[7] it be their own default.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE

AND between the city and the church is the field *Floridus*, that is to say, the 'field flourished.'[8] Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with wrong and slandered; for which cause she was demned to death, and to be burnt in that place to the which she was

6. Bury.
7. Unless.
8. In flower.

led. And as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord, that as wisely[9] as she was not guilty of that sin, that he would help her and make it to be known to all men, of his merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw; and thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field clept[10] the field of God flourished, for it was full of roses.

THE EARTH IS ROUND

IN that land, ne in many other beyond that, no man may see the Star Transmontane, that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star.[11] But men see another star, the contrary to him, that is toward the south, that is clept Antarctic. And right as the ship-men take their advice here and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do the men beyond those parts by the star of the south, the which star appeareth not to

9 Surely.
10. Called.
11. The North Star or Pole Star.

us. And this star that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star, ne appeareth not to them. For which cause men may well perceive that the land and the sea be of round shape and form; for the part of the firmament showeth in one country that showeth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit, that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and above and beneath.[12]

WONDERFUL TREES

FTER that isle, in going by sea, men find another isle, good and great, that men clepe Pathen, that is a great kingdom full of fair cities and full of towns. In that land grow trees that grow meal, whereof men make good bread and white and of good savor; and it seemeth as it were of wheat, but it is not allinges[13] of such savor. And there be other trees that bear honey good and sweet, and other trees that bear venom, against the which there is no medicine but one; and that is to take their proper[14] leaves and stamp them and temper them with water and then drink it, and else he shall die; for

12. This was written long before the time of Columbus.
13. Altogether.
14. Own.

triacle[15] will not avail, ne none other medicine. And other trees there be also that bear wine of noble sentiment.[16] And if you like to hear how the meal cometh out of the trees I shall say you. Men hew the trees with an hatchet, all about the foot of the tree, till that the bark be parted in many parts, and then cometh out thereof a thick liquor, the which they receive in vessels, and dry it at the heat of the sun; and then they have it to a mill to grind and it becometh fair meal and white.[17] And the honey and the wine and the venom be drawn out of other trees in the same manner, and put in vessels for to keep.

In that isle is a dead sea, that is a lake that hath no ground;[18] and if anything fall into that lake it shall never come up again. In that lake grow reeds, that be canes, that they clepe Thaby,[19] that be thirty fathoms long; and of these canes men make fair houses. And there be other canes that be not so long, that grow near the land and have so long roots that endure well a four quarters of a furlong or more; and at the knots of those roots men find precious stones that have great virtues. And he that beareth any of them upon him, iron ne steel may not hurt him, ne draw no blood upon him; and therefore, they that have those stones upon them fight full hardily both upon sea and land, for men may not

15. A compound (treacle), which the ancients thought an antidote to every poison.

16. Flavor.

17. This is about the way tapioca is made from cassava roots.

18. Bottom.

19. Bamboo.

harm them on no part. And therefore, they that know the manner, and shall fight with them, they shoot to them arrows and quarrels without iron or steel, and so they hurt them and slay them. And also of those canes they make houses and ships and other things, as we have here, making houses and ships of oak or of any other trees. And deem no man that I say it but for a trifle, for I have seen of the canes with mine own eyes, full many times, lying upon the river of that lake, of the which twenty of our fellows ne might not lift up ne bear one to the earth.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AND beyond the land and the isles and the deserts of Prester John's lordship, in going straight toward the east, men find nothing but mountains and rocks, full great. And there is the dark region, where no man may see, neither by day ne by night, as they of the country say. And that desert and that place of darkness dure[20] from this coast unto Paradise terrestrial, where that Adam, our foremost[21] father, and Eve were put, that dwelled there but little while; and that is towards the east at the beginning of the earth. But that is not that east that we clepe our east on this half, where the sun riseth to us. For when the sun is east in those parts towards

20. Extend.
21. First.

Paradise terrestrial, it is then midnight in our part on this half, for the roundness of the earth, of the which I have touched[22] to you of before. For our Lord God made the earth all round in the mid place of the firmament.

Of Paradise ne can I not speak properly. For I was not there. It is far beyond. And that forthinketh me.[23] And also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of [24] wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will.

Paradise terrestrial, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth, that is in all the world. And it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon, there as the moon maketh her turn; for she is so high that the flood of Noah ne might not come to her, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and above and beneath, save Paradise only alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wit not whereof it is; for the walls be covered all over with moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the wall is stone of nature ne of none other thing that the wall is. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and it hath not but one entry that is closed with fire, burning; so that no man that is mortal ne dare not enter.

And in the most high place of Paradise, even in the middle place, is a well that casteth out the four floods that run by divers lands. And

22. Told.
23. Causes me regret.
24. By.

men there beyond say, that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning of the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go.

And ye shall understand that no man that is mortal ne may not approach to that Paradise. For by land no man may go for wild beasts that be in the desert, and for the high mountains and great huge rocks that no man may pass by, for the dark places that be there, and that many. And by the rivers may no man go. For the water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places above, that it runneth in so great waves, that no ship may not row ne sail against it. And the water roareth so, and maketh so huge a noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cried with all the craft that he could in the highest voice that he might. Many great lords have assayed with great will, many times, for to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies. But they might not speed on their voyage. And many died for weariness of rowing against those strong waves. And many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water. And some were perished and lost within the waves. So that no mortal man may approach to that place without special grace of God, so that of that place I can say you no more; and therefore I shall hold me still, and return to that that I have seen.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

JAMES BOSWELL

Note,—The Life of Johnson was published for the first time in 1791, and has increased in fame until now it has far surpassed in interest the writings of the great man himself. In fact the latter is known among modern readers principally through his biography.

The work is long, at times tedious, and yet as a whole very interesting to people of literary taste. Boswell became the intimate friend of Johnson when the latter was about sixty-four years old, and at once devoted himself to jotting down the sayings of the great lexicographer and to collecting facts for the biography he had determined to write. He made no attempt to conceal his own slavish admiration, nor did he hesitate to set down the petty faults as well as the good traits of his friend.

It is impossible to give any notion of this greatest biography of our language in the brief space we have, but this condensed account of Johnson's boyhood and his youth until the time he entered college will be interesting in itself.

AMUEL Johnson was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709; and his initiation into the Christian church was not delayed; for his baptism is recorded, in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city, to have been performed on the day of his birth. His father was Michael

Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons; Samuel their first-born, who lived to be the illustrious character whose various excellence I am to endeavor to record, and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; yet, as in the most solid rocks veins of unsound substance are often discovered, there was in him a mixture of that disease, the nature of which eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness. From him then his son inherited, with some other qualities, "a vile melancholy," which, in his too strong expression of any disturbance of mind, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober." Michael was, however, forced by the narrowness of his circumstances to be very diligent in business, not only in his shop, but by occasionally resorting to several towns in the neighbourhood, some of which were at a considerable distance from Lichfield. At that time booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr.

Johnson used to open a shop every market-day. He was a pretty good Latin scholar and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield, and being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment.

Johnson's mother was of distinguished understanding. I asked his old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, surgeon, of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. He said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she knew her son's value." Her piety was not inferior to her understanding; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven, "a place to which good people went," and hell, "a place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her, when a little child in bed with her.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular which can throw light on the progress of his mind is interesting. That he was remarkable, even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to use his own words in his Life of Sydenham, "That the strength of his understanding, the accuracy of his discernment, and the ardor of his curiosity might have been remarked from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason

to doubt. For there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."

In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay too much attention to incidents which the credulous relate with eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enquirer considers only as topics of ridicule. Yet there is a traditional story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously characteristic, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated to me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence of spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. The fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the authority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home had not come in time, he set out by

himself, though he was then so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

But there has been another story of his infant precocity generally circulated, and generally believed, the truth of which I am to refute upon his own authority. It is told, that, when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it;

upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

"Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*."

There is surely internal evidence that this little composition combines in it, what no child of three years old could produce, without an extension of its faculties by immediate inspiration; yet Mrs. Lucy Porter, Dr. Johnson's step-daughter, positively maintained to me, in his presence, that there could be no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, for she had heard it from his mother. So difficult is it to obtain an authentic relation of facts, and such authority may there be for errour; for he assured me, that his father made the verses, and wished to pass them for his child's. He added, "my father was a foolish old man; that is to say, foolish in talking of his children."

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrophula, or king's-evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much, that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers one inscribed "*When my* EYE *was restored to its use*," which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it. I supposed him to be only near-sighted; and indeed

I must observe, that in no other respect could I discern any defect in his vision; on the contrary, the force of his attention and perceptive quickness made him see and distinguish all manner of objects, whether of nature or of art, with a nicety that is rarely to be found.

It has been said, that he contracted this grievous malady from his nurse. His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion, which, it is wonderful to think, prevailed so long in this country, as to the virtue of the regal touch, carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. Being asked if he could remember Queen Anne,—"He had [he said] a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood." This touch, however, was without any effect.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding, with smile, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive." His next instructor in English was a master, whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, "published a spelling-

book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE; but, I fear, no copy of it can now be had."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school, "a man [said he] very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head-master, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used [said he] to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

However, Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of

the rod. "I would rather [said he] have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

When Johnson saw some young ladies in Lincolnshire who were remarkably well behaved, owing to their mother's strict discipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of Shakespeare's lines a little varied,

"*Rod*, I will honour thee for this thy duty."

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tip-toe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me that he never

knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature: and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same, through the whole course of life. His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.—Talking to me once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he told me, "they never thought to raise me by comparing me to anyone; they never said, Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one; but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe, and I do not think he was as good a scholar."

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused him to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so

tenacious, that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause, he repeated *verbatim*, varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions: his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, "how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them." Lord Chesterfield, however, has justly observed in one of his letters, when earnestly cautioning a friend against the pernicious effects of idleness, that active sports are not to be reckoned idleness in young people; and that the listless torpor of doing nothing alone deserves that name. Of this dismal inertness of disposition, Johnson had all his life too great a share. Mr. Hector relates that "he could not oblige him more than by sauntering away the hours of vacation in the fields, during which he was more engaged in talking to himself than to his companion."

Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was long intimately acquainted with him, and has preserved a few anecdotes concerning him, regretting that he was not a more diligent collector, informs me that "when a boy he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and

he retained his fondness for them through life; so that [adds his Lordship] spending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the country, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of *Felixmarte of Hircania*, in folio, which he read quite through. Yet I have heard him attribute to these extravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession."

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle, Cornelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. This step was taken by the advice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, a man in whom both talents and good dispositions were disgraced by licentiousness, but who was a very able judge of what was right. At this school he did not receive so much benefit as was expected. It has been said that he acted in the capacity of an assistant to Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys. "Mr. Wentworth [he told me] was a very able man, but an idle man, and to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was then a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him; and that he should get no honour by me. I had brought enough with me to carry me through; and all I should get at his school would be ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master. Yet he taught me a great deal."

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, his progress at his two grammar-

schools. "At one, I learned much in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

The two years which he spent at home, after his return from Stourbridge, he passed in what he thought idleness, and was scolded by his father for his want of steady application. He had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all, but merely lived from day to day. Yet he read a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them. He used to mention one curious instance of his casual reading, when but a boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of the book. What he read during these two years, he told me, was not works of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly: though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod: but in this irregular manner [added he] I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the Universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, now master of Pembroke

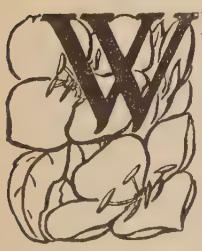
College, told me, I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

In estimating the progress of his mind during these two years, as well as in future periods of his life, we must not regard his own hasty confession of idleness; for we see, when he explains himself, that he was acquiring various stores; and indeed he himself concluded the account with saying, "I would not have you think I was doing nothing then." He might, perhaps, have studied more assiduously; but it may be doubted, whether such a mind as his was not more enriched by roaming at large in the fields of literature than if it had been confined to any single spot. The analogy between body and mind is very general, and the parallel will hold as to their food, as well as any other particular. The flesh of animals who feed excursively is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, and men who are confined in cells and colleges to stated tasks?

OWLS

GILBERT WHITE

NOTE,—This extract is from White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne.* Gilbert White, curate and naturalist, lived almost all his life in the obscure village of Selborne, in Hampshire, England, and from his letters to two of his friends was compiled this delightful book, which was first published in 1789. Its precise yet not too technical descriptions, its simple style, its quaint, charming accounts of birds and animals, have made it what few treatises on natural history have become—a classic.



E have had, ever since I can remember, a pair of white owls that constantly breed under the eaves of this church. As I have paid good attention to the manner of life of these birds during their season of breeding, which lasts the summer through, the following remarks may not perhaps be unacceptable:—About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand on an eminence and see them beat the fields over like a setting-dog, and often drop down in the

grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes; reflecting at the same time on the adroitness that every animal is possessed of as far as regards the well-being of itself and offspring. But a piece of address which they show when they return loaded should not, I think, be passed over in silence.—As they take their prey with their claws, so they carry it in their claws to their nest; but as the feet are necessary in their ascent under the tiles, they constantly perch first on the roof of the chancel, and shift the mouse from their claws to their bill, that their feet may be at liberty to take hold of the plate on the wall as they are rising under the eaves.

White owls seem not (but in this I am not positive) to hoot at all; all that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kinds. The white owl does indeed snore and hiss in a tremendous manner; and these menaces well answer the intention of intimidating; for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and spectres. White owls also often scream horribly as they fly along; from this screaming probably arose the common people's imaginary species of screech-owl, which they superstitiously think attends the windows of dying persons.

The plumage of the remiges of the wings of every species of owl that I have yet examined is

remarkably soft and pliant. Perhaps it may be necessary that the wings of these birds should not make much resistance or rushing, that they may be enabled to steal through the air unheard upon a nimble and watchful quarry.

While I am talking of owls, it may not be improper to mention what I was told by a gentleman of the county of Wilts. As they were grubbing a vast hollow pollard-ash that had been the mansion of owls for centuries, he discovered at the bottom a mass of matter that at first he could not account for. After some examination he found that it was a congeries of the bones of mice (and perhaps of birds and bats) that had been heaping together for ages, being cast up in pellets out of the crops of many generations of inhabitants. For owls cast up the bones, fur, and feathers of what they devour, after the manner of hawks. He believes, he told me, that there were bushels of this kind of substance.

When brown owls hoot their throats swell as big as a hen's egg. I have known an owl of this species live a full year without any water. Perhaps the case may be the same with all birds of prey. When owls fly they stretch out their legs behind them as a balance to their large heavy heads, for as most nocturnal birds have large eyes and ears, they must have large heads to contain them. Large eyes, I presume, are necessary to collect every ray of light, and large concave ears to command the smallest degree of sound or noise.

THE GOLD-BUG

EDGAR A. POE

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.[1]
All in the Wrong.

ANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where

1. The tarantula is a spider found in Italy. It was supposed that its bite made people insane and that they could be cured only by dancing to a kind of wild music.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his

right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks —my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits —how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" I ASKED

new genus, and more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus*[2] which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you;

2. *Scarabæus* is the name of a genus of beetles, some of which are very handsome. The Egyptians considered the Scarabs holy, and images of them were buried in the graves with the body.

and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What!—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ*[3] are"——

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

3. The *antennæ* are the so-called *feelers* of insects, placed on the head near the eyes.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer;" and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabœus*, I must confess; new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head —which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth— and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled,

"I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon his hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*,[4] or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ!*" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them;" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

4. In naming insects, flowers and animals, two words at least are used. The first gives the name of the genus, the second, the name of the species. The suggestion in the text is that the beetle be called *the man's head scarab.*

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his

man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him nebber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No dat he ain't!—he ain't 'find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to get mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all ain't de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time"——

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he

did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, day ain't bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—'twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, Massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heard bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, Massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR ——

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie*[5] of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day,

5. Rudeness.

solus,[6] among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will

6. Alone.

sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de dibbel's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement*[7] which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

7. Eager nervousness.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold.*" He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rather not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug"——

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and"——

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next"——

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely

mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain.

to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for

the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I

"TAKE THIS BEETLE WITH YOU."

shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often

rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"WHAT *IS* DIS HERE PON DE TREE?"

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabœus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to

let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the

innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was,

at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth—

"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he had reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes, good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications

of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him he made furious re-

sistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served

HE SEEMED STUPEFIED—THUNDERSTRICKEN

only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words.

Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and

had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was

WE EXAMINED OUR TREASURE

no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments; nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and,

upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking,

and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning

up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabœus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's

long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection.* I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a*

paper—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabœus*?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the

scarabæus, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the

characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*,[8] and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have

8. A mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid. It was called *aqua regia* (*king's water*) because of its great power to dissolve metals.

nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the

intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found, involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))85;
1‡(;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2
:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;1(‡9
;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(‡9;48;(88;
4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are

varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

Of the character	8	there are	33.
	;	"	26.
	4	"	19.
	‡)	"	16.
	*	"	13.
	5	"	12.
	6	"	11.

Of the character	†1	there are	8.
	0	"	6.
	92	"	5.
	:3	"	4.
	?	"	3.
	¶	"	2.
	—.	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8 then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we dis-

cover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t;* since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into:

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*,

represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr ‡? 3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr. . . h the,

when the word '*through*' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u* and *g*, represented by ‡ ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83 (88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination,

;46(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡†.

"Translating, as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a
†	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
(	"	r
;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale*[9] of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

" '*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*' "

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural divisions intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the

9. Systematic method.

writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

"'*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*'"

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which,

time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word

'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main

branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head,' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some weeks past the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting

up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For

this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

The Gold-Bug is one of Poe's best stories, and has for its readers a double interest. In the first place, it is an exciting story of a search for buried treasure; and in the second place, it gives vividly a splendid example of clear reasoning.

The author has separated the two interests completely, and narrates first the story of the finding of the treasure and follows this by an explanation of the processes by which Legrand convinced himself that treasure might be hidden there.

The following outline will put the main inci-

dents of *The Gold-Bug* before you in such a way that you can quickly see the plot and understand how it was developed:

I. The Introduction.
  1. William Legrand.
    a. His poverty.
    b. His island home.
    c. His servant, Jupiter.
  2. My visit.
    a. The scarab.
      Legrand's sketch.
      Resemblance to skull.
    b. The disagreement.
  3. Jupiter's call.
    a. His master's condition.
    b. The invitation.

II. The Search for the Treasure.
  1. Fears of insanity.
  2. The journey.
    a. The utensils.
    b. By boat.
    c. On foot.
    d. The tree.
  3. Jupiter's climb.
    a. Counting limbs.
    b. Finding the skull.
    c. Dropping the gold-bug.
  4. The search.
    a. Locating the spot.
    b. Digging.
    c. Jupiter's mistake.
    d. The second location.
    e. Success.

5. The return.
6. Examining the treasure.

III. How the Parchment was Translated.
1. Discovery of the second drawing.
2. The use of heat.
3. Finding the picture of the kid.
4. The characters deciphered.
5. Translating the inscription.
   a. Letters:
      e — most numerous.
      t and *h* from *the.*
      r from *tree.*
      o and *u* from *through.*
      d from *degree.*
      Other letters.
   b. Separation of words and sentences.
   c. The search for the *Bishop's Hostel.*
   d. Finding the *Devil's Seat.*
   e. The location of the tree.

IV. The Meaning of the Skeletons.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

NOTE,—Robert Burns has said that the earliest composition that he recollected taking any pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza.* If it pleased Robert Burns, it will be pleasing to us. It formed 159 of *The Spectator*, a periodical, each number of which consisted of a single literary essay. *The Vision* was dated September 1, 1711, and appeared about five months after the paper started. *The Spectator* was at first a daily, and was printed with regularity for a little more than a year and a half, when it was discontinued, to reappear for a short life about two years later.

HEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me.[1] Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin

1. We need not suppose that Addison actually found such manuscripts, or that what he gives us is a translation from one of them. The Orientals believe in visions, and their literature is full of references to them. The name *Mirza* and the suggestion of an Oriental vision give Addison a chance to let his own imagination run more freely, and pave the way for his figurative narrative.

with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.[2] As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

While I was musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that was inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.[3] My heart melted away in secret raptures.

2. These are the acts of a devout Mohammedan, and make a fitting introduction to an Oriental story.

3. This comparison is in keeping with the Oriental character of the story. Are there other places in *The Vision* where we can recognize Eastern imagery and feel that Addison remembers that he is writing as

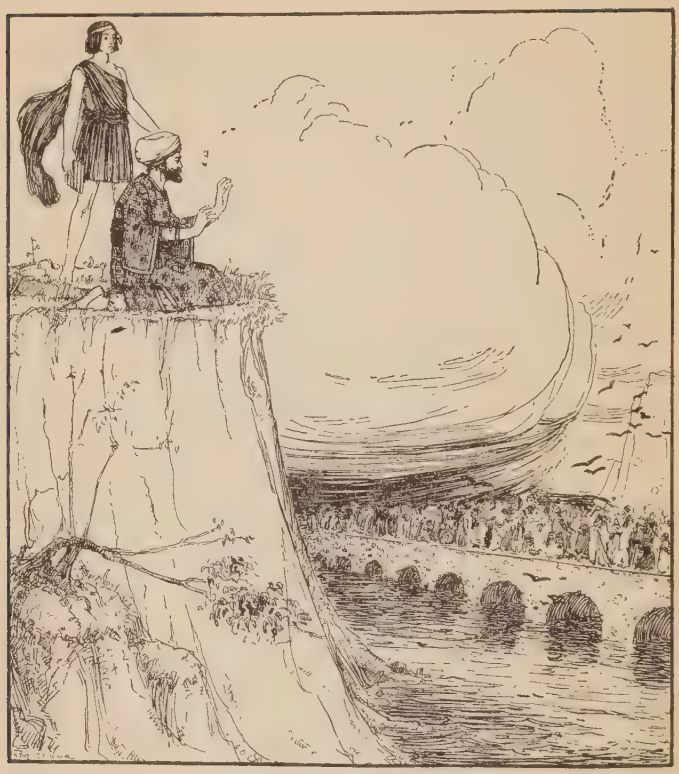
I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius,[4] and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What

an Oriental, or that this is after all a translation from an Arabic manuscript?

4. A genius, in this sense, is a spirit, good or bad, that attends on human beings, helping or hindering them.



"THE BRIDGE IS HUMAN LIFE."

is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me

what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches,[5] with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred.[6] As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest,[7] and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors[8] that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge,[9] so

5. Why should there be three-score and ten arches in this bridge?

6. What do the broken arches signify, and why should the number be about one hundred?

7. To what does Addison refer here?

8. What, in reality, are some of the trapdoors that lie concealed in the bridge of life?

9. Do more human beings die in infancy than at any other time till near the end of the three-score years and ten?

that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.[10] I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves.[11] Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.[12]

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles[13] that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters[14] in their

10. Do very old people remind you of a person tired and spent with a long walk? Can you think of them as climbing on the broken arches?

11. Have you ever known any instances of this sort?

12. Does Addison mean to convey in this, that we should not be so wrapped up in thinking about being good that we forget to care for our health, or that death comes even to the most devout?

13. Do you think one of these bubbles represented great riches? What do you think some of the others were?

14. Who were the persons with these curved swords in their hands? Can you think of different classes of people that might be said to be pushing others to death?

hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."[15]

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and

15. Which of the cares and passions that infest human life did the little winged boys represent?

(whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine

eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

"These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."[16] The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.[17]

16. Were you curious to know the secrets of the space on the other side of the huge rock of adamant? Why do you suppose the spirit disappeared at that moment?

17. Does Addison close the essay with skill—in other words, is it still Oriental, and does it end as a vision would?

PIPPA PASSES

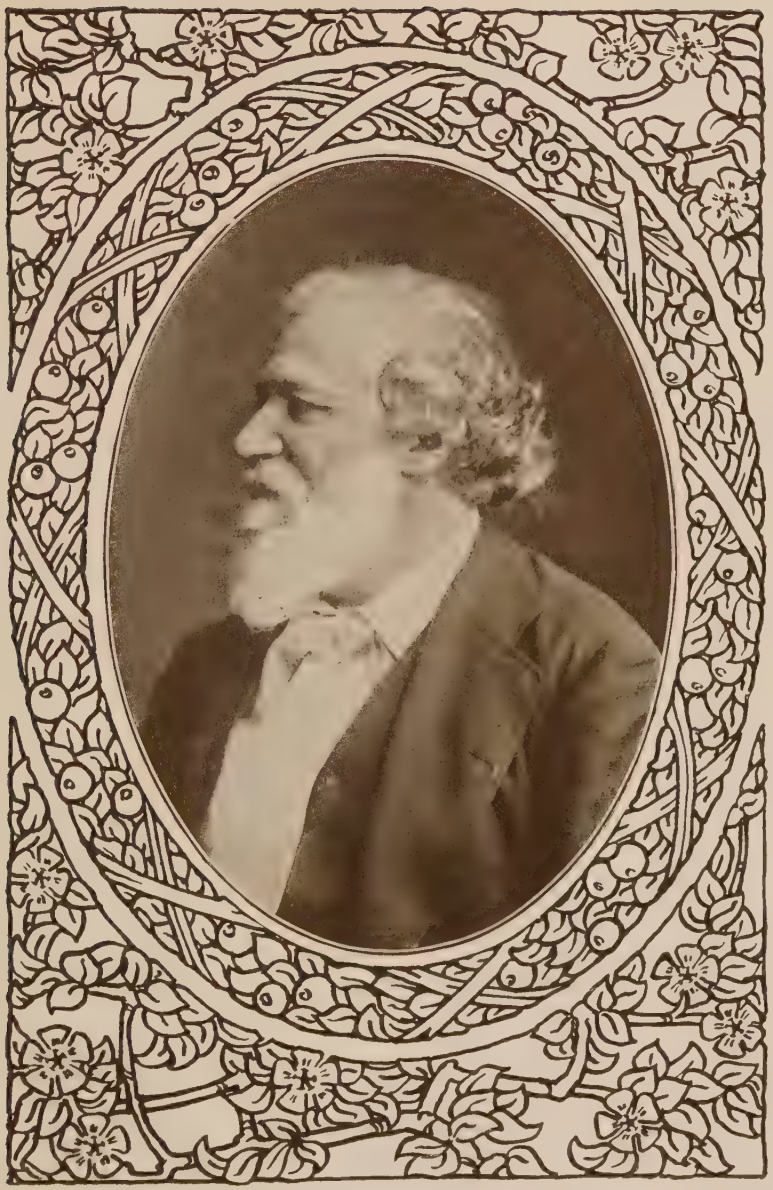
ADAPTED FROM THE DRAMA BY ROBERT BROWNING

WHO PIPPA[1] WAS

AMONG the silk-winders who worked in the mills of the Italian city of Asolo[2] was a young girl of thirteen or fourteen years named Felippa, but better known as Pippa. Like the other peasants among whom she toiled, she was forced by her poverty to wear ragged clothes and to go about hatless and barefoot; yet her beauty and her natural grace were so rare that, on meeting her, you would soon forget how torn and faded was her dress, in wondering what it was that drew you to her with such kindly admiration. As you looked more closely you would find that not a little of the charm of her appearance lay in the rich olive brown of her cheeks and in the luster of her black hair that waved back lightly from her intelligent face.

1. This character was created by the poet Robert Browning for the leading part in his drama *Pippa Passes*, published in 1841. Doubtless you will sometime wish to study the entire poem, for it is one of the most thoroughly poetic and thought-stimulating of literary productions; but now perhaps you will be interested in scarcely more than the story contained in the little play and in the character of the principal person in that story. Hence the extracts that are quoted are taken mostly from the parts in which Pippa speaks or sings, and these passages are bound together by an outline of the omitted portions.

2. Asolo, in northeastern Italy. The city and the surrounding country are famous for the production of great quantities of silk.



ROBERT BROWNING

But almost surely you would discover that your interest had been chiefly attracted by her large, dark eyes.

So wonderful were Pippa's eyes that you could never find all that they expressed. If you tried to read their meaning they would tell you much of the play-dreams with which the little girl relieved the long, monotonous hours spent in the silk-mills. In these games of the fancy, you could well believe, Pippa's thoughts would wander far away from the work of her deft fingers, and she would then become her own little mistress, free to take her pleasure where she chose.

Sometimes, perhaps, she would steal away in imagination from the "wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil," far into the depths of the silent woods, where she could close her eyes, and rest under the shelter of the friendly trees. Probably a favorite game was to pretend that she was rich old Luca, owner of ten silk-mills. She would not be hard-hearted like Luca, though, but would go about among the silk-workers giving freely of her plenty and even more bountifully of kindly words and looks. At such times her eyes would shine with the soft radiance that never quite left them.

Yet Pippa was not a mere dreamer. She could not afford to be idle-minded, for she needed to make her own way in the world. Indeed, in thus providing for herself she must have become more practical than many other girls. However, if she seems to be unusually fanciful

and old-fashioned, remember that she lived alone and had to make her own thoughts take the place of friends and teachers.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE

IT is scarcely an hour past dawn on New Year's Day[3] in Asolo. Pippa springs lightly from her bed and, as she dresses, gazes with eager interest through the window that opens toward the east. There, far across the valley that lies between, for Asolo is built on a hillside, the sun is mounting above a somber cloud and filling the world with its brightness. So clear is the air that were you looking straight to the southward you could see the city of Padua, lying twenty-five miles distant; and so blue is the sky that you can think only of the blue of deep waters, softened of all its glare. Across a corner of the window extends a branch of a mulberry tree swaying so slightly that it flutters the leaves with a gentle beckoning motion, as if it were calling Pippa into the gladness of the out-of-door world. On the window sill is blooming a flame-red martagon[4] that glows in the brilliance of the sunshine.

By contrast with the cheerful scene outside, the great, bare room that Pippa calls her home

3. New Year's Day in Italy, it must be remembered, may be like a warm spring day in the more northerly latitudes of the United States.

4. A martagon is a kind of lily.

seems more than usually plain and dingy. It is an uncarpeted attic, and meagerly furnished with scarcely more than a cheap little bed, an unsteady table bearing a pitcher and a basin, an old cupboard in one corner, and a battered chair or two. Yet not even the dreariness of these surroundings nor the scantiness of the meal of bread and milk, which is all that the nearly empty cupboard shelves afford, can take away the least part of the joy she feels in this day's freedom, for is it not her only holiday, the one brief vacation allowed the silk-workers through all the long twelve months? This day is her own, to do with as she likes. Not one of the bright hours shall be wasted, not even one of the precious moments shall be lost. Thus musing to herself, Pippa welcomes her New Year's Day:

"Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
In which earth turns from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As the prosperous are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:

Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,[5]
Get more joy one way, if another less:
Thou art my single day God lends to leaven
What were all earth else with a feel[6] of heaven;
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!
Try, now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest Ones—
And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima, can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy rain
Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window-pane,
He will but press the closer, breathe more warm
Against her cheek; how should she mind the storm?
And, morning past, if midday shed a gloom
O'er Jules and Phene, what care bride and groom
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their marriage-day;
And while they leave church, and go home their way
Hand clasping hand, within each breast would be
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of thee.

5. "Make general plenty cure particular dearth"—that is, "let particular loss or disappointment be forgotten in enjoying the many opportunities of pleasure that come to one."

6. *Feel* here means *feeling*.

Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve
With mist, will Luigi and his mother grieve—
The lady and her child, unmatched, forsooth,
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town, warm, close,
And safe, the sooner that thou art morose,
Receives them! And yet once again, outbreak
In storm at night on Monsignor they make
Such stir about—whom they expect from Rome
To visit Asolo, his brother's home,
And say here masses proper to release
A soul from pain—what storm dares hurt his peace?
Calm would he pray, with his own thoughts to ward
Thy thunder off, nor want the angels' guard.
But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!

"And here I let time slip for nought!
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught
With a single splash from my ewer![7]
You that would mock the best pursuer,
Was my basin overdeep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
Wheeling and counterwheeling,
Reeling, broken beyond healing—

7. A *ewer* is a water pitcher, especially one used to provide water for the toilet.

Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily—
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on?
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?[8]
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?
New-blown and ruddy as Saint Agnes'[9] nipple,

"IS IT SURELY BLOWN, MY MARTAGON?"

Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's poll![10]
Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
Of ocean, bud there, fairies watch unroll
Such turban flowers; I say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flame through that dusk green universe![11]

8. *Radiant cripple*, the broken sunbeam.

9. Saint Agnes, a Christian martyr, beheaded in the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletian. Her great beauty brought her many suitors, all of whom, however, she refused because of her consecration to the Christian life.

10. *The flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's poll*, the crest on the bird's head.

11. "Such lamps disperse . . . universe." The coral budding in such turban-flowers as the martagon, is likened to lamps sending thick red flame through the shadowy green depths of the ocean.

I am queen of thee, floweret;
And each fleshy blossom
Preserve I not—safer
Than leaves that embower it,
Or shell that embosom—
From weevil and chafer?[12]
Laugh through my pane, then; solicit the bee;
Gibe[13] him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
Love thy queen, worship me!

"Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk:
But, this one day, I have leave to go,
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!"

Eager to play her game, she looks up the hillside toward Ottima's dwelling, and begins to fancy that she herself is the proud mistress of the home and is ardently loved by Sebald. Soon, however, she decides,

"there's better love I know!
This foolish love was only day's first offer."

12. The weevil and the chafer are kinds of beetles. Many varieties of the former are especially injurious to plants.

13. *Gibe* means *mock at.*

Then, her thought turning to Jules and the beautiful Greek girl who is soon to become his bride, she exclaims:

> "Why should not I be the bride as soon
> As Ottima?"

Surely one would wish to be, like Phene, sheltered from all that makes life harsh and ugly. And one might envy the lily-like fairness of the young girl's beauty. Yet after all, is it not better to be a little peasant girl free to love deeply and to feel the warmth of true affection than to be so cold and unresponsive as Phene appears? Thus reflecting, she concludes that had she

> "leave to take or to refuse"

she would not choose to be the bride. Somehow the game is failing; it is not giving the pleasure she expected. She has not found the love that she is seeking, for it is true, she believes, that

> "Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
> And only parents' love can last our lives."

Ah! then she would know such affection as that bestowed on the young boy Luigi by his devoted mother; and even a purer, broader love than that.

> "Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
> And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
> Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
> What was my mother's face—my father, too!

"Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,[14]
Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the home
Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
With love for all men! I, to-night at least,
Would be that holy and beloved priest.

"Now wait!—even I already seem to share
In God's love: what does New-Year's hymn declare?
What other meaning do these verses bear?

"All service ranks the same with God,
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

"Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small?'
Costs it more pain that this ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed![15]

14. *The Dome*, the old cathedral.

15. "Untwine me . . . or exceed" means "Separate for me (if you can), from the mass of deeds that make up life, one deed that is either greater or less in power than others."

"And more of it and more of it!—oh, yes—
I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
Down the grass-path gray with dew,
Under the pine-wood blind with boughs,
Where the swallow never flew
Nor yet cicala[16] dared carouse—
No, dared carouse! [*She enters the street.*"

MORNING

IN one of the homes on the hillside a terrible scene has been enacted. Ottima, with the help of her lover Sebald, has put to death her husband, Luca, an old man for whom she had no affection. Although the guilty pair are trying to assure themselves that their love for each other is so great as to wipe out all remembrance of their crime, yet Sebald is from time to time almost overcome with regret and remorse. These signs of repentance, however, instead of moving Ottima to pity, cause her to fear the loss

16. The cicala, or cicada, is a kind of insect that makes a shrill sound by means of drum-like membranes under its wings. The American locust is a species of cicada.

of her lover's regard. She is succeeding in recalling his affection when the outer stillness is broken by a clear young voice, singing of the pure joy of life. Pippa passes the shrub-house where the lovers are concealed, and through the

PIPPA PASSES THE SHRUB-HOUSE

open window are borne lightly the words of her song:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

"God's in his heaven! Do you hear that? Who spoke? You, you spoke!" exclaims Sebald, keen remorse beginning to revive in his troubled thoughts.

But Ottima, wishing to check at once the startling effect of the little peasant girl's words, answers with indifference:

"Oh—that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we give them
But this one holiday the whole year round.
Did you ever see our silk-mills—their inside?
There are ten silk-mills now belong to you.
She stoops to pick my double heart's-ease—Sh!
She does not hear: call you out louder!"

Sebald, however, scarcely heeds her words. The thought "God's in his heaven!" has taken such hold upon him that at length the full meaning of his crime becomes clear to him, and he even welcomes the punishment of torturing remorse. Then Ottima, too, affected by the great change in her lover, begins to repent, and prays God to be merciful to Sebald.

NOONTIME

PIPPA is now approaching the home of Jules, which overlooks Orcana valley. Several students of painting and sculpture are seen in hiding about the dwelling of the young artist, spying upon him as he returns with his bride from the church at Possagno. Moved by envy, these students have heartlessly tricked Jules into the belief that the young girl whom he has just

wed is of high social station and is a patroness of art; whereas she is really very poor and of humble origin, though beautiful and graceful. All unconscious of the eager curiosity of which he is the object, Jules leads his bride into her new home and there speaks long and ardently of his love for her. Apparently as unmoved as the statues that surround her, the girl continues to listen, until, overcome by her lover's earnestness, she tells him all about the cruel plot by which he has been deceived. Then, so violent a change takes place in the young sculptor's feelings that his passionate love gives way to indifference for his bride, and he can feel only hatred for those who have so basely betrayed him. Just as he is deciding to send Phene away and to seek revenge upon those who have wronged him, Pippa passes, blithely singing of "Kate the Queen." As the sweet tones float upward to Jules, he pauses to listen, though half unwillingly:

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!
When—where—
How—can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already, to eternally reprove me?
('Hist!' said Kate the Queen;
But 'Oh!' cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
''Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Crumbling your hounds their messes!')[17]

17. "Crumbling your hounds their messes," means "preparing food for your hounds."

"Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
My heart!
Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?
Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part!
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!
('Nay, list!' bade Kate the Queen;
And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
''Tis only a page that carols unseen
Fitting your hawks their jesses!') "[18]

Jules has moved to the window, and as his eyes follow the little singer tripping along the street, he muses to himself,

"What name was that the little girl sang forth?
Kate? The Cornaro,[19] doubtless, who renounced
The crown of Cyprus to be lady here
At Asolo, where still her memory stays,
And peasants sing how once a certain page
Pined for the grace of her so far above
His power of doing good to 'Kate the Queen'—
'She never could be wronged, be poor,' he sighed,
'Need him to help her!'"[20]

18. The allusion is to falconry, a favorite kind of entertainment in the Middle Ages. Trained hawks, held by long leashes, were allowed to range about in pursuit of game. The jesses were the straps of leather or silk bound about the legs of the hawks, bearing rings to which were attached the lines held by those engaging in the sport. The line means, then, binding the jesses about the hawks' legs.

19. *The Cornaro.* The allusion is to Caterina Cornaro, who upon the death of her husband became Queen of Cyprus in 1472. Seventeen years later Venice took control of the government of the little kingdom, and the Queen then went to live at the castle of Asolo.

20. The word *nor* is understood at the beginning of this line.

A queen, then, could humble herself for love's sake. Shall he do less? No; let him give up his proud resolve, accept instead the loving companionship of her whom he was about to send away, and, with the past forgotten, remove to

JULES AND PHENE

"some isle
With the sea's silence on it; there
To begin Art afresh."

EVENING

AS the twilight deepens into night, the young patriot Luigi, accompanied by his mother, enters the Turret. They are talking in low tones about the dangerous mission on which Luigi is about to go because of his ardent patriotism,—a mission by which Italy is to be freed from a despotic ruler. Fearing that his enthusiasm is becoming mad-

ness, the mother tries to persuade the boy to give up his project. To her question: "Ah, will you let me tell you what you are?" Luigi replies:

"Why not? Oh, the one thing you fear to hint,
You may assure yourself I say and say
Ever to myself. At times—nay, even as now
We sit—I think my mind is touched, suspect
All is not sound; but is not knowing that
What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
I know I am thus—so all is right again.
I laugh at myself as through the town I walk,
And see men merry as if no Italy
Were suffering; then I ponder—'I am rich,
Young, healthy; why should this fact trouble me
More than it troubles these?' But it does trouble.
No, trouble's a bad word; for as I walk
There's springing and melody and giddiness,
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,[21]
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
Return to me—whatever may amuse me,
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me, all things suspend their strife,
The very cicala laughs 'There goes he, and there!
Feast him, the time is short; he is on his way
For the world's sake: feast him this once, our
friend!'
And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
This evening, mother!"

21. "And old quaint turns and passages of my youth," odd little expressions or passages come upon in books read in youth or in childish experiences.

"But mistrust yourself—" counsels the mother; "Mistrust the judgment you pronounce on him!"[22]

"Oh there I feel—am sure that I am right!" confidently replies the boy.

Still doubtful, the mother continues,

"Mistrust your judgment, then, of the mere means
To this wild enterprise: say you are right,
How should one in your state e'er bring to pass
What would require a cool head, a cold heart,
And a calm hand? You never will escape."

"Escape?" cries Luigi, "to even wish that would spoil all.
The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life:
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,
That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?
I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so much.
I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and great stars
That had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun away—
Those crescent moons with notched and burning rims

22. The reference is to the ruler who is oppressing Italy.

That strengthened into sharp fire, and there
stood,
Impatient of the azure[23]—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the
storm—
May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer
nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!"

The mother, however, is not convinced, nor can she be made to feel that it is right for her loved child to sacrifice himself. After trying vainly to point out the foolhardiness of his plot, and the selfishness of a devotion to country that causes him to forget the grief of those who love him, she makes use of her last resource. The young and beautiful Chiara is to visit them in June. Can Luigi give up the pleasure that he expects from this visit of his betrothed? Will not the expected delight prove stronger than his resolve to die for his country? Let him weaken, perhaps, for a moment: the influence that is abroad this New Year's day, finding its way to his heart through the song of the little peasant girl Pippa, will call him back to what he feels to be his duty:

"*Mother.* Chiara will love to see
That Jupiter an evening star next June.
"*Luigi.* True, mother. Well for those who
live through June!

23. "Impatient of the azure" means "eager for the blue of the sky to fade into the blackness of night."

Great noontides, thunder-storms, all glaring
pomps[24]
Which triumph at the heels of June the God
Leading his revel thro' our leafy world.
Yes, Chiara will be here—
"*Mother.* In June: remember,
Yourself appointed that month for her coming.
"*Luigi.* Was that low noise the echo?
"*Mother.* The night-wind.
She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise:
In June she comes.
"*Luigi.* We were to see together
The Titian[25] at Treviso.[26] There, again!

(*From without is heard the voice of* PIPPA *singing.*)

"A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now;
And the king's locks curled,
Disparting[27] o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—[28]
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,

24. *Glaring pomps* means *brilliant displays* or *spectacles.*

25. Titian (1477–1576) was one of the greatest Italian painters. The artist is figuratively named, instead of one of his works.

26. Treviso, the capital of the province of the same name. The city is eighteen miles northwest of Venice and a little more than the same distance southeast of Asolo. In its medieval cathedral is to be found one of Titian's paintings.

27. *Disparting* is an archaic word used to mean *parting.*

28. The allusion is to the ancient custom of sacrificing bullocks in religious ceremonies.

So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by—
The gods so loved him while he dreamed,
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.

"*Luigi.* No need that sort of king should ever die!

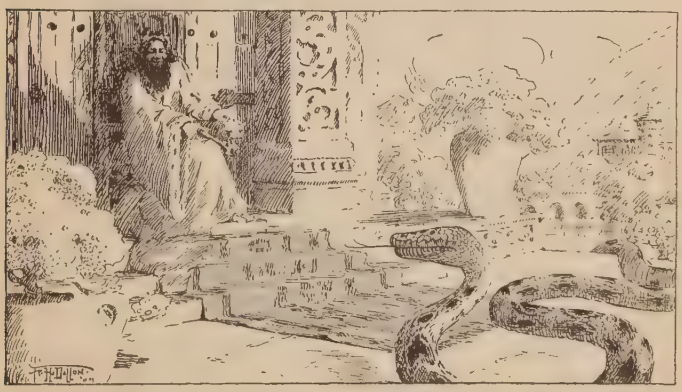
"Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him[29] many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,
Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows;
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,
On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple,—caught
At last there by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!

29. *Haled him* means *dragged*, or *pulled, to him.*

These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.

"*Luigi.* That king should still judge sitting in the sun!

"His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up,—but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
Where the very blue had turned to white.



THE PYTHON DID NOT DARE ASSAULT THE OLD KING

'Tis said, a Python[30] scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare

30. The Python, in Greek mythology, was a terrible serpent who was believed to deliver oracles at Delphi. It was slain by Apollo. Hence the term has come to be applied to one who would govern through evil power.

Which the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites—
Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!
(PIPPA *passes.*)

"*Luigi.* And such grace have they, now that
the world ends!
The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
Lurk in bye-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won, in this late time,
Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Fare-
well!"

NIGHT

RECLINING in his palace near the cathedral, Monsignor the bishop has just been served his evening meal. Meanwhile he is holding an interview with Maffeo, a knavish fellow who has helped one of the bishop's brothers, now dead, to do away with the heir of an elder brother, and thus to obtain a fortune. Monsignor is now demanding the charge of this property. But Maffeo, unwilling to give up his interest in the estate, tries to show the bishop that his wish cannot be carried out, since the

heir to the possessions is still living,—is, in fact, "a little, black-eyed, pretty-singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl." Then, not at all daunted after thus exposing the baseness by which Pippa has been deprived of her father's fortune, and anxious to win the bishop's favor, he proposes a cruel plot for removing the unsuspecting girl and retaining the property that is rightly hers. Eager to gain the bishop's consent, he cries sharply, "Is it a bargain?" Just at that moment, Pippa passes, all unconscious of the terrible fate that is threatening her.

From the street below rises in clear tones her quaint little song:

"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was nought above me, nought below,
My childhood had not learned to know;
For what are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun.
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the seven and one;[31]
Like the fingers of my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me! (PIPPA *passes.*)"

31. *The seven and one*, probably the Pleiades and some other star that had especially attracted the singer's notice.

Irresistibly, the sweet innocence of her words fills the bishop's heart with tenderness; and at the close, becoming terrified all at once by the returning thought of the evil plot in which he is asked to take part, he cries in his alarm:

"My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!*[32] quick, I say!"

Shortly afterward, having "played out her fancy's fullest games," Pippa returns to her room, tired after her long ramblings. As her holiday draws to an end she feels a little sad and disappointed. For how can she realize even in the least the greatness of the changes that her songs have brought about in the lives of the "Happiest Four in Asolo"? How can she know of the good fortune that is to transform so completely her own hard-working life?

"Oh, what a drear, dark close to my poor day!
How could that red sun drop in that black cloud?
Ah, Pippa, morning's rule[33] is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be allowed!
Day's turn is over—now arrives the night's.
[*After she has begun to undress herself.*
Now, one thing I should like to really know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day—

32. *Miserere mei, Domine! Have mercy on me, O Lord!*

33. *Morning's rule*—that is, the brightness and cheerfulness shown by nature, in the morning hours.

Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to—in some way—move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind
[*Sitting on the bedside.*
And broider Ottima's cloak's hem.
Ah, me and my important part with them,

"MY SILK MAY BROIDER OTTIMA'S CLOAK'S HEM."

This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose.
[*As she lies down.*
God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
[*She sleeps.*"

Even though we have not really seen the curtain going down while Pippa sleeps in the big, cheerless room, we are sure to think more about her and wonder what kind of a girl she becomes after Maffeo is forced to give her the fortune of which she has been heartlessly cheated. Do you

suppose that she could grow to be like the proud Ottima, who looks with such scorn and indifference upon the poor silk-winding girls? Though we cannot be sure, do we not feel that even if Pippa were to become the mistress of a great house and many servants, she would still treat with humble sympathy the working-people among whom she has lived, and would keep on believing that "All service ranks the same with God?"

Sometimes it is interesting to think out why it is that we like a person in a story just as we like our real friends. Probably one of the chief reasons for our liking Pippa is that she is so cheerful and plucky. Of course, some one may say, it was the day of all days in the year when she would be cheerful, and even at that she was somewhat inclined to complain and to be sad when her holiday came to a close. Yet do you think that Pippa would seem real if she had gone to bed just as joyful as she was when she arose, although for all she knew she must keep on working day after day, and month after month, to earn a bare living?

Then another especially likable thing is that Pippa is not one of the "goody-goody" sort of story-book girls. She has a very amiable disposition and is naturally so loving that she wishes deeply to make other people happy. Yet does she ever act as if she took credit to herself for these attractive qualities? Does she not very simply look upon herself as neither better than other people nor perhaps inferior to them? Notice again her words:

"I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God as they!"

Probably every one will agree that Pippa was a quaint little person. She seems to have known so much of what life means, and expresses herself so wisely yet so merrily. How do you suppose she had learned so much of the practical way to be happy?

Page 243. Notice what a fanciful way Pippa has of speaking to the Day, as if it could understand her thoughts and feelings. She pretends that it has duties and pleasures and gifts of various sorts for the people of the world. Most of the time the duties are all that it gives her, but this morning it is offering pleasures, and she must not lose one of these. Why does she think that the Day should be especially kind to her and should not treat her as if she were of the fortunate people of Asolo, who are free to take the pleasures of all the year? When she chooses the happiest four in Asolo, why is she so very earnest in trying to convince her holiday that these people do not mind at all what it has for them?

Page 244. "If you were to send rain," she asks, "would that trouble Ottima, so long as her lover Sebald is with her? Could your clouds shut out the 'sunbeams and pleasant weather' from the hearts of Jules and Phene, who are to be married this noon? Would Luigi and his mother, safe in their cheerful home, notice your

gloom? Or could the raging of your storm disturb Monsignor the bishop's hours of prayer?" But it is very different with Pippa. Why must the Day be warned again of this?

Does she not become suddenly more hopeful when she says that she is wasting time in such doubting? How do we soon find that she has forgotten all her fear and has become playful and happy? Why do you think it is that she likes to treat the Day and the sunbeam and her flower as if they were friends who can think and feel with her? What is it that she is doing when she wakens the sunbeam from its sleep in the ewer and it begins to dance and wheel upward along the walls and across the ceiling? Have you ever seen a sunbeam do this? How does it "grow together on the ceiling"? On what does the sunbeam finally settle?

Page 246. Is it not a very pretty fancy to think of the martagon as a flower of coral watched by fairies as it unfolds in the "dusk green" depths of the sea and sends out its "thick red flame?" How is the girl's great fondness for her flower shown?

It is plain by now that Pippa's imagination is wide awake and bent on a good time. It seems to take the part of fairy godmother to her, as it changes her from a poor little silk-winder into one after another of the happiest four people in Asolo. To play that she is thus changed will be fun enough for one day.

Page 248. What do you think are Pippa's feelings when she says:

"Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father, too!"

Do you suppose she says "best love of all is God's" merely because she has been taught these words, or does she really feel that they are true? Does she at first think that God's love is too great a blessing for any but those who hold such offices in the Church as that of Bishop? Is it not a very happy moment for her when she suddenly begins to realize that she too shares in this blessing? What feelings must show themselves in her face and voice as she sings the New Year's hymn?

Notice how soon the thought of the little song that each one's place and work in the world is as important as another's affects Pippa. "I can be as useful to God and dear to men as other people are," she exclaims to herself. What then do you think is her hope as she leaves her bare room for the cheerful world outdoors, to begin her holiday?

Page 251. Does it not seem as if all the brightness of the morning has found its way into Pippa's song? What lines especially show that she still feels the influence of the New Year's hymn? Notice how wicked and miserable the lovers are made to seem by contrast with the innocent, light-hearted little girl who passes the window. Would you have liked this scene better if Pippa had known of the effect of her song?

Page 253. Did not Kate the Queen, as she listened in secret with such eager interest when the page was singing of the devotion and valor with which he would like to serve her, show that love takes away all differences in rank? How then is this song called to Pippa's mind by the New Year's hymn? Do you think that this song is just what Jules needs, or would he be moved in the same way by either of the other songs that Pippa has sung?

Page 256. Do you feel more sorry for Luigi, or for his mother, in this scene? Since Luigi has health and riches and one of the kindest of mothers, why can he not be content? What does he think he must do to repay the world for the favor it has shown him?

Page 257. What lines show that Luigi is of a poetic nature? Do you think that he is carried away with foolish enthusiasm to become a hero, or is he a real patriot? Does he seem cruel to his mother in holding to his purpose of dying for his country?

Page 259. Notice how much Luigi's imagination is like Pippa's when he speaks of June as a god, leading through the world all the beauties and wonders of the summer.

Of what other ruler is Luigi thinking all the time that Pippa is singing of the good king? What is meant by the line, "When earth was nigher heaven than now"? Do you think that if you were an artist you could paint a portrait of the old king from the poet's description?

Page 260. Can you see why it was a fine idea on the poet's part to picture the king as sitting in the bright sunlight while he judged the dark deeds of the guilty ones brought before him? What do you think it really was that made the wicked Python turn away from the king and leave him in peace?

Page 262. To whom does Luigi liken the Python in the song? Does he mean that he himself, as a reward for his patriotic deed, will win a crown such as a king wears, and will sit upon a throne? If not, what is the crown that he thinks God will give him?

Page 263. Does not this little nature song make you think of the tender care with which Pippa has watched her martagon grow? Do lines five, six and seven seem true, or are they only fanciful? After reading this song, can you see better why it is that Pippa likes to talk to the sunbeam and flower, and other things of nature, as if they could hear and answer her?

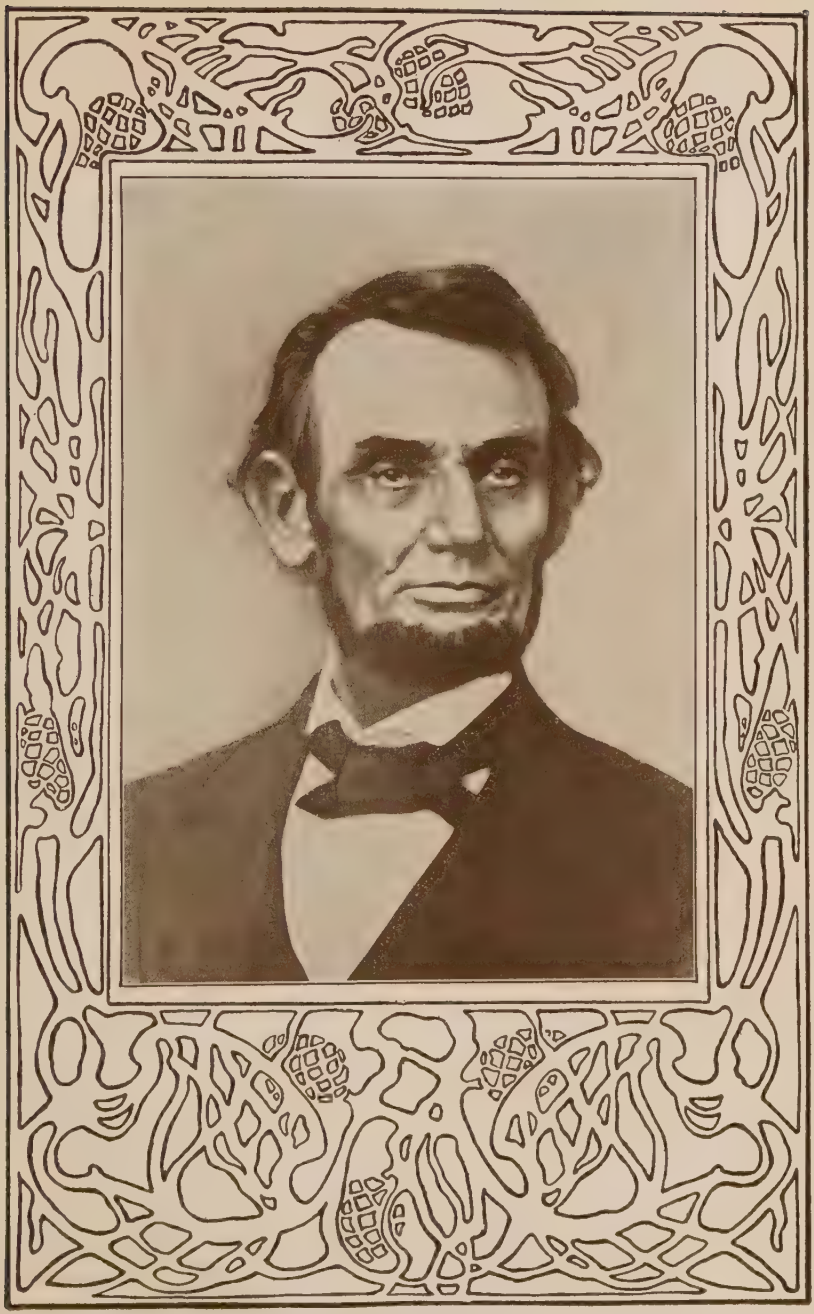
Page 264. Do you feel sorry for Pippa when she comes back to her room tired and rather discouraged? Or, do you like to think of how surprised and happy she will be when her father's fortune is given her and she can help other people more than she has ever before dreamed or hoped? Do you think that the close of the play would seem as interesting and touching if some one were to tell Pippa how important a part she has played in the lives of the Happiest Four in Asolo?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOTE,—On the nineteenth of November, 1863, a great crowd of people was gathered on the battlefield of Gettysburg to dedicate a beautiful monument, which had been erected to the memory of those gallant soldiers who, but four months before, had fallen in their effort to prevent a further invasion of the north. It was a ceremonious occasion, and Edward Everett, the orator of the day, delivered one of his eloquent and polished addresses. On the same day, and at the same place, Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, spoke the few words which follow. The oration of Everett has been forgotten except by the scholarly, while almost every one knows what Lincoln said.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that na-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

tion might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

When anything so brief and simple as this address lives and grows more popular year by year, we ought to study it carefully in order that we may understand it better, and appreciate the causes of its wonderful power.

The whole address consists of but ten sentences and only about two hundred and seventy-five words. It is almost impossible to express the meaning in fewer words, but a tabulation of the thought may enable us to understand it at a glance. The outline which follows does not

show all the minor thoughts, merely the main trend of the argument. What, that are in the oration, have been omitted from this? The Arabic numerals appearing at the left in the outline call attention to the sentences by number.

I. Introduction.
  1. Spirit of the nation.
    (a) Conceived in liberty.
    (b) Dedicated to equality.
  2. Shall such a nation endure?
    The war will determine.
  3. Where we meet.
    A great battlefield.
  4. Why we meet.
    To dedicate.
  5. A fitting meeting.

II. Body.
  6. Impossible, in a larger sense, to dedicate.
  7. Because the soldiers dedicated more perfectly.
  8. World's opinion of:
    (a) Our words.
    (b) The soldiers' deeds.

III. Conclusion.
  9–10. Our duty:
    (a) To be dedicated.
    (b) To take increased devotion.
    (c) To resolve:
      (1) That their deaths shall not be in vain.
      (2) That this nation shall have greater freedom.

(3) That the people's government shall not perish.

When you have thought of the meaning, noticed the form of the several sentences, and the words that compose them, consider whether there is anything in the arrangement of the words that does not please you.

Study, to determine their delicate shades of meaning, the three words *dedicate*, *consecrate* and *hallow*. Which is the strongest of the three words? Has Lincoln used these in the order in which they should appear?

What is the "last full measure of devotion" which a soldier can pay—that beyond which he can give no more?

Is it possible for us to hallow, to consecrate or even to dedicate ground any more completely than the soldiers did when they shed their blood upon the soil?

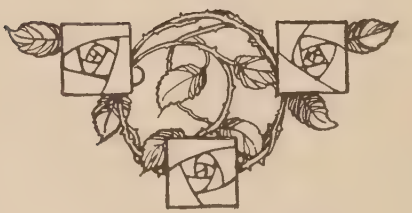
See how perfectly the eighth sentence is balanced, one part against another—how vividly the phrases *what we say here*, and *what they did here* are contrasted.

What is a government *of* the people? How does it differ from a government *by* the people, and from a government *for* the people?

Do some sentences seem to you fuller of meaning than others? Do some sound better than others? Which sentences are the fullest of meaning? Which sentences sound best? Are the sentences so arranged that those fullest of meaning and those sounding best come at the

close of the address? If they are so arranged, they are in the order of a climax.

Now, when you have studied the address and answered the questions which have been asked here to your own satisfaction, can you not see that the arrangement is logical, that the sentences are faultless in structure, that the whole thing is simple, forceful and elegant? Could there be any more sincere or heartfelt sentiment uttered? There is nowhere in our language anything so brief and simple, and at the same time so elegant, forcible and full of patriotic inspiration.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE.—On the twelfth of February, 1909, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at the farm on which Lincoln was born. At that time the corner stone of the Memorial Hall, in which is to be preserved the cabin where he was born, was laid by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. Many distinguished visitors were present, and a large number of people gathered together from different parts of the United States.

The following tribute to Lincoln was President Roosevelt's speech on that occasion:

E HAVE met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This railsplitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of

iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time.

He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of

the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and

because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for president, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough.

He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of today and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to

dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as

all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS[1]

E. S. CREASY[2]

A LITTLE time before the death of King Edward,[3] Harold[4] was in Normandy. The causes of the voyage of the Saxon earl to the Continent are doubtful; but the fact of his having been, in 1065, at the ducal court, and in the power of his rival, is indisputable. William[5] made skillful and un-

1. This selection is taken from *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a very interesting work in which the author describes the fifteen great battles from Marathon to Waterloo, which, in his opinion, have really changed the history of the world. The battles are as follows: 1. Marathon (B. C. 490); 2. Syracuse (B. C. 413); 3. Arbela (B. C. 331); 4. Metaurus (B. C. 207); 5. Victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus (A. D. 9); 6. Chalons (451); 7. Tours (732); 8. Hastings (1066); 9. Joan of Arc's victory at Orleans (1429); 10. Defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588); 11. Blenheim (1704); 12. Pultowa (1709); 13. Saratoga (1777); 14. Valmy (1792); 15. Waterloo (1815).

2. Sir Edward S. Creasy was born in 1812, three years before the Battle of Waterloo. He was a lawyer of considerable reputation, a professor of history and chief justice of Ceylon. He was the author of several historical works, but the one from which this selection is taken is his most successful one. He was an original thinker and at the same time a vivid writer. Accordingly, his pages are always full of interest and rarely fail to give the reader something new to reflect upon. His skill in language is so great that he brings the great battles before you so closely that you can almost hear the noise of conflict and feel your heart throb in sympathy with the struggling men whom you seem to know personally. Creasy died in 1878.

3. This is Edward the Confessor, who ruled from 1042 to 1066. In his reign Westminster Abbey was founded (1065).

4. Harold was the second of the six sons of Godwin, Earl of Essex.

5. William was the Duke of Normandy, a province of Northern France, just across the English Channel. He claimed the English throne after Edward, who had no sons, because of his relationship to Emma, the wife of Ethelred the Unready.

scrupulous use of the opportunity. Though Harold was treated with outward courtesy and friendship, he was made fully aware that his liberty and life depended on his compliance with the duke's requests. William said to him, in apparent confidence and cordiality, "When King Edward and I once lived like brothers under the same roof, he promised that if ever he became King of England, he would make me heir to his throne. Harold, I wish that thou wouldst assist me to realize this promise." Harold replied with expressions of assent; and further agreed, at William's request, to marry William's daughter, Adela, and to send over his own sister to be married to one of William's barons. The crafty Norman was not content with this extorted promise; he determined to bind Harold by a more solemn pledge, the breach of which would be a weight on the spirit of the gallant Saxon, and a discouragement to others from adopting his cause. Before a full assembly of the Norman barons, Harold was required to do homage to Duke William, as the heir apparent of the English crown. Kneeling down, Harold placed his hands between those of the duke, and repeated the solemn form by which he acknowledged the duke as his lord, and promised to him fealty and true service.

But William exacted more. He had caused all the bones and relics of saints, that were preserved in the Norman monasteries and churches, to be collected into a chest, which was placed in the council-room, covered over with a cloth of

gold. On the chest of relics, which were thus concealed, was laid a missal.[6] The duke then solemnly addressed his titular guest and real captive, and said to him, "Harold, I require thee, before this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises which thou hast made me, to assist me in obtaining the crown of England after King Edward's death, to marry my daughter Adela, and to send me thy sister, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." Harold, once more taken by surprise, and not able to deny his former words, approached the missal, and laid his hand on it, not knowing that the chest of relics was beneath. The old Norman chronicler, who describes the scene most minutely, says, when Harold placed his hand on it, the hand trembled, and the flesh quivered; but he swore, and promised upon his oath to take Adela to wife, and to deliver up England to the duke and thereunto to do all in his power, according to his might and wit, after the death of Edward, if he himself should live; so help him God. Many cried, "God grant it!" and when Harold rose from his knees, the duke made him stand close to the chest, and took off the pall that had covered it, and showed Harold upon what holy relics he had sworn; and Harold was sorely alarmed at the sight.

Harold was soon after permitted to return to

6. A missal is a book containing the mass service for the year. An oath upon the sacred relics was considered most solemn and binding, even though the man who swore had no idea what was beneath his hand.

England; and, after a short interval, during which he distinguished himself by the wisdom and humanity with which he pacified some formidable tumults of the Anglo-Danes in Northumbria, he found himself called on to decide whether he would keep the oath which the Norman had obtained from him, or mount the vacant throne of England in compliance with the nation's choice. King Edward the Confessor died on the 5th of January, 1066, and on the following day an assembly of the thanes and prelates present in London, and of the citizens of the metropolis, declared that Harold should be their king. It was reported that the dying Edward had nominated him as his successor. But the sense which his countrymen entertained of his pre-eminent merit was the true foundation of his title to the crown. Harold resolved to disregard the oath which he made in Normandy as violent and void, and on the 7th day of that January he was anointed King of England, and received from the archbishop's hands the golden crown and sceptre of England, and also an ancient national symbol, a weighty battle-ax. He had truly deep and speedy need of this significant part of the insignia of Saxon royalty.

A messenger from Normandy soon arrived to remind Harold of the oath which he had sworn to the duke "with his mouth, and his hand upon good and holy relics." "It is true," replied the Saxon king, "that I took an oath to William; but I took it under constraint:[7] I promised what

7. Is an oath taken under such circumstances as Harold took his

did not belong to me—what I could not in any way hold; my royalty is not my own; I could not lay it down against the will of the country, nor can I, against the will of the country, take a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke claims that he may marry her to one of his chiefs, she has died within the year; would he have me send her corpse?"

William sent another message, which met with a similar answer; and then the duke published far and wide through Christendom what he termed the perjury and bad faith of his rival, and proclaimed his intention of asserting his rights by the sword before the year should expire, and of pursuing and punishing the perjurer even in those places where he thought he stood most strongly and most securely.

Before, however, he commenced hostilities, William, with deep-laid policy, submitted his claims to the decision of the pope. Harold refused to acknowledge this tribunal, or to answer before an Italian priest for his title as an English king. After a formal examination of William's complaints by the pope and the cardinals, it was solemnly adjudged at Rome that England belonged to the Norman duke; and a banner was sent to William from the Holy See, which the pope himself had consecrated and blessed for the invasion of this island. The clergy throughout the Continent were now assiduous and energetic in preaching up William's enterprise as under-

considered binding now? What do you think of Harold's other reasons for refusing to be bound by his oath?

taken in the cause of God. Besides these spiritual arms (the effect of which in the eleventh century must not be measured by the philosophy or the indifferentism of the nineteenth), the Norman duke applied all the energies of his mind and body, all the resources of his duchy, and all the influence he possessed among vassals or allies, to the collection of "the most remarkable and formidable armament which the Western nations had witnessed." All the adventurous spirits of Christendom flocked to the holy banner, under which Duke William, the most renowned knight and sagest general of the age, promised to lead them to glory and wealth in the fair domains of England. His army was filled with the chivalry of Continental Europe, all eager to save their souls by fighting at the pope's bidding, eager to signalize their valor in so great an enterprise, and eager also for the pay and the plunder which William liberally promised. But the Normans themselves were the pith and the flower of the army, and William himself was the strongest, the sagest, and the fiercest spirit of them all.

Throughout the spring and summer of 1066, all the seaports of Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany rang with the busy sound of preparation. On the opposite side of the Channel King Harold collected the army and the fleet with which he hoped to crush the southern invaders. But the unexpected attack of King Harald Hardrada of Norway upon another part of England disconcerted the skillful measures which

the Saxon had taken against the menacing armada of Duke William.

Harold's renegade brother, Earl Tostig, had excited the Norse king to this enterprise, the importance of which has naturally been eclipsed by the superior interest attached to the victorious expedition of Duke William, but which was on a scale of grandeur which the Scandinavian ports had rarely, if ever, before witnessed. Hardrada's fleet consisted of two hundred war-ships and three hundred other vessels, and all the best warriors of Norway were in his host. He sailed first to the Orkneys, where many of the islanders joined him, and then to Yorkshire. After a severe conflict near York, he completely routed Earls Edwin and Morcar, the governors of Northumbria. The city of York opened its gates, and all the country, from the Tyne to the Humber, submitted to him. The tidings of the defeat of Edwin and Morcar compelled Harold to leave his position on the southern coast, and move instantly against the Norwegians. By a remarkably rapid march he reached Yorkshire in four days, and took the Norse king and his confederates by surprise. Nevertheless, the battle which ensued, and which was fought near Stamford Bridge, was desperate, and was long doubtful. Unable to break the ranks of the Norwegian phalanx by force, Harold at length tempted them to quit their close order by a pretended flight. Then the English columns burst in among them, and a carnage ensued, the extent of which may be judged of by the exhaustion and

inactivity of Norway for a quarter of a century afterward. King Harald Hardrada, and all the flower of his nobility, perished on the 25th of September, 1066, at Stamford Bridge, a battle which was a Flodden[8] to Norway.

Harold's victory was splendid; but he had bought it dearly by the fall of many of his best officers and men, and still more dearly by the opportunity which Duke William had gained of effecting an unopposed landing on the Sussex coast. The whole of William's shipping had assembled at the mouth of the Dive, a little river between the Seine and the Orne, as early as the middle of August. The army which he had collected amounted to fifty thousand knights and ten thousand soldiers of inferior degree. Many of the knights were mounted, but many must have served on foot, as it is hardly possible to believe that William could have found transports for the conveyance of fifty thousand war-horses across the Channel. For a long time the winds were adverse, and the duke employed the interval that passed before he could set sail in completing the organization and in improving the discipline of his army, which he seems to have brought into the same state of perfection as was seven centuries and a half afterward the boast of another army assembled on the same coast, and which Napoleon designed (but providentially in vain) for a similar descent upon England.

8. The battle of Flodden Field was fought early in the reign of Henry VIII. In it the Scotch clans were routed, and their king slain. *Marmion*, by Sir Walter Scott, is a tale of this battle.

It was not till the approach of the equinox that the wind veered from the northeast to the west, and gave the Normans an opportunity of quitting the weary shores of the Dive. They eagerly embarked, and set sail, but the wind soon freshened to a gale, and drove them along the French coast to St. Valery, where the greater part of them found shelter; but many of their vessels were wrecked, and the whole coast of Normandy was strewn with the bodies of the drowned. William's army began to grow discouraged and averse to the enterprise, which the very elements thus seemed to fight against; though, in reality, the northeast wind, which had cooped them so long at the mouth of the Dive, and the western gale, which had forced them into St. Valery, were the best possible friends to the invaders. They prevented the Normans from crossing the Channel until the Saxon king and his army of defense had been called away from the Sussex coast to encounter Harald Hardrada in Yorkshire; and also until a formidable English fleet, which by King Harold's orders had been cruising in the Channel to intercept the Normans, had been obliged to disperse temporarily for the purpose of refitting and taking in fresh stores of provisions.

Duke William used every expedient to reanimate the drooping spirits of his men at St. Valery; and at last he caused the body of the patron saint of the place to be exhumed and carried in solemn procession, while the whole assemblage of soldiers, mariners, and appurtenant priests implored the saint's intercession for a change of

wind. That very night, the wind veered; and enabled the mediæval Agamemnon[9] to quit his Aulis.

With full sails, and a following southern breeze, the Norman Armada left the French shores and steered for England. The invaders crossed an undefended sea, and found an undefended coast. It was in Pevensey Bay, in Sussex, at Bulverhithe, between the castle of Pevensey and Hastings, that the last conquerors of this island landed on the 29th of September, 1066.

Harold was at York, rejoicing over his recent victory, which had delivered England from her ancient Scandinavian foes, and resettling the government of the counties which Harald Hardrada had overrun, when the tidings reached him that Duke William of Normandy and his host had landed on the Sussex shore. Harold instantly hurried southward to meet this long-expected enemy. The severe loss which his army had sustained in the battle with the Norwegians must have made it impossible for many of his veteran troops to accompany him in his forced march to London, and thence to Sussex. He halted at the capital only six days, and during that time gave orders for collecting forces from the southern and midland counties, and also directed his fleet to reassemble off the Sussex coast. Harold was well received in London, and his summons to arms was promptly obeyed by citizen, by thane,

9. Agamemnon was the commander of the Greek allies in the siege of Troy, and like William, he was kept long from starting on the expedition.

by sokman, and by ceorl, for he had shown himself, during his brief reign, a just and wise king, affable to all men, active for the good of his country, and (in the words of the old historian) sparing himself from no fatigue by land or by sea. He might have gathered a much more numerous army than that of William; but his recent victory had made him over-confident, and he was irritated by the reports of the country being ravaged by the invaders. As soon, therefore, as he had collected a small army in London, he marched off toward the coast, pressing forward as rapidly as his men could traverse Surrey and Sussex, in the hope of taking the Normans unawares, as he had recently, by a similar forced march, succeeded in surprising the Norwegians. But he had now to deal with a foe equally brave with Harald Hardrada, and far more skillful and wary.

The old Norman chroniclers describe the preparations of William on his landing with a graphic vigor, which would be wholly lost by transfusing their racy Norman couplets and terse Latin prose into the current style of modern history. It is best to follow them closely, though at the expense of much quaintness and occasional uncouthness of expression. They tell us how Duke William's own ship was the first of the Norman fleet. It was called the Mora, and was the gift of his duchess Matilda. On the head of the ship, in the front, which mariners call the prow, there was a brazen child bearing an arrow with a bended bow. His face was turned

toward England, and thither he looked, as though he was about to shoot. The breeze became soft and sweet, and the sea was smooth for their landing. The ships ran on dry land, and each ranged by the other's side. There you might see the good sailors, the sergeants, and squires sally forth and unload the ships; cast the anchors, haul the ropes, bear out shields and saddles, and land the war-horses and the palfreys. The archers came forth, and touched land the first, each with his bow strung, and with his quiver full of arrows slung at his side. All were shaven and shorn; and all clad in short garments, ready to attack, to shoot, to wheel about and skirmish. All stood well equipped, and of good courage for the fight; and they scoured the whole shore, but found not an armed man there. After the archers had thus gone forth, the knights landed all armed, with their hauberks on, their shields slung at their necks, and their helmets laced. They formed together on the shore, each armed, and mounted on his war-horse; all had their swords girded on, and rode forward into the country with their lances raised. Then the carpenters landed, who had great axes in their hands, and planes and adzes hung at their sides. They took counsel together, and sought for a good spot to place a castle on. They had brought with them in the fleet three wooden castles from Normandy in pieces, all ready for framing together, and they took the materials of one of these out of the ships, all shaped and pierced to receive the pins which they had brought cut and ready in large barrels;

and before evening had set in, they had finished a good fort on the English ground, and there they placed their stores. All then ate and drank enough, and were right glad that they were ashore.

When Duke William himself landed, as he stepped on the shore, he slipped and fell forward upon his two hands. Forthwith all raised a loud cry of distress. "An evil sign," said they, "is here." But he cried out lustily, "See, my lords, by the splendor of God,[10] I have taken possession of England with both my hands. It is now mine, and what is mine is yours."

The next day they marched along the seashore to Hastings. Near that place the duke fortified a camp, and set up the two other wooden castles. The foragers, and those who looked out for booty, seized all the clothing and provisions they could find, lest what had been brought by the ships should fail them. And the English were to be seen fleeing before them, driving off their cattle, and quitting their houses. Many took shelter in burying-places, and even there they were in grievous alarm.

Besides the marauders from the Norman camp, strong bodies of cavalry were detached by William into the country, and these, when Harold and his army made their rapid march from London southward, fell back in good order upon the main body of the Normans, and reported that the Saxon king was rushing on like a madman. But Harold, when he found that his hopes of

10. *By the splendor of God* was the customary oath of William.

surprising his adversary were vain, changed his tactics, and halted about seven miles from the Norman lines. He sent some spies, who spoke the French language, to examine the number and preparations of the enemy, who, on their return, related with astonishment that there were more priests in William's camp than there were fighting men in the English army. They had mistaken for priests all the Norman soldiers who had short hair and shaven chins, for the English laymen were then accustomed to wear long hair and mustachios. Harold, who knew the Norman usages, smiled at their words, and said, "Those whom you have seen in such numbers are not priests, but stout soldiers, as they will soon make us feel."

Harold's army was far inferior in number to that of the Normans, and some of his captains advised him to retreat upon London, and lay waste the country, so as to starve down the strength of the invaders. The policy thus recommended was unquestionably the wisest, for the Saxon fleet had now reassembled, and intercepted all William's communications with Normandy; and as soon as his stores of provisions were exhausted, he must have moved forward upon London, where Harold, at the head of the full military strength of the kingdom, could have defied his assault, and probably might have witnessed his rival's destruction by famine and disease, without having to strike a single blow. But Harold's bold blood was up, and his kindly heart could not endure to inflict on the South

Saxon subjects even the temporary misery of wasting the country. "He would not burn houses and villages, neither would he take away the substance of his people."

Harold's brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, were with him in the camp, and Gurth endeavored to persuade him to absent himself from the battle. The incident shows how well devised had been William's scheme of binding Harold by the oath on the holy relics. "My brother," said the young Saxon prince, "thou canst not deny that either by force or free will thou hast made Duke William an oath on the bodies of saints. Why then risk thyself in the battle with a perjury upon thee? To us, who have sworn nothing, this is a holy and a just war, for we are fighting for our country. Leave us then alone to fight this battle, and he who has the right will win." Harold replied that he would not look on while others risked their lives for him. Men would hold him a coward, and blame him for sending his best friends where he dared not go himself. He resolved, therefore, to fight, and to fight in person; but he was still too good a general to be the assailant in the action; and he posted his army with great skill along a ridge of rising ground which opened southward, and was covered on the back by an extensive wood. He strengthened his position by a palisade of stakes and osier hurdles, and there he said he would defend himself against whoever should seek him.

The ruins of Battle Abbey at this hour attest the place where Harold's army was posted; and

the high altar of the abbey stood on the very spot where Harold's own standard was planted during the fight, and where the carnage was the thickest. Immediately after his victory, William vowed to build an abbey on the site; and a fair and stately pile soon rose there, where for many ages the monks prayed and said masses for the souls of those who were slain in the battle, whence the abbey took its name. Before that time the place was called Senlac. Little of the ancient edifice now remains; but it is easy to trace in the park and the neighborhood the scenes of the chief incidents in the action; and it is impossible to deny the generalship shown by Harold in stationing his men, especially when we bear in mind that he was deficient in cavalry, the arm in which his adversary's main strength consisted.

William's only chance of safety lay in bringing on a general engagement; and he joyfully advanced his army from their camp on the hill over Hastings, nearer to the Saxon position. But he neglected no means of weakening his opponent, and renewed his summonses and demands on Harold with an ostentatious air of sanctity and moderation.

"A monk, named Hugues Maigrot, came in William's name to call upon the Saxon king to do one of three things—either to resign his royalty in favor of William, or to refer it to the arbitration of the pope to decide which of the two ought to be king, or to let it be determined by the issue of a single combat. Harold abruptly replied, 'I will not resign my title, I will

not refer it to the pope, nor will I accept the single combat.' He was far from being deficient in bravery; but he was no more at liberty to stake the crown which he had received from a whole people in the chance of a duel, than to deposit it in the hands of an Italian priest. William, not at all ruffled by the Saxon's refusal, but steadily pursuing the course of his calculated measures, sent the Norman monk again, after giving him these instructions: 'Go and tell Harold that if he will keep his former compact with me, I will leave to him all the country which is beyond the Humber, and will give his brother Gurth all the lands which Godwin held. If he still persist in refusing my offers, then thou shalt tell him, before all his people, that he is a perjurer and a liar; that he and all who shall support him are excommunicated by the mouth of the pope, and that the bull to that effect is in my hands.'

"Hugues Maigrot delivered this message in a solemn tone; and the Norman chronicle says that at the word *excommunication*, the English chiefs looked at one another as if some great danger were impending. One of them then spoke as follows: 'We must fight, whatever may be the danger to us; for what we have to consider is not whether we shall accept and receive a new lord, as if our king were dead; the case is quite otherwise. The Norman has given our lands to his captains, to his knights, to all his people, the greater part of whom have already done homage to him for them: they will all look for

their gift if their duke becomes our king; and he himself is bound to deliver up to them our goods, our wives, and our daughters: all is promised to them beforehand. They come, not only to ruin us, but to ruin our descendants also, and to take from us the country of our ancestors. And what shall we do—whither shall we go, when we have no longer a country?' The English promised, by a unanimous oath, to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invader, but to die, or drive away the Normans."

The 13th of October was occupied in these negotiations, and at night the duke announced to his men that the next day would be the day of battle. That night is said to have been passed by the two armies in very different manners. The Saxon soldiers spent it in joviality, singing their national songs, and draining huge horns of ale and wine round their camp-fires. The Normans, when they had looked to their arms and horses, confessed themselves to the priests with whom their camp was thronged, and received the sacrament by thousands at a time.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, was fought the great battle.

It is not difficult to compose a narrative of its principal incidents from the historical information which we possess, especially if aided by an examination of the ground. But it is far better to adopt the spirit-stirring words of the old chroniclers, who wrote while the recollections of the battle were yet fresh, and while the feelings and prejudices of the combatants yet

glowed in the bosoms of living men. Robert Wace, the Norman poet, who presented his "Roman de Rou" to our Henry II., is the most picturesque and animated of the old writers, and from him we can obtain a more vivid and full description of the conflict than even the most brilliant romance-writer of the present time can supply. We have also an antique memorial of the battle more to be relied on than either chronicler or poet (and which confirms Wace's narrative remarkably) in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry which represents the principal scenes of Duke William's expedition, and of the circumstances connected with it, in minute, though occasionally grotesque details, and which was undoubtedly the production of the same age in which the battle took place, whether we admit or reject the legend that Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court wrought it with her own hands in honor of the royal conqueror.[11]

Let us therefore suffer the old Norman chronicler to transport our imaginations to the fair Sussex scenery northwest of Hastings, as it appeared on the morning of the fourteenth of October, seven hundred and eighty-five years ago. The Norman host is pouring forth from its tents, and each troop and each company is forming fast under the banner of its leader. The masses have been sung, which were finished be-

11. The celebrated Bayeux tapestry is a piece of embroidery 230 feet long and about 20 inches wide. It contains over 1500 figures with Latin inscriptions. It was found in the cathedral at Bayeux, and is still preserved in the library in that city.

times in the morning; the barons have all assembled round Duke William; and the duke has ordered that the army shall be formed in three divisions, so as to make the attack upon the Saxon position in three places. The duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spake to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs, and how sure he felt of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army, or such good men and true as were then forming around him. Then they cheered him in turn, and cried out, "'You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be.' And he answered them, 'I thank you well. For God's sake, spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for every one. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight; the English will never love or spare a Norman. Felons they were, and felons they are; false they were, and false they will be. Show no weakness toward them, for they will have no pity on you; neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for smiting well, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on either account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly no farther; you will find neither ships nor bridge there; there will be no sailors to receive you; and the English will overtake you there, and slay you in your shame. More of you will die in flight than in

battle. Then, as flight will not secure you, fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory; we are come for glory; the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it if we so please.' As the duke was speaking thus and would yet have spoken more, William Fitz Osber rode up with his horse all coated with iron: 'Sire,' said he, 'we tarry here too long; let us all arm ourselves. *Allons! allons!*'[12]

"Then all went to their tents, and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them. When he prepared to arm himself, he called first for his hauberk, and a man brought it on his arm, and placed it before him, but in putting his head in, to get it on, he unawares turned it the wrong way, with the back part in front. He soon changed it; but when he saw that those who stood by were sorely alarmed, he said, 'I have seen many a man who, if such a thing had happened to him, would not have borne arms, or entered the field the same day; but I never believed in omens, and I never will. I trust in God, for he does in all things his pleasure, and ordains what is to come to pass according to his will. I have never liked fortune-tellers, nor believed in diviners; but I commend myself to Our Lady. Let not this mischance give you trouble. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me,

12. *Allons!* means *Forward!*

signifies that a change will arise out of the matter which we are now stirring. You shall see the name of duke changed into king. Yea, a king shall I be, who hitherto have been but duke.' Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet, and girt on his sword, which a varlet brought him. Then the duke called for his good horse—a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a king of Spain, out of very great friendship. Neither arms nor the press of fighting men did it fear, if its lord spurred it on. Walter Giffard brought it. The duke stretched out his hand, took the reins, put foot in stirrup, and mounted; and the good horse pawed, pranced, reared himself up, and curveted. The Viscount of Toarz saw how the duke bore himself in arms, and said to his people that were around him, 'Never have I seen a man so fairly armed, nor one who rode so gallantly, or bore his arms, or became his hauberk so well; neither any one who bore his lance so gracefully, or sat his horse and managed him so nobly. There is no such knight under heaven! a fair count he is, and fair king he will be. Let him fight, and he shall overcome; shame be to the man who shall fail him.'

"Then the duke called for the standard which the pope had sent him, and he who bore it having unfolded it, the duke took it and called to Raol de Conches. 'Bear my standard,' said he, 'for I would not but do you right; by right and by ancestry your line are standard-bearers of Nor-

mandy, and very good knights have they all been.' But Raol said that he would serve the duke that day in other guise, and would fight the English with his hand as long as life should last. Then the duke bade Galtier Giffart bear the standard. But he was old and white-headed, and bade the duke give the standard to some younger and stronger man to carry. Then the duke said fiercely, 'By the splendor of God, my lords, I think you mean to betray and fail me in this great need.' 'Sire,' said Giffart, 'not so! we have done no treason, nor do I refuse from any felony toward you; but I have to lead a great chivalry, both hired men and the men of my fief. Never had I such good means of serving you as I now have; and, if God please, I will serve you; if need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours.'

"'By my faith,' quoth the duke, 'I always loved thee, and now I love thee more; if I survive this day, thou shalt be the better for it all thy days.' Then he called out a knight, whom he had heard much praised, Tosteins Fitz-Rou le Blanc by name, whose abode was at Bec-en-Caux. To him he delivered the standard; and Tosteins took it right cheerfully, and bowed low to him in thanks, and bore it gallantly, and with good heart. His kindred still have quittance of all service for their inheritance on this account, and their heirs are entitled so to hold their inheritance forever.

"William sat on his war-horse, and called out Rogier, whom they call De Montgomeri. 'I

rely much on you,' said he; 'lead your men thitherward, and attack them from that side. William, the son of Osber, the seneschal, a right good vassal, shall go with you and help in the attack, and you shall have the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers. Alain Fergert and Ameri shall attack on the other side; they shall lead the Poitevins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine; and I, with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest.'

"The barons, and knights, and men-at-arms were all now armed; the foot-soldiers were well equipped, each bearing bow and sword; on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks, and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel, and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind. Thus both horse and foot kept their course and order of march as they began, in close ranks at a gentle pace, that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly.

"Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons and vavasors, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes. The English had inclosed the place where Harold was with his friends and the barons of the country whom he had summoned and called together.

"Those of London had come at once, and those of Kent, of Hertfort, and of Essesse. All who could bear arms, and had learned the news of the duke's arrival, came to defend the land. But none came from beyond Humbre, for they had other business upon their hands, the Danes and Tosti having much damaged and weakened them.

"Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand, so he had early inclosed the field in which he had placed his men. He made them arm early, and range themselves for the battle, he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord. The duke, he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack who had to defend the land. He commanded the people, and counseled his barons to keep themselves all together, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once separated, they would with difficulty recover themselves. 'The Normans,' said he, 'are good vassals, valiant on foot and on horseback; good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle; all is lost if

they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen-edged bills; and I do not expect that their arms can stand against yours. Cleave whenever you can; it will be ill done if you spare aught.'

"The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life in dishonor, either by hatchet or bill, by club or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders, and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces toward the enemy, and that no one should move from where he was, so that whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to

guard the king's body, to place themselves around him, and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

"When Harold had made all ready, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English and dismounted by the side of the standard; Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were with him; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was, in truth, a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they, moreover, made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

"Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground, and the first division of their troops moved onward along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led toward another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together

the gentle barons, the good archers, and the men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take care of the harness and stores, moved off toward a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

"The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

"The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

"As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

"The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and

fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms, others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

"Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode, mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, 'A boon, sire!' cried Taillefer; 'I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!' And the duke answered, 'I grant it.' Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, 'Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!' At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded, and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

"The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onward; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty.

"Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over sea charged onward, and again at other times retreated. Then came the cunning maneuvers, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman.

"When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

"Some wax strong, others weak: the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forward, others yield; and thus, in various ways, the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's

battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

"The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, 'Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing; for, if God please, we shall conquer yet.' So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on over a white aube, wide in the body, with the sleeve tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

"From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not

reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upward into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air toward the English; and the arrows, in falling, struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

"The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English call 'wibetes.' Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upward, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands; and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield. So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king, and that the archer won them great glory who thus put out Harold's eye.

"The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The

Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out that the men of France fled, and would never return.

"Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but, like fools, they broke their lines and pursued.

"The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English farther on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets, following the Normans as they go, rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. 'Cowards,' they cried, 'you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come! Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you.'

"The Normans bore it all; but, in fact, they knew not what the English said: their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying DEX AIE!

for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces toward the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onward to a fresh *mêlée*, the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onward. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues; one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

"The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long, and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle, where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war horse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and

about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled ax which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched on the ground. Then Roger cried out, 'Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!' And again a fierce *mêlée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

"There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had, and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and, spurring his horse, gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely fractured his skull.

"On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover his face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it, for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long-handled ax struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously and trampling him altogether under foot.

"And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades, and

the English, in great trouble, fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

"There were many knights of Chauz who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

"The English fell back toward the standard, which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the Sires D'Auviler, D'Onebac, and Saint Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

"Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and galloping toward the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down; but the English surrounded it and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterward sought for him, dead and lying at the standard's foot.

"Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance, striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and

press around him, they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

"One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The Duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet though without doing much injury. He was very near falling however; but, bearing on his stirrups, he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him, and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

"Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

"Then those who kept close guard by him,

and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

"Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans had pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself

to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

"Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

"The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

"William fought well; many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered, and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot among the dead, and had his meat brought thither, and his supper prepared there.

"Then he took off his armor; and the barons and knights, pages and squires came, when he had unstrung his shield; and they took the helmet from his head, and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield, and how his helmet was dinted in. And all greatly wondered, and said 'Such a baron (ber) never bestrode warhorse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Rollant and Oliver.'

"Thus they lauded and extolled him greatly, and rejoiced in what they saw, but grieving also for their friends who were slain in the battle. And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien, and rendered thanks to

the King of glory, through whom he had the victory; and thanked the knights around him, mourning also frequently for the dead. And he ate and drank among the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field.

"The morrow was Sunday; and those who had slept upon the field of battle, keeping watch around, and suffering great fatigue, bestirred themselves at break of day, and sought out and buried such of the bodies of their dead friends as they might find. The noble ladies of the land also came, some to seek their husbands, and others their fathers, sons, or brothers. They bore the bodies to their villages, and interred them at the churches; and the clerks and priests of the country were ready, and at the request of their friends, took the bodies that were found, and prepared graves and laid them therein.

"King Harold was carried and buried at Varham; but I know not who it was that bore him thither, neither do I know who buried him. Many remained on the field, and many had fled in the night."

Such is a Norman account of the battle of Hastings, which does full justice to the valor of the Saxons as well as to the skill and bravery of the victors. It is indeed evident that the loss of the battle by the English was owing to the wound which Harold received in the afternoon, and which must have incapacitated him from effective command. When we remember that he had himself just won the battle of Stamford Bridge over Harald Hardrada by the maneuver

of a feigned flight, it is impossible to suppose that he could be deceived by the same stratagem on the part of the Normans at Hastings. But his men, when deprived of his control, would very naturally be led by their inconsiderate ardor into the pursuit that proved so fatal to them. All the narratives of the battle, however much they vary as to the precise time and manner of Harold's fall, eulogize the generalship and the personal prowess which he displayed, until the fatal arrow struck him. The skill with which he had posted his army was proved both by the slaughter which it cost the Normans to force the position, and also by the desperate rally which some of the Saxons made after the battle in the forest in the rear, in which they cut off a large number of the pursuing Normans. This circumstance is particularly mentioned by William of Poictiers, the Conqueror's own chaplain. Indeed, if Harold, or either of his brothers, had survived, the remains of the English army might have formed again in the wood, and could at least have effected an orderly retreat, and prolonged the war. But both Gurth and Leofwine, and all the bravest thanes of Southern England lay dead on Senlac, around their fallen king and the fallen standard of their country. The exact number that perished on the Saxons' side is unknown; but we read that on the side of the victors, out of sixty thousand men who had been engaged, no less than a fourth perished. So well had the English billmen "plyed the ghastly blow," and so sternly had the Saxon battle-ax cloven Nor-

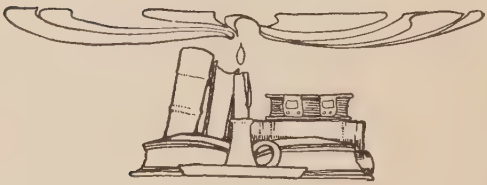
man's casque and mail. The old historian Daniel justly as well as forcibly remarks, "Thus was tried, by the great assize of God's judgment in battle, the right of power between the English and Norman nations; a battle the most memorable of all others; and, however miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England."

Many a pathetic legend was told in after years respecting the discovery and the burial of the corpse of our last Saxon king. The main circumstances, though they seem to vary, are perhaps reconcilable. Two of the monks of Waltham Abbey, which Harold had founded a little time before his election to the throne, had accompanied him to the battle. On the morning after the slaughter, they begged and gained permission of the Conqueror to search for the body of their benefactor. The Norman soldiery and camp-followers had stripped and gashed the slain, and the two monks vainly strove to recognize from among the mutilated and gory heaps around them the features of their former king. They sent for Harold's mistress, Edith, surnamed "the Fair," and "the swan-necked," to aid them. The eye of love proved keener than the eye of gratitude, and the Saxon lady even in that Aceldama knew her Harold.

The king's mother now sought the victorious Norman, and begged the dead body of her son. But William at first answered in his wrath and the hardness of his heart, that a man who had been false to his word and his religion should have no other sepulchre than the sand of the

shore. He added, with a sneer, "Harold mounted guard on the coast while he was alive, he may continue his guard now he is dead." The taunt was an unintentional eulogy; and a grave washed by the spray of the Sussex waves would have been the noblest burial-place for the martyr of Saxon freedom. But Harold's mother was urgent in her lamentations and her prayers; the Conqueror relented: like Achilles, he gave up the dead body of his fallen foe to a parent's supplications, and the remains of King Harold were deposited with regal honors in Waltham Abbey.

On Christmas day in the same year William the Conqueror was crowned at London King of England.



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TALKS WITH PARENTS

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

I. PARENTS AND CHILDREN

WE know that you are vitally interested in the welfare of your children, and do not feel that your duty is done when you have provided them with food and clothing, nor that your responsibility ends when you have sent them to school. You realize fully that during the period of school life you can exert your greatest influence over your sons and daughters, yet it seems necessary to call attention to the fact that if your children become really educated and truly refined it must be through the influence of home. The schools can do little more than plant the seeds of culture; in the family must the young plants be watered, nourished and trained. Then will the growth be symmetrical and beautiful.

You, fathers and mothers, are more than willing to take, daily, time enough from your labors to show that sympathetic interest in juvenile tasks which is the greatest stimulus to intelligent effort. You wish to know what work each child is doing and where in the book his lessons are. To you the multiplication table and the story of Cinderella are of as much importance

as the price of meat or the profit on a yard of silk. It seems as serious a matter to discover anew the causes of the Revolutionary War as to feed and stable the horses or to drive the automobile safely through a crowded street. So long as you feel as you do, and, meeting your children on their own plane, lead them to read, feel, and think aright, you may be sure that they will become the sturdy, intelligent, far-seeing men and women of the next generation, the real wielders of power at home and abroad.

To assist you really to live with your children, to come upon the plane upon which they stand, and to aid in their development as well as to provide for them, we have prepared the following suggestions that will enable you to show them how to read and what to read. The influence of reading upon children is a potent one; in fact, it is doubtful if there is any other thing that so seriously affects the development of character as does the quality of the books and the manner in which they are read. Bad books lead the reader's mind astray and stimulate an imagination that is destructive of character, but good books make the mind sensitive to right and wrong, inspire higher ideals and lead to loftier effort.

If you can spend each week a few hours reading and talking with the children you will be surprised to find how lightly the time passes and how quickly your own cares and anxieties are dissipated. You will find greater delight than you have ever known in the society of your

equals; and the younger ones, whose minds glow with healthful curiosity and absorbing interest, are safe from the street and its attractions, while at the same time they are learning those things which count for most in life's great battle.

Do not feel in the least uncertain of your power to interest and attract. Have no hesitation in joining with the children, in meeting with them in thought and feeling. Be a child yourself, but a wise, inspiring leader as well. If you have any doubt as to how you should proceed, or what you should do to gain interest or arouse enthusiasm, follow the guidance of the pages that follow.

II. HOW TO READ

1. Different Kinds of Literature

IF there were but one kind of literature, it would be an easy matter to give the few directions that would be necessary to make good readers. In reality there are, however, several types, so different in their purpose, style and content that the reader must study them in many different ways if he would get the varied and inspiring messages. To appreciate what this means, let us look over the field.

For our purposes, true literature, as distinguished from the practical literature of fact, may be grouped under the two general heads of poetry and prose. At first thought the difference

between the two seems wide and unmistakable. Poetry differs from prose not only in form, but also in rhythm, music, beauty and sentiment. The former is usually more figurative, and aims to stimulate the imagination more keenly and to enthrall the feelings more completely. Upon a closer consideration it is seen that poetry and good prose have much in common, and that often it is really but a question of form, for lyric beauty glows in the phrases of our finest prose, and both heart and soul are moved by its powerful appeals.

There are narratives and arguments in both poetry and prose, and essays in the form of both. For this reason our general method of study may be the same for both, except when form alone is considered.

The simplest and most universal form of literature is found in the catchy little nursery rhymes which the children of the nation learn at their cradles from the lips of their elders. In these, if careful search be made, may be found most of the elements which in broader and more complex forms appear in the favorite selections of maturer years. Following the nursery rhymes appear the fables, fairy tales, myths and legends that have formed the literature of earlier races and have come down to us to be amplified and placed in modern form for the children of this age.

It has been said that in every child is seen the history of the race, and that from infancy to manhood he typifies every stage of progress the race has seen. In early years he loves the fables

where animals speak, feel and act like human beings; for in former times mankind believed the fables to be truth. A child peoples his world with fairies, good and bad, and believes in the limitless power of magic. A little later he loves the deeds of the legendary heroes and revels in the marvelous acts of the more than human beings in whom the ancients believed. Later the stirring adventures of the real heroes of discovery and exploration, the heroic exploits of warriors on land and sea, and the courageous acts of noble men and women in every walk in life, appeal to him; while still later, real history seizes the imagination of the youth, who now looks for the causes of things and learns to trace out their effects. He learns to reason and to separate truth from falsehood. Casting aside the wild tales of boyhood, he gathers up instead the facts of life and experience, and draws his inspiration from the noble works of the world's greatest writers.

2. Fiction

IN the development of literary taste, fiction plays as prominent a part as fact, and to fiction considered in its broadest sense, every child is deeply indebted. Many err in thinking that a stern diet of facts is the only nutriment the child mind needs, and still others err only in a less degree when they look upon fiction as perhaps a necessary evil, but one which must be

avoided as much as possible and set aside at the earliest possible moment. All fiction has in it some elements of truth, and they are the sources of the inspiration which comes to children when, in their world of make-believe, they live with their beautiful and heroic friends of the story books.

To read fiction properly is to get from it the truth, which, however, is often liable to be lost by the reader in the excitement of the tale, or to pass undetected in the easy-running sentences. As fictitious narratives in prose and poetry in the great majority of cases form the larger part of children's reading, it is to them we should turn our attention. Before we begin their specific study a few principles claim our attention:

Good stories are the most helpful things a child can read.

The more intelligently and sympathetically a story is read, the more powerful for good it is.

The imagination of a child is the most powerful agent in the development of his mind.

The imagination acts only to combine, enlarge, or diminish ideas that enter the mind. It never creates.

On the nature of the ideas presented will depend the character of the imagination.

A vivid imagination fed with bad ideas is most destructive to human character. Good stories with high ideals can do no harm; but evil stories, particularly if attractive and entertaining, will undo the careful teaching of years.

As evil must appear in life, it may appear in

stories, but it must be brought in in such a way that it is known as evil, and children must be taught to recognize it as evil.

The motives which govern the words and actions of the persons who appear in a well-written story are more easily discerned than the motives which actuate the human beings around us. Thus a child who reads intelligently is helped to discover in the words and deeds of the people whom he meets, the elements of real character. A study of the heroes of fiction is a study in human life.

Improbable stories and those presenting impossible or unreal things are not necessarily bad; in fact they are often good and distinctly serviceable. No matter how true they appear to a child, the time comes when he rejects them as impossible, although he may always be indebted to them for keen pleasure and the awakening of his imagination. Belief in the myth of Santa Claus never destroyed a child's love and respect for his parents; faith in the unlimited power of good fairies never made a child less able to recognize the laws of nature. It is the halfway truths that are troublesome; it is the little misrepresentations not liable to be detected that may permanently deceive.

To understand the good and the true, to discriminate between the bad and the false, to find pleasure that shall awaken, enliven and inspire, to arouse curiosity and interest in wider, more thoughtful and helpful study, are some of the important aims of story-reading.

3. Reading Fiction—The Study of the Story

HE intelligent reader keeps himself alive, and finds greater pleasure and profit than he who reads merely to kill time or to dissipate his cares in an exciting narrative. The great interests in a story group themselves primarily about the plot, the persons and the scenes; the secondary, but really more important, interests lie in the lesson, the purpose, and the method and style of the author.

A. The Plot

HE main line of events leading up to the climax of interest in the story may be called the plot.

It is the plot that furnishes excitement, and for perhaps the majority of readers constitutes the chief interest. In some stories the plot lies upon the surface all the time, and everything is made subservient to the purpose of holding interest, keeping up excitement and mystifying the reader until the climax is reached. Thrilling detective stories of the poorer class, exciting love stories and the cheap juvenile tales of Indian fighting, with heroines in dire distress and heroes struggling to rescue them are illustrations of this type. No effort is made by the author to make real human beings of his characters, and little or no profit

comes to the reader, while infinite harm may be done to minds craving excitement and finding in it nothing to stimulate an interest in better things.

In the better stories of greater writers the plot still plays an important part, but while it sustains interest unflaggingly, it carries with it other things which are of vastly greater importance. In such stories the persons are living, breathing realities, and the reader feels that he has added permanently to his list of tried and true friends Tom Brown and Tiny Tim, who live only in stories, are as much our friends as Henry Thompson and Rudolph De Peyster who live in the next block. The great writer, moreover, takes us with him into new places, among new scenes, so that Rugby becomes for a time our own school, and from Tim's poor hearth there enters a warm Christmas glow into our doubting hearts.

Although the plot is important, yet all stories that enthrall the mind with exciting incidents must be regarded with suspicion until they prove their right to be considered real literature by furnishing higher interests or greater inspiration.

To analyze the plot of a story, however, is always helpful; to arrange the incidents in order, to determine which are necessary to the development of the story, and which are merely contributory to the general interest, is an interesting and stimulating thing. The plot of short stories may very often be told in very few words, and unless very complicated, the plot of a novel

may be given in a few sentences. In some stories, however, the plot is so loosely constructed and of so little real importance that it is hardly more than a train of apparently equally important incidents. Again, the plot is oftentimes so complicated by secondary plots and incidents that even a careful reader becomes confused and loses his interest.

Let us consider the plot in such a story as *Cinderella* (Volume I, page 231). The main incidents of the plot arrange themselves as follows:

1. Cinderella's mother dies.
2. Her father marries the widow who has two daughters.
3. The stepmother sends Cinderella to the kitchen to work and to the garret to sleep.
4. The king's son gives a great ball to which he invites Cinderella's stepsisters.
5. The stepsisters require Cinderella to assist them to dress, and abuse her shamefully.
6. The sisters go to the ball and Cinderella sits by the kitchen fire wishing she might accompany them.
7. Her fairy godmother appears and sends her to the ball in fine style.
8. Cinderella, handsome as a picture, dances with the prince, who falls in love with her.
9. The clock strikes twelve, and Cinderella goes back to the kitchen.
10. The stepsisters again mistreat Cinderella.
11. She goes to the ball the second day.
12. She forgets her godmother's warning, and

after midnight rushes back home, leaving a single slipper behind her.

13. The prince finds the slipper and searches for its owner.

14. The sisters fail in trying on the slipper, which is then fitted to Cinderella's foot.

15. The fairy godmother restores to Cinderella the appearance of a princess.

16. The prince marries Cinderella, and she forgives her sisters.

A summary of these main incidents may be given in a few words which will contain the skeleton of the plot. To say that a certain little girl who is shamefully treated by her step-sisters is aided by her fairy godmother to attend a ball given by a prince, who finally marries the little drudge, is to give the plot and really to tell all that the lax and superficial reader gets from the story he peruses.

There are in this little story, however, a large number of minor incidents which contribute to the interest, and if sought and placed in their relation to the main events will be found to have added materially to the charm of the narrative.

For instance, when the fairy godmother sends Cinderella to the ball for the first time, children are led to a vivid interest in the event by a series of fascinating incidents, as follows:

1. The fairy sends her into the garden for a pumpkin.

2. The godmother, scooping out the inside of the pumpkin, leaves the rind, which she taps

three times, and immediately it becomes a golden coach.

3. The fairy spies six mice alive in a trap.

4. Cinderella lets the mice out gently, and as the fairy touches them with her wand, each becomes a fine, dapple-gray horse.

5. Cinderella brings the rats, the largest of which the fairy converts into a handsome postilion with a fine pair of whiskers.

6. Cinderella finds the six lizards behind the watering pot, which become the six sedate and dignified footmen clothed in livery.

7. Cinderella's rags are changed to wonderful clothing bedecked with costly jewels.

8. The beautiful glass slippers are provided.

How real these incidents all seem! What art is shown in bringing in real things to give food to the imagination and to stimulate the interest that carries the little reader away from herself where she may riot in the wonders her active mind can so readily conceive. Some time when she has grown much older, and cares have wrinkled her smooth cheeks, she may see that the only fairy godmother who can clothe a Cinderella is hard work, and that mice become dapple-grays, and postilions are made from lizards behind watering pots only when she has earned the right to them herself. Just now it is enough for her to see that fairy godmothers come to good children only, and that good princes do not care if their wives have worked in the cinders, provided they are beautiful in gentleness and service to others.

Children like to understand what they read, and are never so happy as when talking over their favorite stories with those of their elders who have the power to enter sympathetically into the child world. By no means all the boys and girls like to be taught; in fact there are not many more certain ways of prejudicing a child against anything than by making it the subject of a formal lesson. Still, every child loves to learn, and is seeking at every moment to add to his information and to exercise his mind. Yet he must do it in his own way and with the things in which he is interested. If those facts are borne in mind, no parent will have difficulty in interesting his child or in leading the juvenile mind where it ought to go.

To apply these ideas to teaching the plot of such a story as *Cinderella*, let the parent who loves his children, and who wishes to be no stranger to their interests, joys and sorrows, seat himself among them some time and begin to read to them. Pausing now and then to explain some word whose meaning may be obscure to them, or to comment on some phase of the story that may be of special interest, let him read on to the end without attempting to do much more than to make the story a vivid tale where the interest centers in the incident.

When the story has ended, the pleasure has but just begun. Children like to ask questions, but they are no less ready to answer them if the questions are on things of interest, are related to the things which children know and are put

in such a way that the genuine interest of the questioner is always evident. The I-know-it-all-and-you-know-nothing style of questioning; the I'm-the-master-and-you're-the-pupil style; the because-I-ask-you-must-answer style are all fatal to interest, and will soon prevent that hearty sympathy and living spirit of coöperation that the parent wishes to secure.

If we suppose it is *Cinderella* that has been read, we may begin our questioning something in this manner.

"That's a good story. I like it, don't you?—It is rather long, though; I've almost forgotten how it began.—O, was that the first thing that happened?—Was the father a rich man?—Did the story say he was rich or did you just think he was?—If he had not married a widow could things have happened as they did?—How did the widow and her daughters treat Cinderella?—If Cinderella had not been mistreated would her fairy godmother have come to her aid?—If the fairy had not appeared could the story have been the same?—How did the fairy make the golden coach?—Could she have made it out of anything else?—If she had made one just as good out of something else could Cinderella have gone to the ball just as well?—If Cinderella went to the ball in good style did it matter how she went?—If Cinderella had not gone to the ball, could she have met the prince?—Was it as important then that she should have a coach made from a pumpkin as that she should go to the ball and meet the prince?—Can you think of something

else just as necessary to make the story come out right as that Cinderella should go to the ball?—Can you think of other things that must have happened just as they did to make the story come out right and just as it did?—Can you think of some things that might have happened differently and still not have hurt the story at all?—Let us put together all the things that must have happened to make the story right and leave out the things that could be changed. Now, what are they?—Now let us find a few things we could leave out or change. What are some of them?—If we left them out the story would come out the same, but would it be as good, as interesting?—Would you like Cinderella as well if these little things had been left out?—Would you think as much of the prince if he had found Cinderella right away as you do when he has to do so many hard things before he finds her?"

Every one must realize the impossibility of providing a scheme of questioning that would fit exactly any given case, but will not the above suggest a method that may lead to many a happy and profitable evening at the family round table? Even if there are older children in the group they will renew their interest in the old stories and get more good from them when it is seen that father and mother do not deem it beneath their dignity, nor outside the range of their interests, to read and study a fairy tale.

This set of books, however, does not content itself with suggestions to parents, for in the series

are here and there outlines and questions designed to lead the children to see for themselves what it is hoped parents will take pleasure in showing them. Examples of the selections which contain outlines, questions and comments designed to help in the study of the plot, may be found as follows:

Volume I, page 311. *The Twin Brothers.*
Volume I, page 421. *Something.*
Volume II, page 204. *The Snow Queen.*
Volume IV, page 326. *Incident of the French Camp.*
Volume IX, page 433. *The Tempest.*
Volume X, page 228. *The Gold-Bug.*

B. The Persons

IN most stories, be they brief and simple or as long and complicated as the two-volume novel, the interest centers in one or more persons whose character the reader learns to understand, and whose success or failure, joy or grief give him pleasure or excite his sympathy. All events center about the hero or heroes, and while other persons may be mentioned, and even win the reader's attention for a time, they finally subside into the background and are remembered only as they contribute to greater interest in the principal characters.

Every author tries to make his heroes and heroines speak and act like real human beings and show their characters by their actions and

their words. Sometimes, however, he tells the reader just how his people look, feel and think, and describes their characters to give an interest in what happens to them. A more interesting method and a more artistic one is to leave the persons to disclose themselves as the story progresses, making them show by the way they act and by what they say under certain circumstances, the strong and weak qualities in their natures. Nothing is more interesting than to watch the development of character in the hero of a story, particularly when it is accomplished under conditions which are themselves interesting.

In studying the persons in a story, then, the chief things to keep in mind are the following:

1. The principal person, or hero—the one, or perhaps the ones, in whose fortunes the reader is most vitally interested.

2. The secondary persons who are introduced merely to add variety or to throw light upon the character of the hero, or to assist to bring about the events which center about him.

3. The appearance, dress and manners of the persons.

4. The ways in which the author makes his persons lifelike and shows the reader what they really are.

5. The characters of the persons as they appear or as they are developed in the progress of the story. This is the really important part of the study, the one which becomes increasingly interesting as readers grow older and the stories

they study become more and more complex and difficult. The study of the characters of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines is more than interesting pastime for men and women—it is good, hard work.

For a simple example of what is meant, let us undertake briefly the study of *The Hardy Tin Soldier* (Volume I, page 147).

1. The hero is the Hardy Tin Soldier himself.
2. Persons of secondary importance are:
    a. The twenty-four brothers.
    b. The little boy.
    c. The Dancing Lady.
    d. The Goblin.
    e. The servant-maid.
    f. The two street boys.
    g. The Water Rat.
    h. The fish.
    i. The cook.

Of these the Dancing Lady is second only to the lame Soldier; the Goblin, the two street boys, the little boy and the Water Rat are given considerable prominence, while the twenty-four brothers, the servant-maid, the fish and the cook are introduced merely to effect a certain incident or to give an air of truthfulness to the events. This is a fairy tale, and in it we must be faithful to our juvenile friends, considering the Goblin, the Water Rat and the fish as real persons, and the Tin Soldier as a very human being.

3. In appearance the Tin Soldier was tall and erect, but alas! he had only one leg! His uniform was red and blue and very splendid.

He carried his musket across his shoulder as a marching soldier should, kept his eyes straight to the front, and stood very firmly upon his one foot. In the fire he lost the tinsel and the color from his uniform, and when the Dancer joined him he melted into a little tin heart.

4. While Andersen tells outright some of the characteristics of the little Soldier, he leaves others to be inferred from acts. The Soldier thinks, and sometimes the reader is told just what he thinks, but never once does he speak—to him silence is golden. Yet not once do we miss his voice, and it is only when we have finished that we suddenly think what a silent little body he is. That is part of the author's art. The Soldier never once moves his eyes, or changes his attitude; the author never forgets that he is a *tin* soldier, but makes his every act consistent with his stiffness and rigidity. That is more of the author's skill. There were other soldiers, twenty-four of them, and all were brothers. A less skilful author would have stopped in the telling of the fact, but Andersen adds in the half-whimsical, wholly charming manner that makes him the great writer he is, "for they were all born of one tin spoon." All the other brothers were perfect; our Soldier had but one leg, yet "it was just this soldier who became remarkable." Even the missing leg creates an interest, and Andersen uses it to center our attention upon his little hero.

5. Andersen tells us the following things about the Tin Soldier's character:

a. He stood firmly even with but one leg to balance himself upon.

b. He thought his box was not a place for a lady-wife who lived in a castle. This showed his humility.

c. Yet he was very human—"I must make her acquaintance."

d. When he fell from the window, he put his leg straight up, stuck his helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving stones.

e. He would not call loudly to the servant-maid because he was in the uniform of a soldier.

f. While in the boat rushing down the gutter, he trembled, but he never changed countenance, and still looked straight before him.

g. He sighed for the little Lady's company, while passing through the drain.

h. He would not answer the Water Rat.

i. He stiffened himself and would not move an eyelid when the paper boat sank.

j. He lay unmoved even in the darkness of the fish's body.

k. He was not at all proud when he was rescued.

l. When he saw the Dancer again he very nearly wept tin tears, but he thought how improper that would be, and kept them back.

m. He stood firm and shouldered his musket although the fire, or grief, made all the colors leave him.

n. When the Dancer joined him in the flames he melted into a heart-shaped lump of tin.

What a fine little Tin Soldier he proves to be! Could any one be more loyal to his profession? Body erect, eyes to the front, musket shouldered, every muscle at attention all the time, no matter if he had but one leg to stand upon. He was brave as a lion, although once in the presence of the direst danger he trembled a little, but he drove every sign of fear from his face and stood his ground manfully. After he had once seen the Dancer and realized how similar her trials must be to his, how constant he was in his devotion! At his death what could be more fitting than to see him melt into a little heart-shaped mass, the symbol of his courage and constancy! Why should we call him the *hardy* Tin Soldier; would it not have been better if the translator had called him the *constant* Tin Soldier?

Now, when we give the hero of this pretty little story so much attention, does it not seem worth while? Will not we, grown men and women, find so much in the hero that we may gather our young friends about us and lead them to see how admirable a character he has and how beautifully Andersen has shown it? If we talk not *to* the boys and girls, but *with* them, if we invite their questions as to the Tin Soldier's character, and by our informal questions lead them to appreciate the strength, courage and devotion of the little toy, will they not, without any charge from us, get some taste for a good story well written, and, perhaps, learn some little lessons that will help them to be better men and women?

The set furnishes you with many another fine story, equally interesting and perhaps better adapted to the age of your own children. There are a number of the stories, too, which may call for your own best efforts in the study of character, and from which even you may derive some genuine help in the heavy problems life thrusts upon you.

In many places, too, the present writer has appended outlines and questions which the young people themselves may like to pore over and which may assist the inquiring parent even more than the brief study above. The following are particularly suggestive:

Volume I, page 245. *Cinderella.*
Volume IV, page 258. *A Dog of Flanders.*
Volume IX, page 279. *Dream Children.*
Volume IX, page 420. *The Tempest.*

C. The Scene of the Story

ONE of the benefits of good reading is that it fills the mind with beautiful pictures of places that we cannot visit or that live only in the eyes of the imagination. A powerful descriptive writer takes his reader with him, and by graphic words makes visible and almost real the scenes among which they wander. One may sit in the light of his study lamp during a black northern winter and read himself away from the chill and dreariness into some warm sunny clime where

flowers of new and rare forms flaunt their gorgeous colors and perfume the air with strange delicious odors: great trees with tufts of far-reaching leaves cast their welcome shade, and long vines trail gracefully from their living supports. Wonderful birds with brilliant plumage flit about, as through the openings in the trees glimpses are given of long waves rolling gently upon the glistening beach. It is only necessary to give free rein to the imagination and to visualize the scenes that the skilful writer describes.

There are people of such literal minds that descriptive writing fails to appeal to them. It is their misfortune. To others every word brings a picture that appears almost as vivid and as full of detail as those upon which the material eye gazes. Like any other power of the mind, this may be cultivated even among the mature. Children are highly gifted with this power to begin with, and only a little training is necessary to make them use the faculty freely for their own delight. Suggest to them the outlines of a picture, and see how rapidly they will fill in the details.

No two can see precisely the same imaginary picture; in fact, no two people looking at the same landscape will see precisely the same things, and if they are asked to describe what they see, it will appear that the things which are most vivid to one may have made little impression upon the other. It is not to be expected, then, that two children reading a description of some scene will get the same picture of it. Each will

color his own from the previous impressions and experiences he has had. Yet to each the picture may be very real and very pleasing. Good teachers of reading spend much time and effort in teaching the young to visualize the scenes of which they read, not only because of the pleasure it will afford the young when they are mature, but because the power to see vividly is of greatest assistance in every department of study.

In some stories little attention is given to the scene; in fact, the persons might appear anywhere and not be in the least affected by their surroundings, and the events might have happened in China as well as in England. Even then, however, there will be found mention of many things that seem to give locality to the story. At the other extreme are writers who lose themselves in descriptive flights and pause to describe a sunset while the heroine is perishing, and the hero must stand helpless until the author has painted the last color in the sky. In the best literature for children, description is so mingled with narrative that while there are fine pictures to see, they do not fall in the way of the events which the young reader follows with such breathless interest. In fact, the pictures aid the narrative.

There is of course in every story much descriptive writing that does not apply to the scenes among which the plot is laid, yet it is well to make a study of description from the scenes, for it is here that the author has his greatest opportunity for pictorial writing.

If the story is brief there may be but one scene. Everything may happen in one place, and none of the surroundings may change. For instance, in the fable of *The Dog and His Shadow* (Volume I, page 59) there is but one incident, which happens in one place. Such a simple story, however, furnishes the material for a good picture, and in bringing out the picture to a child who reads or hears the fable for the first time, the parent is giving good service that will lead to keener appreciation and higher power of interpretation in his child's later years. What can be made out of this picture, and how should it be done? Let us see:

The fable is told in simple words, and only plain facts are stated. What are the elements of our picture? We can find only six, viz: a big dog; a big piece of meat; day; a river; a narrow bridge; the dog's image. Now if we were to draw a picture to illustrate this fable we would begin with a general sketch. Should we show a level country, or are there hills about? Is it barren and desolate, or are there trees? Are there houses near? Where did the dog get his meat? Is it a large river, or only a small one? The bridge is narrow; has it a railing along the side? Would the dog be liable to see his image if it was a wagon bridge? Was it then a mere foot bridge? Would a single plank across a small stream answer the purpose? The dog is big; is it a dog that knows and likes the water? Would you think it could be a Newfoundland dog? What kind of a dog is it? It is day time;

is the sun shining? Do you imagine it is morning or noon, or that it is toward evening? In making your pictures would you draw the trees to show the leaves blown by the wind? If the dog sees his image, is the water smooth or rough? Is the stream rapid and rough, or smooth and placid?

While such questioning is going on both speaker and listener are seeing more clearly every minute. Besides, in order to see accurately they are drawing on their own previous knowledge and experience, and are reasoning just as truly as though they were solving a problem in arithmetic.

In every picture we form in our reading there are certain elements that we must accept and include because the writer gives them to us. Other elements suggest themselves, and we accept them and put them in place or reject them entirely. In the fable just discussed we are told that the dog is big, the piece of meat is big, and the bridge is narrow. We may not see a small dog with a little piece of meat on a big, wide bridge. Houses, trees, sedges on the river bank, children playing by the side of the path, spring, summer or autumn foliage, or even snowclad shores with black water between—any of these we may put into our picture, for the fable is silent on these things. We must be accurate, and the parent can do no better service in reading than to make his child see accurately whatever he sees at all.

The artist studies the selection he means to

illustrate in just this way, and then draws his picture. When we see his picture we may accept it as good and true to the conditions, or call it poor and inapplicable. We should not be hasty, but should try to get his point of view before we criticise. If he violates any of the fixed conditions of the story his work is bad; if he gives us his interpretation and violates no fixed conditions, his work may be good or bad according to the standards we set up: are we always certain that our standards are correct?

In the fable *The Fox and the Stork* (Volume I, page 63) the artist has given us a beautiful double panel which in itself tells almost the entire story, and his pictures are almost wholly from his own imagination, for there was given him to work with very little more than a fox, a stork, a wide dish and a vase. Such a pictorial imagination as he possessed is what should be cultivated in children. If they can be encouraged to draw what they see, they not only fix their own impressions, but they learn to see more vividly and more accurately.

In long stories there are many scenes; it may be that no two incidents happen in the same place. In the drama, which contains all the elements of the story, the scenes are limited in number and are fixed and unchanging. After the reader has arranged his scenery he may give his attention exclusively to the dialogue, knowing there will be no change. In the story the reader may need to be constantly alert, as when his hero takes a long and perilous journey the scenes may change

with the quickness of a kaleidoscope, and yet all be important to the narrative. The more complex the story, the greater the variety in scene, and consequently the greater the opportunities for study. It is interesting work for children to pick out the scenes, to count them and then to compare them. Some of them are more vividly portrayed than others. Why? Some are more important as descriptions, and some because of the incidents occurring in them.

Sometimes, especially in speaking of the drama, the word *scene* is applied not only in its literal sense, but also to include not only the place but the incidents that happen in the place as well.

For instance, we may say, "The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is a wonderful scene in *Julius Cæsar*." Again, the word is used sometimes to mark the division of a play, as when we speak of the second scene in the first act of *Macbeth*. For our purposes, however, in our early reading with children, let us use it to signify only the place where events happen.

These books furnish an abundance of good stories of fine descriptive power. A few of the best are the following:

Volume III, page 174. *The King of the Golden River.*
Volume IV, page 329. *Incident of the French Camp.*
Volume V, page 1. *The Attack on the Castle.*
Volume VI, page 430. *Sohrab and Rustum.*

D. The Author's Purpose and the Lesson

HE stories of the present day are many of them written with the avowed purpose of mere entertainment. The author is satisfied if his work sells, and cares nothing for the lesson he may teach, although by means of false views of life he may do ineffaceable harm to the minds of his readers. Many of the popular magazines and other periodicals, not even excepting some of those published especially for children, are full of light reading which vitiates the taste and may even undermine character by its seductive influence. In the effort to be entertaining the recent writers for children have only too frequently sacrificed strength and virility to a fascinating brilliancy that seizes the imagination of youthful readers and gives no material for subsequent growth. The earlier writers, those who produced the great classics which still are the most inspiring things in our language, were actuated by nobler motives. To them literature was not a trade, but a high calling, to which the writer came as a priest approaches his altar. Such a writer held a high purpose and kept it in view, often giving hours of thought and the best of his genius to work that the modern story writer neglects entirely or passes over with hasty evasion.

The purpose of the author is always a subject of interesting inquiry, and whenever it appears a serious one it is worthy our careful

study. The novel is often the medium of conveying the results of deep study into human character, and a few of the greatest stories have been epoch-making in their effect upon the human race.

As the fiction which children read has a profound influence in the formation of character, it should always be examined with greatest care to see that the author's purpose is a laudable one and that he carries it out in such a way that the lesson is wholesome and salutary. Some stories may be entertaining merely—they are for the play-spells of the imagination; others should be instructive—they are for hours of study and reflection; a third class should be invigorating and inspiring, full of good lessons of high moral import—they are for times of stress, or the still hours when character is made.

If, however, the purpose of the author is too evident, if his lesson is too obvious, none are so quick to catch the fact as wide-awake childish readers. The author who lugs instruction and information into his stories will find the boys and girls skipping all that he values, or laying down his books with laughter and derision. The writer who moralizes may find his work to be immoral in its effect on his juvenile readers, or may see his stories relegated to the overloaded bargain counters.

In the same sense, it is often unwise to dwell long upon the moral of a story or even to point it out if it be at all evident. There is no phase of teaching reading that requires such careful

thought or such fine discrimination from the parent as that which relates to the lesson of the story. It is often better to let the selection do its own work than to try to elaborate its purpose. Yet a skilful and sympathetic leader, one quick to read the feelings of his young listeners, may often render his greatest service in free conversations about what the story teaches. It would seem that no one could do this quite as well as the parent who has known his boys and girls from infancy and can see in his offspring those very traits of character which have been to his own advantage or detriment.

More will be accomplished by questioning with occasional comments than by preaching, more by showing the help the story gives to the questioner than by trying to foist its assistance upon the hearer. "Now there is a fine lesson for you, my boy. I want you to remember it," is not half so effective as "That idea seems good to me. I've often thought about it but never seemed to realize it so much. I shall try to remember it." Wouldn't you, dear parent, rather learn *with* your friend than to have him always instructing you? "What do you think of that, John?" is much more apt to help the boy than "You must see it this way, John." Are you not, dear parent, rather proud of your own judgment, and do you not suppose your son has inherited your feeling to some extent at least?

The old fables told the morals outright. We heard them in our babyhood and read them in Latin as we grew older, and we still are fond of

them, though the "morals" have long since been forgotten. Those wise lessons so graphically presented have helped to form our characters, but not through the formal "moral" at the end. Beware of "*Haec fabula docet.*"[1]

As a further suggestion of method we may consider for a few moments that beautiful but sad little story of Andersen's, *The Fir Tree* (Volume II, page 95). Every good story is worth reading more than once, and every good method of teaching involves more than one reading. In this instance as children read or listen, they are first interested in the story as a story; that is, in the plot. They enjoy the adventures of the Fir Tree and may feel for it in its misfortunes, but their interest is in the tale. When they have read to the end, however, they will be interested in the appearance of the tree, their hero, and in the other characters which give vitality to the story. Then the scenes may be talked over, and varied enough they are to excite real interest as the story is read now with the definite purpose of seeing the pictures Andersen has sketched. With all this in mind the children are ready to think over it again and learn the lesson the great prose-poet meant to give. If the character of the Fir Tree is well understood, the lesson almost tells itself, for ambition, arrogance and discontent are seen as the traits that make for unhappiness. The Fir Tree might have been happy many times if it had only been content. At the worst it gave

1. *Haec fabula docet* means *This fable teaches.* It is with these words that the "Morals" of the old Latin fables begin.

happiness to others, and therein, perhaps, filled its place in the world. Human beings must often find their pleasure in giving happiness to others and must be content to know that they are of service to others. Some of the lessons of *The Fir Tree* are rather hard for little folks to understand, and there is something in the charming story for those older readers that have hearts young enough to see the meaning.

Suggestions in this line may be found in the following:

Volume II, page 59. *The Ugly Duckling.*
Volume II, page 206. *The Snow Queen.*

E. The Author's Method and Style

MALL children are not interested in considering the way in which an author tells his story, nor the methods he employs to secure attention and excite interest. Yet there comes a time when such a study is highly pleasing to inquiring youth. It is desirable always that children should early begin to appreciate the difference in the way plots are handled, to discriminate between a tale that is well told and one that is poorly told. At an early age boys delight in stories that are full of the excitement of adventure, conflict and mastery. Their craving is natural enough and must be satisfied. At such time they will read little or nothing else unless they are driven to it, and to compel them to read what they do not want is to make them hate reading for the time

being and perhaps permanently. In time they will outgrow the taste—it is nothing to be feared if properly guided. The danger lies in the fact that they may find the excitement they wish in stories that are really immoral, or that are so poorly written that they destroy all taste for fine literature. The right course is to supply plenty of reading in which excitement abounds, where Indians stalk the woods, pirates rove the seas, and knights fight for their lady-loves, but always in stories that are so well told that the taste for good reading is cultivated unconsciously as the boy reads. *Treasure Island* is bloody enough for the most exacting boy, and it bears many a reading, for it is so charmingly told that long after the cry "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight," has ceased to make the welcome chills run up and down the boy's back, he returns to the story for the pleasure he finds in the style of Stevenson. In later years the boy will write better and speak better for having read the story.

However, the parent may do much to help his child along by calling attention to vivid figures of speech, to happy expressions of all kinds, and to those graceful touches of humor and pathos that are so characteristic of Andersen, Stevenson, Ruskin, Kingsley, and other great writers for boys and girls. No child who can read well for himself is too young to appreciate a good figure of speech if the comparison is based upon something falling within his own experience. Who is so young, or so old, for that matter, that he will not thrill a little at Longfellow's lines:

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows
of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels."

What does the poet say? "The stars appeared in the sky." In saying it what does he make us feel? As we repeat the lines we see the immense expanse of the heavens, and as we gaze, the sparkling dots of light appear silently, slowly, one after another, just as beautiful flowers appear as the early morning light gilds the green meadows. We think, too, in the poet's fanciful way, that these are no common flowers, but exquisite tokens of the loving care the angels have over us, and a gentle reminder that always should we trust in them.

Often the highest sentiment is clothed in lines whose figures, most beautiful in themselves, exalt the spirit as ordinary expressions could never do. At the close of *The Chambered Nautilus*, Oliver Wendell Holmes sings:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Is it not well for the parent to lead his child to see such things in literature, to search for them,

and when they are found to treasure them and bring them for mutual enjoyment into the family circle?

F. The Emotions

FICTION appeals strongly to feeling and stimulates the growth of that series of great emotions that make so large a part of character. It may excite ambition and a thirst for power or wealth and give an impulse to labor and self-denial; it may teach us sympathy and love for our fellowmen, or arouse anger, hatred and defiance; it may give us a keener discrimination of right from wrong and lead us far on our search for truth, even into the calm of religious beliefs.

We see the play of emotions in the imaginary persons that pass before us, and as we learn to love our new friends, their influence passes out to us through the words of the gifted author. Bob Cratchit's tender love (Volume VII, page 27) makes us more considerate of the sick and helpless; Tom Brown's manly defense of his praying schoolboy friend (Volume VI, page 208) leads us to new respect and admiration for the boy who lives up to his principles, and drives us, perhaps, to begin again upon the duties we have neglected.

By studying with the children the feelings the characters in a story exhibit, the parent may give the best of moral lessons without the appearance of so doing and more effectively than by countless reprimands and formal orders.

As a suggestion of method we offer an outline based upon *Rab and His Friends* (Volume VI, page 346), one of the most touching stories ever written, a series of incidents that appeal to every holy emotion.

Rab, the great mastiff, claims first place in our minds, dog though he is; but James and Ailie are such lovable beings that we never can forget them.

The story has been read through, we have followed the simple incidents to their pathetic climax; we have learned to know Rab by sight and to recognize his sterling character; James, the honest, tender-hearted carrier, and gentle, suffering Ailie, his wife, have taken their places among the dear friends our imagination has created; we have noted the power of the author, his humor, his scholarly English and his sympathetic touch. We may have read the story more than once—at any rate we have read portions of it several times, so without difficulty we can trace the emotions that are felt by the noble dog.

Page 350: When the little white bull terrier fastens himself upon Rab's throat and the strong muzzle prevents the big fellow from defending himself, "his whole frame stiffens with *indignation* and *surprise*." "He looked a statue of *anger* and *astonishment*."

After Rab had been released from his muzzle and had killed the little terrier, "he looked down at his victim *appeased*, *ashamed* and *amazed*."

Page 351: When his master aimed a kick at him, he "drew *cringing* up" and "slunk *dismayed* under the cart."

When his master spoke kindly, "'Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie,'" "the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted;" Rab showed *pride* and *happiness* again.

Page 352: He was *pleased* when the medical student scratched his huge head, and *anxious* when no notice was taken of him.

When he first came to the hospital he felt *pride* and *condescension*, "like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city."

Page 353: When James handed Ailie from the cart, "Rab looked on *concerned* and *puzzled*."

Page 354: In the consulting room Rab was filled with *suspicion* and *uneasiness*; he was "grim and comic," and eyed all three.

When Ailie was put to bed and Rab was permitted to enter the room he "slunk in," *half-ashamed*, but fully *determined*.

Page 355: Rab valued himself highly, but felt no conceit: he "had the *dignity* and *simplicity* of great size," and the "*gravity* of all great fighters."

Page 357: Rab felt *perplexity* and *anger*, "forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast," when Ailie entered the operating room.

During the operation he felt *sympathy* for the suffering of his mistress, *anger* and *revengefulness* at her tormentors; "his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man."

Afterward in Ailie's room he felt *fear*, *anxiety* and a *desire to help*, and showed "how meek and

gentle he could be, occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know he was demolishing some adversary."

Page 359: Rab continued to feel a sense of *depression*, *sadness* and *anxiety*; during his walks with the medical student he was "sombre and mild; declined doing battle—submitted to sundry indignities."

While Ailie seemed to be recovering Rab felt *kindliness* and *subdued joy*, though *resentment* lay close beneath the surface; he was "reconciled, and even cordial," had "made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying," but was always prepared for it.

Page 360: As Ailie grew worse, *grief* and *fear* began to take possession of Rab; he "subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless."

Page 361: When Ailie called in delirium, her strained voice filled Rab with *surprise*, *astonishment* and a sense of *guilt*; he started up "surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard."

Page 364: At Ailie's death Rab was overwhelmed with *grief*; he licked her hand which was hanging down "all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table."

The dog's feeling of *duty*, *obligation* and *devotion* was shown when he leaped upon the bottom of the bed "and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face."

Page 365: Rab remained *in statu quo* till the carrier returned; *love* and *devotion* filled his heart.

Page 366: His *grief* wholly absorbed him; he did not notice his medical friend when the cart left the hospital.

Page 367: After the carrier's death, *grief* wore down the dog's brave spirit; he became *discouraged, impatient, resentful*; "he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin'." Yet he was *faithful* to his trust, for he was only impatient and resentful when a stranger came and interfered in the business of the dead carrier.

It is evident that the study of emotions is to a great extent a study of character, and that in this instance, we have given a tabulation of Rab's traits of character. It is through the showing of his feelings that Rab influences us. A little introspection shows that we are feeling just what the dog feels, or that some emotion is aroused in us that responds to the feeling of the dog. We are not exactly *surprised* when the bulldog grips Rab, but we are *indignant* that he should have no chance to defend himself—we would be among the first to slit the muzzle. We may not be pleased that Rab killed the bulldog, but we are glad that Rab defended himself. We realize the strength of the mastiff's powerful jaws, and are not *amazed* at what he did—we are now rather inclined to feel sympathy for the helpless little terrier.

So we might go on incident by incident and compare our feelings with those of Rab, but that would require much space and perhaps it would not be of great benefit to the reader, for our feelings may not be his feelings, and the

things which arouse him may have little effect upon another. It is sufficient to call attention to the value of analysis, and show that self-study is a valuable adjunct to reading.

Most children are not apt to indulge in introspection, and too much is injurious, but it can do the young no harm to study the feelings of others, and now and then to examine their own emotions.

G. General Principles and Reflections

THE studies so far given are comprehensive, and are suited to all forms of fictitious narrative. Most of the illustrations have been drawn from the simpler tales in the earlier volumes, but the studies are equally applicable to the more difficult selections of the later volumes, and may be easily adapted by the parent to children of any age. The restrictions of space have compelled us to offer but one set of studies here, but there are many simpler and many more difficult ones scattered through the books where the juvenile readers will find them, and it is hoped become interested in them. In another place we have shown parents how these may be found easily and used consecutively if they wish so to use them.

The studies here given serve to systematize the work and enable parents to see the logic of the plans. Children are not interested in the studies as such, nor in the plan, and, in fact, are liable

to be repelled if the machinery of instruction is evident.

Fortunately, children like to read many times the things they enjoy, and should always be encouraged to do so. But they are liable to read stories over and over again for the plot only, and to become so fascinated by it as never to notice the more valuable and intrinsically more interesting things the narrative contains.

Yet every person who reads or tells stories to young children, has without doubt often noticed how insistent they are upon verbal accuracy. The story must be told the third time just as it was the first and second times. This means that they are sensitive to the thing as a perfect whole, and feel that any change mars the beauty of the story as a scratch mars the face of a favorite doll, or a broken seat spoils the toy buggy.

There comes a time when, if you give a boy a mechanical toy, he is more interested in how it is made than in the running of it. He wants to "take to pieces" everything he has. Then he will enjoy analytical work on a story if he is led to it intelligently. Then the old stories come in for new readings, "to see how they are made," to find something in them that he never found before.

The style of reading which a child does when he is "looking for something" is very different from his reading when he is absorbed in the story. Suppose he is trying to find out what kind of a man is James, in *Rab and His Friends.* He forgets for a time the story, and reads

rapidly along, merely running his eye over the pages, watching intently for the word *James*, or the word *carrier*. When either of the words appears he stops to read carefully. He may have to go back a few words, perhaps to the beginning of a paragraph, all the time with his attention fixed exclusively upon what is said about James When he has read it on the first page, he skims along to the next one and stops again. This is reading intelligently for a purpose, and is really one of the most valuable kinds of reading, the kind he will use most frequently when he is a man, the one that will save time for him when in later years he most needs it. It is the style of reading, too, that is much neglected in the schools.

To analyze the character of the hero of a story is as practical a lesson in life as any child can gain In trying to discern the springs of action, in seeing how words and acts show character, and how dress and appearance indicate what a person really is, he is learning to understand his acquaintances and to judge whether they merit his trust and confidence, or are to be regarded with suspicion and disdain. This is the practical wisdom without which many a man has found himself the victim of misplaced confidence, or allowed himself to be led into temptations he could not resist by those who professed friendship for him.

Again, when studying the scenes, a child is learning to picture vividly and exactly, and is training his mind to close discrimination. He is

training himself to avoid the mistakes that the careless reader makes. Many a man has found himself paying for careless reading, because he did not see a thing exactly as it was described to him.

At the risk of repetition we have argued again for the reading of stories in the different ways and for the different purposes suggested, for we know that the parent who will follow these plans will interest his children, will see them improve, and will find them growing nearer to him, while he will be more of a companion, less of a ruler. In so doing he may forget some of the cares of the day and find himself growing younger, more contented and happier as his family reaches the age when it can take care of itself. Then, later, when the long years of old age have come, it may be that the parents will discover that while they read and worked with their children they taught themselves to find in reading a solace for their loneliness.

It is scarcely necessary to say that many of these latter comments and suggestions are as applicable to reading other kinds of literature as they are to the reading of stories, but stories form so large a part of a child's reading that it has seemed best to place them in this connection. Many essays contain something of narration, and not infrequently an incident forms the basis of a beautiful lyric. In print these studies may appear formal and forbidding, but where they are presented in a conversational manner, they become attractive and inspiring.

4. Close Reading

T is largely because story reading may so easily become careless reading that prejudice against fiction is found in many minds. In the preceding pages there have been suggested many ways by which story reading may be made profitable, and yet all these methods may be used without calling for that close, intensive reading which we usually call study. You may lead a child to read *Rab and His Friends* for all the purposes we have suggested, and yet he may have passed over without understanding them many a word, phrase or even sentence. It is possible that there are whole paragraphs that convey little meaning to him. This is certainly not an unmixed evil, for it is well that a child should not exhaust the possibilities of such a masterpiece when he first reads it. In fact, it is a good thing for children frequently to read great literature even when much of it is quite beyond their comprehension. It will pique their curiosity, and some time they will return with wiser minds and broader experience to interpret for themselves the things that were once obscure. It is no sin for a child sometimes to pass over a word he cannot pronounce or does not understand. There could be few more certain ways of destroying his taste for reading than to require him to stop and find the meaning of every new word he meets. Sometimes the meaning will become

evident a little later from the context, and in other instances he will understand well enough without the troublesome word.

What has been said does not signify that the habit of skipping new words or of avoiding difficult paragraphs is a good one. It does mean, however, that sometimes the practice should be tolerated, and that close reading should be required at the proper time and in the proper way. In the arithmetic or geography lesson the young must always read very closely, and in their perusal of the classics there are many fine opportunities for exercise of the same character, that should not be neglected. Descriptive passages, arguments, and essays of all kinds require to be read with exceeding care, and often there are passages even in light fiction that repay this kind of study.

Words and phrases are the subjects of consideration in close reading, and the mastery of thought is the object to be attained. The study of words may be made very interesting, and gathering the meaning of phrases may become a fascinating pastime.

An illustration may prove the case. Take the paragraph from *Rab and His Friends* (Volume VI, page 361) in which death approaches Ailie: "The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes comesque* was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered and taking leave. She was walking, alone,

through the valley of the shadow, into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we knew whose rod and staff were comforting her."

A cursory reading will suggest to any young person that the paragraph says Ailie is going to die, and that she does not fear death; but how much more it means to him who can understand it all. *The end was drawing on*—Ailie was going to her death. *The golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed.* Turn to your Bible (Ecclesiastes XII, 3–7) and read what was said of old:

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

"And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low:

"Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it

was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." *That "animula blandula, vagula, hospes comesque" was about to flee.* That sweet but fleeting life, friend, companion and sojourner with her, was about to leave. *She was walking alone through the valley of the shadow.* "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." *Into which one day we must all enter.* May we be equally fearless of evil! *She was not alone.* Her God was with her every moment, and in her hours of consciousness she knew Him to be present. *We knew whose rod and staff were comforting her.* "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Like the Psalmist of old she leaned upon the arm of her God, and as she thus approached the dark valley, the light of her faith shone into our souls.

The Latin quotation and the allusions to the Bible are skilfully used to give solemnity to the idea of death, to show how inevitable it is, and how for long ages it has been met with the same serene faith and deep religious feeling that made Ailie beautiful in the face of death. Yes, there is more in the paragraph than the statement that Ailie was going to die and that she was not afraid.

To illustrate a different style of close reading and a method of securing it by questioning, we will quote part of a paragraph from *Braddock's Defeat* (Volume VI, page 110) by Benjamin Franklin: "Our Assembly apprehending, from some information, that he [Braddock] had conceived violent prejudices against them, as averse

to the service, wished me to wait upon him, not as from them, but as postmaster-general, under the guise of proposing to settle with him the mode of conducting with most celerity and certainty the despatches between him and the governors of the several provinces with whom he must necessarily have continual correspondence, and of which they proposed to bear the expense."

The questions designed to bring out the meaning of the above paragraph, to which the answers are usually quite obvious, might be somewhat as follows:

Is "our Assembly" the Albany convention mentioned in the note at the head of the selection (Volume VI, page 109), or is it the Assembly of Franklin's own colony? What is the meaning of *apprehending*? Do you like it better than *thinking*? What do you suppose was the nature of the "information" the Assembly had received? Do you think that some one had told them that Braddock was prejudiced, or did they infer it from actions of Braddock which had been described to them? Who was averse to it? What is the meaning of "wait upon him?" Do we use that phrase frequently now? What might we say now? What do you understand by "not as from them?" Can you put into that phrase one word that will make its meaning clear? Was Franklin then postmaster-general of his colony? Was he ever postmaster-general of the United States? What is the meaning of *guise*? What is meant by "under the guise?" Does *celerity* mean more than *quickness*? Is

there any shade of difference in the meanings of the two words? Do you think Franklin used the best word he could find when he wrote *celerity*? What are "despatches?" What kind of despatches would pass between Braddock and the governors of the different provinces? How many different provinces were there for Braddock to help defend? What were they? Who proposed to pay the expense? Does *propose* in this case have a different or larger meaning than that in which you are in the habit of seeing it used? Of what did they propose to pay the expense?

If a young person can answer all the questions in the preceding paragraph, he undoubtedly understands the passage upon which they are based. The questioner must watch the answers and be ready to detect mistakes. Often the answer shows why the person fails to understand, and a different question will then bring out the correct reply. The questions always should be so worded that they do not anticipate the answer, yet so the person questioned will thoroughly understand what is expected. A little help now and then is appreciated by any one, certainly by those who are being driven to think.

Carried to excess, close reading is wearisome; and parents, remembering this, should be discriminating in their selections for study and not too exacting in their requirements. Everything may be lost by dwelling too long upon even the most delightful selections. Left to himself, almost every child will be fond of *The Village*

Blacksmith, but it may be read and "studied" till the very thought of it is obnoxious to the young reader.

5. *Poetry*

ALREADY something has been said about poetry and the respects in which it is similar to prose and the ways in which it differs, but that was more to show that narrative poems may be studied as any other story than to give an idea of the place poetry occupies in literature.

True poetry is the highest form of composition, the best thing that literature can offer us. It charms us by its music, it enthralls us with its imagery, it thrills us with its power, and inspires us with noble sentiments and a fervor that is deeply religious. Or, on the other hand, it may rouse our passions, fill us with indignation and lead us to combat. The songs of a nation are an index to its character; our favorite poems show the kind of men and women we are. Intellect, feeling and will are all incited to activity and stimulated in development by the great poems of our language.

Yet many say, "I do not like poetry;" others exclaim, "Poetry is for women and children; it has no message for men." If you do not like poetry it is because you do not understand it, your feelings are dead to its sentiment, or your will is not moved by its gentle pleadings or loud

calls to duty. If you think that to love poetry is childish or effeminate it shows that you are ignorant of it, that you lack the power of interpretation, or that your emotions are dead within you. Any one of average intelligence, unless his soul is seared and dead, will come to like poetry if he will only read it properly.

Every child loves poetry, loves first the merry jingle of his nursery rhymes (see Volume I, pages 1 to 56), then the charming lyrics of Stevenson, Field and others, and later, if his taste is not destroyed, the fine poems of our Longfellow. Youth will grow to like the simpler things in Tennyson, Browning and Shakespeare, while for the mature the same writers will have the charm of old friends, the inspiration of new acquaintances. Too frequently the early taste is lost or falls into disuse, and busy men and women neglect these sources of unalloyed delight.

What greater pleasure can parents find than joining with their children in reading the simpler things that the young ones love, and leading the little flock into new fields and among more inspiring scenes?

These volumes discuss in a simple way the form of poetry, and illustrate the different meters by poems embodying them. The lessons are the following:

Volume VII, page 281 (form and rhyme)—*The Country Squire.*

Volume VII, page 285 (form and rhyme)—*To My Infant Son.*

Volume VII, page 288 (meter)—*The Daffodils.*

Volume VII, page 300 (meter) — *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

Volume VII, page 304 (meter) — *Bannockburn.*

Volume VII, page 307 (meter)—*Boat Song.*

What is said there is sufficient to give an intelligent appreciation of rhyme and meter, so that the following section may be devoted to proper methods in reading poetry.

6. *Reading Poetry*

OTHING so brings out the music and the structural beauty of poetry as reading it aloud, and many who have cared nothing for verse in any of its forms learn to love it when they hear it read frequently by a sympathetic voice. Children love the nursery rhymes largely because they have heard them and have caught the sound and rhythm more than the meaning. It is the lively music more than the whimsical meaning that has made the rhymes popular. When the time comes that children begin to lose their interest and consider poetry beneath them, their flagging attention often may be aroused and new interest created by simply reading new selections aloud to them and talking with them about the meaning and beauties of the poems.

On page 40 of Volume II is Longfellow's

exquisite poem, *The Reaper and the Flowers.* We can imagine a little family group reading this some quiet evening when the lamp throws shadows into the corners and the bed-time hour draws near. No one could call the children in on a fine summer day, and, when fresh from their play the blood is bounding through their veins, expect them to be touched by delicate sentiment, or to appreciate musical numbers. Literature has something for every hour, every mood, every circumstance. It may be that there is one little vacant chair in this family circle, or that from some neighbor's family a child has gone. Fear clutches at the youthful hearts and Grief shudders behind each chair. Even the warm bed in the dark room is a dread, for we have so surrounded death with mystery and terror that even the young are aghast when it is mentioned. But our best-loved poet has a cheering message for every one, and into this little group the parent brings it. In soft and sympathetic voice he reads aloud, giving the slow and gentle music of the lines time to steal into the youthful hearts.

As he reads, he pauses now and then to speak to his little audience, watching ever not to be sharp in his questionings or anything but kindly in his comments. Something like the following might be the way he brings out the meaning:

"'There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.'

"A *Reaper*—a man walking in the grain, cutting it as he goes. Not with a machine such as we see on the farm now-a-days, but with a short curved blade such as the artist has shown us here in the picture. Do you see? It is a *keen* blade the sickle has, and with every stroke ripened grain and all the little flowers that have grown up among it, fall to the ground. That is the picture. But the poet means more. He thinks that the Reaper is Death, that the *bearded grain* is the men and women who have lived to a ripe old age and who are ready to die, ready for the rewards of a long and well-spent life. But alas, the *flowers* fall with the ripened grain: sometimes little children must die, although dearly would we like to keep them with us.

"Then the Reaper speaks: 'Shall I have nothing fair and beautiful, must I have nothing but dry and bearded grain? I love these beautiful flowers: their fragrance is dear to me. Yet I will give them back again; some time you may see them again.'

"So Death looked at the little children with tears filling his kindly eyes. As they faded and drooped he kissed them gently and took them softly and sorrowfully into his arms. He was gathering these lovely innocents to take them to his Lord, where in Paradise they might be happy evermore, without any of the privations and sufferings that come to every one who grows up.

"As he wept, not for the little children, but for all who stay behind, he continued to speak

smilingly through his tears to the sorrowing ones on earth:

"'Christ needs these dear ones, these flowerets gay: to him they are tokens dear of the earth where once he played and sang on the hills of Judea. Can you not trust them to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God"? Have no fear; I am but moving them into the bright heavenly mansions, where they shall rest safely in the bosoms of the saints and angels.'

"And the mother, who loved them so, gave up her darling ones, for she saw, even through her tears, how happy they must be in their new home.

> "'O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
> The Reaper came that day;'

it was a young and beautiful Angel, not the hideous Death in black robes and hood scarce hiding his bony head, that

> "'visited the green earth,
> And took the flowers away.'

"Does Death seem so terrible now? Although we must always see the vacant chair and know that a loved one has gone forever, can we not realize that it is we who suffer, and not the one who has been taken from among us? Is it not selfish to grieve?"

Shall we fear Death any more? When the parent has read the poem once more from beginning to end in silence, except as the soft words fall from his lips, will not the hearers feel inspired to be better and nobler boys and girls, men and women? Will darkness have more fear for them? Will they not then go to their rooms and lie down peacefully to sleep?

There are other poems for other hours. Some day when you wish a bit of fun with your children you will find humorous poems in many of the books. One is in Volume IV, on page 198. Nearly every stanza contains a "joke": a pun, if you please, usually. Perhaps you and your children will find them all easily, and perhaps you will not. In the last stanza is the "joke" proper, the thing for which the rhymes were written. It is an old joke, surely enough, and you have seen others like it; but it is funny still and perhaps a little caustic. Not all men whom the world calls good are good beneath the surface. Perhaps you know of cases in which "the Dog it was that died."

Another humorous poem to use in this connection is *Echo* (Volume III, page 408).

Between the two extremes mentioned above, are selections for all moods and all kinds of people. The things to be remembered in reading with children are, that poetry must be understood to be appreciated; that it must be heard until the mind is trained to receive it through the eye instead of the ear; that it appeals to the feelings more than to the will; that it must be interpreted

by the light of experience, and hence must be adapted to the age of the reader. A person would not read *The Reaper and the Flowers* at a dancing party, nor *The Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* before a funeral.

Various interpretations and helpful comments of other kinds may be found on the following pages:

Volume I, page 66. *The Boy and the Nettle.*
Volume I, page 89. *The Rock-a-By Lady.*
Volume I, page 143. *The Land of Counterpane.*
Volume I, page 209. *Old Gaelic Lullaby.*
Volume I, page 363. *Keepsake Mill.*
Volume I, page 423. *The Fairies.*
Volume II, page 204. *The Snow Queen.*
Volume II, page 240. *Picture-Books in Winter.*
Volume III, page 49. *In Time's Swing.*
Volume III, page 79. *Holger Danske.*
Volume IV, page 229. *The Village Blacksmith.*
Volume IV, page 258. *A Dog of Flanders.*
Volume VI, page 65. *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*
Volume VI, page 130. *The American Flag.*
Volume VIII, page 183. *Crossing the Bar.*
Volume VIII, page 191. *The Reaper's Dream.*
Volume VIII, page 256. *The Cubes of Truth.*
Volume VIII, page 405. *America.*
Volume IX, page 279. *Dream Children.*
Volume X, page 273. *The Gettysburg Address.*

7. *Pictures and Their Use*

CHILDREN love pictures, and they love to make them. We of riper years are inclined to forget how very strong was our pictorial instinct when we were young. A little girl may make on a sheet of paper a few irregular lines not very well connected, wholly meaningless to us, and see in them very plainly every lineament of her favorite doll. She sees no lines, no paper, only her own precious doll. A little later she will draw pictures to illustrate a story, and while we may see nothing in her work, she sees enough to make the story more real, and is in this way preparing herself to read more intelligently and with greater appreciation as she grows older. We should not laugh at these crude drawings, nor try to make them better. They express her ideas in her way, and that is enough. On the other hand, we should encourage her to try other pictures for other stories till she learns herself to distrust her drawings, or finds a way to express herself so that others may understand what she thinks and feels.

Pictures mean something, always. In the first place they show to him who can read them what some one else has thought and felt. If they are meant to illustrate something in literature, they may fail because the artist has not caught the spirit of what he is trying to depict, or because he lacks in execution. On our side, they may fail

because we cannot interpret his work, either from lack of understanding, or from the dullness of our sensibilities. Again, we may object to the artist's interpretation of the literature, and his pictures may merely excite our opposition. Usually, however, we see through the artist's eyes from a new point of view, so that, even if we do not altogether approve what we see, we are led to question and find for ourselves something new, pleasing and helpful.

To the wide-awake minds of children, pictures are always pleasing, and in many a book the illustrations secure for it the greater part of its youthful readers. If the pictures are well drawn and well printed they attract attention, and will secure no little study.

Children are harsh critics, not only of pictures but of literature itself, and the critical spirit is a good one to cultivate, if it is not allowed to fall into captious fault-finding. On the whole, however, it is far better to point out the good things in a picture rather than to call attention to poor execution or poor conception. Leave criticism generally to those infrequent cases in which the artist has actually blundered because he has not read the selection closely or accurately, or has been careless in the things he ought to know. For instance, it would be absurd to show King Arthur in a modern dress suit, or to put fire-arms in the hands of the Indians who met Columbus for the first time. But such faults occur infrequently. Usually the pictures are careful studies, and give many a hint on costuming,

manners and customs, as well as on the proper surroundings of the characters.

Some selections are so universal in their nature, so freely applicable to all times and places, that the artist may be allowed to delineate any people, anywhere, at any time. Nursery rhymes, so often alluded to, lend themselves to an endless variety of imaginary people and places. The old woman might be living still in her shoe and whipping her children soundly, in a twentieth-century wrapper, or clothed in skins she might send them supperless to bed in prehistoric ages. Whether Jack and Jill wore wooden shoes or patent-leather pumps we shall never really know; perhaps their little feet were encased in moccasins, or they may have been bare and ornamented with rings: what we do know is that Jack broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after.

So we will give the artists all the latitude they wish, as long as they keep the facts straight, and we will try to help the children to see what the artist saw, and so get clearer visions for themselves.

The pictures in these books are from many artists, all of whom have tried to give at least an interpretation to the selection they were working upon, and to give it in such a way as to be helpful and inspiring to their youthful readers. Every time the artists have tried to get a child's view of things and to draw so that a child will like their work. Their enthusiasm has been boundless, and their execution remarkably good.

Some of their pictures are gay, some are grave, a few sad; some are highly imaginary and others very realistic. Not a few are wonderfully beautiful. Among so many designs, so many kinds, every one will find something to admire.

Among the many, let us take a few for a brief study to show that they may be used with children to make literature clear, to give interest and keener appreciation.

The very first picture among the nursery rhymes (Volume I, page 3) is a charmingly ideal thing. Isn't Daffy-Down-Dilly a dainty miss, and isn't she proud of her yellow petticoat and her green gown? See the quaint buildings in the distance: Daffy-Down-Dilly must have come up to some lovely old English town. Would you ever have thought of her as walking so mincingly—and would you ever have dreamed of hanging a parrot in that fine old window? Certainly we would not. But the artist has thought of more. Do you see the yellow daffodils with their long green leaves, growing there by the walk? O, that is what the rhyme means: it is spring; the daffodils are in bloom!

On page 272 of Volume I is printed *Wynken, Blynken and Nod*, Eugene Field's musical lyric for the little ones. The attractive picture may be looked at before the poem is read. Questions help the children more than explanations and comments, particularly where they are logically asked. The natural order is to ask about the prominent things first, and then about minor details, thus: How many children are there?

Where are they? What does their boat look like? What is the child in the heel of the shoe doing? Where are the other two sitting? What have they in their hands? What are they doing with the net? Are they catching any fish? What can you see on the backs of three of the fish? Where is the moon? What can you see in the moon? Is the face laughing? Now let us read the poem, and when we have done so, let us see what lines in particular the artist was thinking about. Who are the three children? "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." What did they do? "Sailed off in a wooden shoe . . into a sea of dew." What did the moon say? "'Where are you going and what do you wish?'" What did the children answer? "'We have come to fish for the herring fish.'" What kind of nets have they? "Nets of silver and gold." What did the old moon do? "The old moon laughed and sang a song." What were the herring fish? "The herring fish were the little stars," reflected in the water. How long did they fish? "All night long their nets they threw." Where did they throw their nets? "To the stars in the twinkling foam." * * * * * Were there really three little children? No. How many were there? Only one. Who then, were Wynken and Blynken? The little child's eyes. And who was Nod? His head. What was the wooden shoe that sailed the skies? Only a trundle-bed. What then was all this story about fishing from a wooden shoe for herring fish with nets of silver and gold? Only a

wee one's dream. How can you see the "wonderful sights that be?" By shutting our eyes while mother sings. Don't you suppose the artist shut her eyes when she thought of the picture, and perhaps dreamed of the time when she lay in her little bed and her mother sang of the wonderful sights that be? Wasn't that just why she made such a beautiful picture, and thought even of putting the stars on the backs of the little herring fish?

After such a talk as that with a little child, do you not think, dear parent, that he would come nearer to you, and while you read the poem softly and smoothly to him, he would learn to like its music, and through its refining influence learn to love you a little better? When he has grown to manhood, do you not think there will come times when his heart will be touched, when he will long for the loving arms around him and the sweet mother voice to sing once more of the wonderful sights that be? There are holier things to be done for children than to feed and clothe them.

Besides the color plates and halftones which are found in their proper places in the several volumes, the following pen and ink drawings are good examples of the kind of pictures that best repay study:

Volume I, page 4.
Volume I, page 7.
Volume I, page 12.
Volume I, page 52.

Volume II, page 97.
Volume IV, page 18.
Volume IV, page 91.
Volume IV, page 150.
Volume V, page 212.
Volume VIII, page 258.
Volume IX, page 308.

8. Conclusion

TTENTION in the foregoing series of suggestions has been confined to the literary side of reading, for that is the one least understood, or most frequently neglected, and yet the one most productive of good to the juvenile mind. The greater number of our illustrations are suitable for use with young children, because they are most easily interested and profit most noticeably. However, in the set there are more helps for the older children, because they can read more independently and are able to read for themselves things that must be told to their younger brothers and sisters, and told in a more interesting manner.

Possibly some parents will feel that they are not competent to carry out the plans suggested—that lacking experience they will go astray and fail in their undertaking. There is little reason in this. The mere fact that they know less puts them in better attitude for sympathetic interest. To learn with the children is better than to teach the children.

Another objection we fear may be raised is that these methods require too much time. They certainly do require some time—but only a little each day, or occasionally. But can time be any better spent than in doing for the children that which will be of eternal benefit to them? Strangely enough, it is the parents who have the most leisure who are liable to complain that they have too much to do. The really busy man and the woman who cares for her own family are most apt to be vitally interested in their children, and to look upon time spent with them as a diversion.

It is not our purpose to reprove or to place difficulties in the way of any one, but to urge every parent to take a living interest in what and in how the children read. It is not enough to supply children with plenty of good books and to keep the bad ones away, necessary as both acts are. While some children with a natural bent for reading will thrive under such conditions, others will never acquire a taste for reading or will learn to dislike the good things which they cannot understand or which they fail to appreciate. To profit by the stores of wisdom and inspiration that literature has for man, he must not only read it, but read it well.

We hear so much about the power of habit that we grow callous, and while we admit the truism we fail to act upon it. The habit of reading rightly may become as fixed and unwavering as any other habit. If a child is taught to read properly, the youth will follow the custom and the man can read no other way.

III. STORY TELLING

BEFORE a child can read he develops a passion for stories, and nothing delights him more than a good story from the loving lips of father or mother. In the good kindergartens and primary schools, there are teachers who tell stories to the little ones and do it well, but parents will not wish to delegate it entirely to teachers, for story telling is the best way of getting at the hearts of children and planting those germs which later grow into refined taste in reading as well as ripen into real character. On the other hand, the teachers may neglect to tell stories to their pupils or are not skilled either in selection or in manner of telling. Parents who are interested in the welfare of their small boys and girls will wish to know what is being done and how it is accomplished, but may have little idea of the material it is wise to use or where to find good subjects for their tales.

Proper selection is highly important, for taste and appetite for certain kinds of literature may be created long before the child can read for himself. Strong-minded, courageous little boys will love to hear of giants and ogres, and will revel in adventures that may terrify their more delicate sisters. George hates the fierce giants that Jack the Giant-Killer meets, and dreams of the time when he can overpower and slay his own ogres. Alice listens tremblingly, and when she goes to

her little bed at night lies in fear and trembling, while hideous faces leer at her from out the shadowed recesses. George never wearies of our oldest poem, *Beowulf*, while Alice wants only *Cinderella*, or at most *Bluebeard*. It is nothing less than cruelty to fill the imaginations of sensitive children with deeds of violence and tales of sadness and woe. Yet it is no less true that some young folks are the better for their giants, their knights and their battles. On the whole, it is wiser to keep the giants, the ogres and the suffering people in the background, or to dwell upon them only when there seems a demand for them; later, lead the young imaginations into the realms of history and real life where giants are very real and ogres yet remain to be subdued. Do not tell sad or exciting stories in the evening. Keep the quiet, peaceful things for bed-time stories.

Here, then, is the great opportunity for the parent. The teacher has thirty or more children of as many different temperaments from homes as varied in culture as the children are different in appearance, and to them she must tell her story as to one. The parent has but his own little flock, whom he has known every day of their lives, and whose souls are as transparent as glass to his watchful and sympathetic eye. How certain may he feel in his selection of material, how powerful in his recital.

Perhaps, however, he may find the pleasant task an unaccustomed one, may have forgotten what he knew as a boy, and may not know where

to turn for material. Here these books come to his assistance with material for every taste and suited to every occasion. In the beginning of the first volume are the nursery rhymes which children have enjoyed for ages, which are read, or far better told, to infants who rejoice in the pictures. Between the nursery rhymes and the literature that follows is quite a gap, intentionally left by the editor. There are no pretty little tales in words of one syllable for beginners to read, but there are good fables and stories to be told while the children are learning to read, and later, to be read by the young people themselves. No parent can go astray in selection if he knows his own children.

Do not be afraid to *tell* the story—reading it aloud will not be half so effective. Select a fable or a short story first. Read carefully, and then shut the book and think about it. Be sure you have the plot in your mind, make the hero and the other characters seem very real to yourself, picture the scenes vividly in your mind's eye, and you are ready to begin.

Use your own words,—do not try to remember the ones in the book.

Talk naturally,—forget that you are telling a story.

Keep your eyes on the eyes of your little audience,—you will hold their attention better and can tell when their attention begins to flag.

Supply plenty of details,—they are what make the story real to children.

Give names to your characters,—"Two boys" is not half so interesting a beginning as "Henry and Frank."

Keep your climax out of sight as long as possible,—interest begins to flag when the listeners "see the end" of the story.

Be dramatic,—let voice, eyes and the whole expression show your own interest in your narrative.

Do not preach,—tell the stories so well that the lesson will teach itself without any "moral."

Talk over the story with the children when you are through. Find out what they like and what they dislike. If you have not given the impression you hoped to create, try again; you will do better the second time.

Keep up the habit of telling stories long after the children are able to read for themselves. Keep ahead of them, and open new fields in which thought and imagination can find full play. Do not be afraid of spoiling literature for them by telling its substance to youthful hearers,—later, they will enjoy the better the things that are not wholly strange.

The following list will help in the selection of stories to be told to the children. By adapting them to the age of the young listeners, almost any of them may be made suitable for almost any age:

Volume I, page 74. *Little Red Riding Hood.*

Volume I, page 96. *Silver Locks and the Three Bears.*

Volume I, page 132. *The Dog in the Manger.*

Volume I, page 176. *The Generous Lion.*
Volume I, page 429. *Baucis and Philemon.*
Volume I, page 456. *The Story of Joseph.*
Volume II, page 143. *The Punishment of Loki.*
Volume II, page 445. *The Story of Esther.*
Volume III, page 58. *What the Old Man Does Is Always Right.*
Volume IV, page 86. *Robin Hood.*
Volume IV, page 344. *The Pine-Tree Shillings.*
Volume IV, page 429. *David.*
Volume V, page 69. *The Wooden Horse.*
Volume V, page 304. *Balin and Balan.*
Volume V, page 417. *The Passing of Arthur.*
Volume VI, page 397. *Ruth.*

IV. MEMORIZING

WHENEVER children are interested in any selection, it is well to encourage them to commit it to memory, if it be brief, or if they find in it phrases or sentences which seem to them beautiful or filled with meaning. If, however, the young people are driven to memorizing selections of any kind, the practice is of little value, and it is liable to create a prejudice against the very things for which they should feel admiration. By a show of interest, however, the parents may, without difficulty, lead the children to learn a great deal of the best literature, and thus not only strengthen their

knowledge but improve their style of writing as well, for unconsciously the young will follow the style of those whom they admire. Moreover, it not infrequently happens that some of the inspiring thoughts which children have learned become rules of action to them in after life. If the practice is begun early enough children will form the habit of learning those things which they like, and such a habit is of greatest value. In many schools, during certain years, the learning of "memory gems" is a daily practice; it should be no less a practice at home.

Some of the many things in these books which may well be learned in their entirety are the following:

Volume I, page 60. *Time to Rise.*
Volume I, page 61. *A Thought.*
Volume I, page 64. *The Swing.*
Volume I, page 73. *Singing.*
Volume I, page 106. *Rain.*
Volume I, page 130. *Little Blue Pigeon.*
Volume I, page 143. *The Land of Counterpane.*
Volume I, page 204. *Sleep, Baby, Sleep.*
Volume I, page 253. *Norse Lullaby.*
Volume I, page 272. *Wynken, Blynken and Nod.*
Volume I, page 352. *The Owl and the Pussy Cat.*
Volume II, page 12. *The Baby.*
Volume II, page 34. *Lullaby.*
Volume II, page 40. *The Reaper and the Flowers.*

Volume II, page 68. *A Cantrast.*
Volume II, page 152. *Windy Nights.*
Volume II, page 153. *Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.*
Volume II, page 240. *Picture Books in Winter.*
Volume II, page 254. *Seven Times One.*
Volume II, page 443. *The First Snowfall.*
Volume III, page 47. *In Time's Swing.*
Volume III, page 475. *Barbara Frietchie.*
Volume IV, page 222. *Footsteps of Angels.*
Volume IV, page 271. *Nearer Home.*
Volume IV, page 272. *Pictures of Memory.*
Volume VI, page 128. *The American Flag.*
Volume VI, page 131. *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*
Volume VI, page 369. *Annie Laurie.*
Volume VI, page 372. *Sweet and Low.*
Volume VI, page 396. *The Bugle Song.*
Volume VII, page 287. *The Daffodils.*
Volume VII, page 290. *To the Fringed Gentian.*
Volume VIII, page 180. *Those Evening Bells.*
Volume VIII, page 242. *To a Waterfowl.*

It does not seem advisable to reprint any of the brief memory gems which might be found so numerously in these volumes. It is far better to let each individual select for himself what he will learn, or for the parents to work with the children in searching for those things which are really worth while. No two people will probably select all of the same things, though all would agree on some few things as being of the highest type of excellence. Some things should be

learned because of their beauty in description, others because of beauty in phraseology, and still others because of beauty in sentiment. Search should be made, too, for those things which are inspirational, and which will be strong aids in the building of character. Enough has been said in other places in these talks to indicate what these things are most apt to be, and where they are most likely to be found.

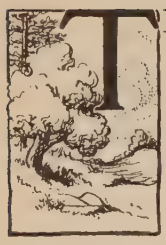
V. MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES

OR parents who wish to make further studies, for teachers, and for those older boys and girls who are interested in carrying out the ideas of this course, the following studies are printed. Each is referred to its proper selection in the volumes, and while none may be considered complete, yet each calls attention to at least one important thing to be considered in the selection to which the studies are applied.

It has not seemed necessary to arrange these studies in logical order, though they may be used as they appear here. None of them are applied to selections back of the fourth volume, for the reason that it would be rather difficult for young children to guide their work by these studies. However, if parents, teachers, or older brothers and sisters will assist a little, these studies will be fruitful with children who may not be able to handle them themselves.

1. *The Passing of Arthur*

(Volume V, page 417)



TENNYSON'S *Passing of Arthur* is one of the noble things in literature, solemn, impressive, inspiring. In order to appreciate a careful study of it, one should have read at least those selections which appear in the fifth volume, beginning with page 287 and extending to page 417. With this preliminary setting there should be no difficulty in feeling a sufficient interest in King Arthur to be appreciative of Tennyson's work from the very beginning.

a. Characters. Three characters appear in this poem, viz.: King Arthur; Sir Bedivere, the knight first made and last surviving of all those who sat about King Arthur's table; Modred, Arthur's traitorous nephew. Besides these three human characters, the ghost of Gawain, the three queens who come in the barge, and even Excalibur itself are of so much interest that they may be considered as almost human.

King Arthur is shown in his old age, when wife and friend are traitor to his peace, and all his realm has sunk back into disorder and is rapidly approaching extinction.

Bedivere, oldest of the knights, now in the white winter of his age, when he himself was really no more than a voice, is supposed to tell the story to those with whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

Modred is seen retreating league by league before King Arthur. At Lyonnesse, after a fierce battle in which confusion reigned and friends and foes were shadows in the mist, he meets his king. The false knight strikes Arthur hard upon the helmet, and gives the wound that finally proves fatal; while the king, with the last stroke of Excalibur, slays his traitorous nephew.

The dead Gawain appears, a ghost blown along a wandering wind, and on the eve of the battle warns King Arthur of approaching death, but intimates that somewhere is an isle of rest for him.

b. The Incidents.

1. Arthur mourns for his departed kingdom.
2. Gawain warns Arthur of his approaching death; Arthur is depressed by the warning.
3. Bedivere warns Arthur that he must rise and conquer Modred; Arthur hesitates to make war against his people.
4. He moves his host to Lyonnesse; the last weird battle is fought.
5. Arthur thinks himself king only among the dead.
6. Bedivere professes affection, and calls Arthur's attention to the traitor Modred.
7. The king promises one last act of kinghood.
8. Modred wounds the king; the king kills Modred.
9. Bedivere carries the wounded Arthur to the ruined chapel.

10. The dying Arthur directs Bedivere to throw Excalibur into the mere; Bedivere twice deceives Arthur and is twice reproved.
11. Bedivere throws Excalibur into the mere, and tells King Arthur what happened.
12. Bedivere bears Arthur to the margin of the mere.
13. The three black-hooded queens with crowns of gold come in the dusky barge.
14. Arthur is placed in the barge and speaks his last words to Bedivere; the barge moves swan-like from the brink.
15. Bedivere watches the speck that bears the king move down the long water opening on the deep.

c. Scenes.

1. Arthur in his tent among the slumbering host.
2. The march to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse, and the moving pageant to the battle-field.
3. The dark strait of barren land with the ocean on one side and on the other the great water; the ruined chapel with its broken chancel and broken cross, and, near at hand, the place of tombs with its bones of ancient mighty men; athwart all shines the moon, and over all the chill wind with flakes of foam sings shrilly. Zigzag paths lead around jutting points of rock down to the shining levels of the lake, where the ripple washes softly in

the reeds, the wild water laps the crags, and many-knotted water-flags whistle stiff and dry. Frozen hills, barren chasms with icy caves, the bare black cliff and slippery crag wall in the level lake gleaming in the long glories of the winter moon.

d. Descriptive Passages. Besides those passages which relate especially to the scenes, there are other beautiful and powerful bits of description that will well repay examination. For instance:

1. Of King Arthur's dream the poet says,

"And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd."

Note the figure of speech (simile) beginning with the word *like.*

2. The description of the last, dim, weird battle in the west, beginning at the bottom of page 420, with the line

"A deathwhite mist slept over land and sea:"

is one of the most stirring things in the poem, and deserves particularly close reading. The pictures are crowded, the figures vivid, the phrases full of force.

3. Tennyson has used his highest art in the composition, and makes the sound of his lines imitate in no feeble way the noise of battle. For instance:

"Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard
mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the
crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist."

4. The brilliancy of description corresponds well with the glittering marvel of Excalibur:

"For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry."

" . . . . . the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased,"

"The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea."

5. King Arthur, as he lay in the barge with his weary head upon the lap of the fairest and tallest of the three queens, is described as follows:

"a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."

e. Character Study—King Arthur. The best estimate of King Arthur's character is made from his own words and those of Bedivere, not from Tennyson's description.

1. He has been a devout man. He has fought for Christ and searched for Christ and

"found Him in the shining of the stars,
Mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields."

2. He is now discouraged. He has not found Him in His ways with men, and now it seems to him,

"As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would."

"My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death."

3. Yet he is hopeful, and he feels that perchance the world is wholly fair, and that his doubts come because he has not the power to see it as it is, and may not see it to the close.
4. He desires to be just, and feels that in the coming battle in the west he may not have the right on his side:

"Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself."

5. Yet courage and confidence are not all gone:

"Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze."

6. After the battle, he grows more confused:

"I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.
Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

7. He must be noble, kingly, to have inspired such devotion as Bedivere shows. Hear what the latter says:

"My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King."

8. He is a warrior to the last. Listen to his reply to Bedivere:

"King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass."

9. He is resigned: "Let what will be, be."
10. He is faithful to the trust imposed upon him when he acquired Excalibur. Three times he sends Bedivere to cast the sword into the mere. The last time he says:

"But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

11. He loves truth and reveres it:

"This is a shameful thing for men to lie."

12. Though he appears to fear death, rather is his fear that he shall die before he reaches the water where he expects something.
13. At the last his philosophy bears him up, though still he calls for devotion from his faithful knight. The whole speech is matchless. Note these fine passages:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

"And that which I have done
May He within himself make pure!"

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."
"The whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

14. His faith rises triumphant:

"I am going a long way . . .
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

f. Beauty. All the elements of poetic beauty join to make *The Passing of Arthur* a masterpiece. Sublime sentiment thrills through the stanzas. A stately meter gives a solemn, rhythmic swing to the noble lines. Sonorous words add to the grandeur. Apt phrases and beautiful figures of speech seize the imagination and enchain the fancy. Rare and choice diction gives artistic finish to every sentence.

Most beautiful are such phrases as the following:

"The phantom circle of a moaning sea."
"Some whisper of the seething sea."
"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."
"Let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

"And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture."
"Clothed with his breath."
"A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars."

Note how the following phrases give color to the poem:

"that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year."
"Among the mountains by the winter sea."
"The winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud."

Observe the pictorial power of these quotations:

"Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight."
"Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand."
"One black dot against the verge of dawn."

Most forceful are the following phrases:

"And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."
"Authority forgets a dying king."
"An agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world."

There never was a more beautiful comparison than the following:

"Like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs."

2. *Adventures in Lilliput.*

(Volume V, page 175)

IN *Gulliver's Travels* Swift has given us a wonderful work in constructive imagination. As has been said elsewhere, the imagination works with the ideas which are present in the mind. It creates nothing, but it may enlarge, diminish or recombine ideas with an infinity of form. In *Adventures in Lilliput* Swift has used largely the reducing power of his imagination. If he has been accurate, he has reduced everything in the same proportion. An interesting study of this phase of the story may be made by means of questions, which may be answered by reading the text, or by reasoning from the facts given.

In the following exercise, questions and comments are combined in such a way as to assist a boy or girl to verify or disprove the accuracy of Swift's work. A similar exercise, to illustrate the opposite extreme, may be based upon *Adventures in Brobdingnag* (page 224). It is hoped, too, that the questions may suggest a method

which can be applied to any selection of whose interpretation we wish to be critically certain.

When Gulliver awoke and found himself bound (page 177), he felt something alive moving on his body. Bending his eyes downward as much as he could he saw it was a human creature not six inches high. We are at liberty to suppose that Gulliver was a man of ordinary height, that is to say, not six feet high. If the Lilliputian was "not six inches high," what was the ratio of height between Gulliver and his miniature captors? If, then, Gulliver is twelve times the size of one of his captors, we have a standard of comparison.

How long a bow would a man use? How long would be the arrow that fitted that bow? How long would the bows and arrows of the Lilliputians be? Would an arrow that size, fired with the force a Lilliputian could give, "prick like a needle," and if there were many of them would they set a man "a-groaning with grief and pain"?

If a man were lying flat on his back could he turn his eyes down so as to see a pencil, not six inches high, placed upright on his breast? When a man's face was turned two inches to the left, how much of the ground would be concealed from his sight by his shoulder?

How far can a man shoot an arrow? How far could a Lilliputian shoot an arrow? Would an arrow the size of a Lilliputian's falling from the height to which he could shoot it pierce the skin of a man?

How long were the spears of the Lilliputians? Is it reasonable to suppose that a leather jerkin would be proof against their spears? How tall was the page that held up the train of the "principal person" (page 180)?

How many times the height of a Lilliputian was the body of Gulliver as he lay on the ground? How many rounds would there be in one of the ladders on which they climbed? "Above one hundred inhabitants" mounted the ladders and walked toward Gulliver's mouth. They carried baskets filled with meat. Would the quantity of meat be too large for Gulliver to eat? Would the shoulders, legs and loins of a sheep one-twelfth the height of an ordinary one be "smaller than the wings of a lark"? Would loaves of bread the "bigness of musket balls" be one-twelfth the size of ordinary loaves?

In the case of two vessels of the same proportions, but of different heights, do the capacities vary according to the heights, or according to the cubes of the heights? If one of our hogsheads contains from one hundred to one hundred and forty gallons, how much should a Lilliputian hogshead contain to be in proportion?

Is it a fact that being one-twelfth the height of a man a Lilliputian should have one-twelfth of a man's strength? If a man is reduced to one-twelfth of his height should his weight be one-twelfth as great?

When they wished to move Gulliver, five hundred carpenters and engineers were set to work to prepare a frame of wood, which was

raised three inches from the ground, was about seven feet long, four feet wide, and moved upon twenty-two wheels. What was the diameter of the wheels that would raise the body three inches from the ground? Would it be an easy matter to move wheels of that size over the ground when they bear a weight such as Gulliver's must have been?

Knowing what we know of the Lilliputians, could nine hundred of them using pulleys with cords "the bigness of pack-thread" lift Gulliver upon the engine in less than three hours?

Does Swift keep the correct proportions when he says that Gulliver's bullets are about the size of the heads of the Lilliputians?

How large would a Lilliputian horse be? Does it seem wonderful that Gulliver's hat could be brought from the seashore with "only five horses"?

It is unnecessary to carry the questioning any further. Any one who reads the stories will find an infinity of questions suggesting themselves to him, and he will doubtless get no little pleasure and profit from attempting to answer them. As will be seen, some of the questions are not simple. If Swift has been wise he has not reduced everything arbitrarily on a horizontal scale to one-twelfth of its apparent size, capacity, weight, or strength, but has properly apportioned all. The reader may find that he will be called upon for some nice discrimination, before he can judge correctly as to the accuracy with which Swift has used his scale of reduction.

3. The Bugle Song
(Volume VI, page 396)

AMONG the many charming lyrics which Tennyson has written, there are few more musical or more delicately beautiful than *The Bugle Song*. It may be appreciated better perhaps if we have knowledge of its setting. It occurs in *The Princess*, and has no immediate connection with anything that precedes or follows.

Three pairs of youthful lovers have been climbing above a lovely glade wherein is pitched the tent of the Princess. As they climbed, "Many a little hand glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks, and many a light foot shone like a jewel set in the dark crag." They wound about the cliffs, and out and in among the copses, striking off pieces of various rocks and chattering over their stony names, until they reached the summit and the sun grew broader as he set and threw his rosy light upon the heights above the glade. When in this poetic vein Tennyson has described the scene, he throws in *The Bugle Song* without any comment.

We will understand it better if we paraphrase it briefly. Let us imagine ourselves standing on some peak and looking over a scene lighted by the setting sun.

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story."

The light in long quivering beams is thrown across the lakes, and a wild cataract, made glorious by the golden light, leaps down a neighboring precipice. At this moment, somewhere in the distance we hear a bugle which sets wild echoes flying in every direction about us. As these echoes die away,

> "O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going,"

there comes reflected to us from cliff and abrupt promontory the faint sound of the little horns of Fairyland. To them the purple glens reply in echoes gently dying into silence. O love, those echoes die away in the rich sky, and faint into nothingness on hill and field and river; but echoes of our thoughts, our feelings, of ourselves, roll on from one soul to another and grow in power forever and forever.

The music in the lyric is dependent upon the choice of words and the arrangement of words. The words are chosen because of their meaning and because of the sounds which compose them. They are so arranged that the sequence is melodious and that the accents fall where needed to perfect the meter. The first three lines are perfectly smooth and regular, but the fourth is an abrupt change; "And the wild cataract leaps in glory" suggests power and strong interrupted motion. The last two lines of the stanza are somewhat irregular in meter, and the double repetition of the last word suggests the time

elapsing while the echoes are flying back and forth between the surrounding cliffs, growing fainter and fainter with each repetition. In reading we show this: "Blow, bugle;" is the original sound; we pause for the echoes to answer, "dying, dying, dying."

In the second stanza the poet has selected words in which the vowels have thin and delicate sounds:

"how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!"

So soft are the echoes that they suggest to the poet the delicate refrain from the musical instruments of fairies, and he describes it in the poetic phrase,

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"

The meter of the last stanza, which is more irregular than the others, we can indicate as follows:

O love′|they die′|in yon′|rich sky′,
They faint′|on hill′|or field′|or riv′|er:
Our ech′|oes roll′|from soul′|to soul′,
And grow′|for ev′|er and′|for ev′|er.
Blow, bu′|gle, blow,′|—set′|the wild ech′|oes fly-′|ing,
And an′|swer, ech′|oes, an′|swer, dy′|ing, dy-′|ing, dy′|ing.

In the next to the last line there are five feet and one added syllable, if we consider that the pause

which we naturally make before the word *set* is equivalent to a syllable. In the last line there are six feet with an added syllable. This additional foot which appears in the last line of every stanza is introduced to imitate the lingering death of the echoes.

After this study of the poem it should be read several times aloud in an effort to bring out the music; the first stanza in the pitch of ordinary conversation, with force in the fourth line and lingering intonations in the last line. The pitch of the second stanza should be higher, and it will be easily attained because of the predominance of the thin vowels. The third stanza calls for a pitch lower than the first and a slowness and solemnity of movement quite in contrast to the moderate rate of the first and the liveliness and gaiety of the second. It will be seen in these readings that there is an overlying melody in the stanzas, quite distinct from the rhythm that depends upon the meter, and that in the reading the meter naturally falls subservient to the melody of the phrases. In fact, in a poem of this kind the meter should be forgotten in the reading, which should give itself wholly to bringing out the meaning expressively, and to making the voice harmonize with the rich music.

An analysis of *The Bugle Song* will seem superfluous to the cultivated reader, but if these suggestions help the learner to see something new, to feel more acutely, to realize beauty more abundantly, their purpose is accomplished.

4. *David Crockett in the Creek War*

(Volume VIII, Page 380.)

ALMOST any child who is able to read for himself will know as soon as he has read a few sentences from David Crockett's Autobiography that the man was uneducated, and wrote in what could not be called "good English." However, when the reader has gone a little farther he will realize that Crockett shows his own character in his writings, and that his language is picturesque and entertaining. Moreover, it is language that was characteristic of the early settlers in the region where the frontiersman lived, and hence is of some historical interest to us.

No apology is needed for including the selection in these volumes, although it has no fine literary merit; for it is the plain, direct story of a strong man with a clear brain, who accomplished whatever he undertook, whether it was building a home, fighting the Indians, or writing a book.

The story will speak for itself, and as it is a truthful account of things that actually happened, it will appeal strongly to the imagination of all young readers. However, it is worth while to call specific attention to some of the faults in style and actual errors in grammar, in order that the reader may not be affected unfortunately by the language, or be led to approve it as a style to be followed in these modern days.

This can be done by means of questions, and as an illustration of the method, we will consider the first four paragraphs of the selection, beginning on page 380.

"There had been no war among us for so long that but few who were not too old to bear arms knew anything about the business." Does the phrase *among us* mean that the settlers had not fought among themselves, or that they had not been in conflict with the Indians? What was Crockett's exact meaning? Does he convey it clearly? Does the word *business* seem dignified enough to be applied to war?

"I couldn't fight at all." Does the abbreviation of the words *could not* make Crockett's style dignified or familiar? Do you often see similar abbreviations in what is known as "good literature," except as they are found in conversation, where the tendency is always to use abbreviated forms and familiar terms? Does not the use of such abbreviations in this selection make it seem as though Crockett were talking to his readers in a free and easy manner, rather than as though he were writing a formal book?

"When I heard of the mischief." In the first sentence of this paragraph, Crockett speaks of a "most bloody butchery" at Fort Mims. Now he refers to it as *the mischief*. Is the word *mischief* strong enough?

"In a few days a general meeting of the militia was called." Who were the militia? Why could not the militia be sent out as a body

instead of calling for volunteers? Does he mean the organized militia, or simply the able-bodied men in that vicinity?

"Began to beg me not to turn out." Is *turn out* a slang phrase here, or is it a term commonly used in speaking of the assemblage of the militia?

"It was mighty hard to go against her arguments." Does the word *mighty* show refinement? What word would be better? Does the phrase *go against* look well in a book?

"Told her that if every man would wait till his wife got willing to let him go to war, there would be no fighting done until we would all be killed in our houses." Is the word *would* as it appears the first time used properly? Is *should* the right word to use? Is *got willing* correct English? Does the word *until* express the meaning Crockett intends to convey? If "there would be no fighting done *until* they were all killed in their houses," could there be any fighting done *afterwards*? What words should be used in place of *until*? Is the word *would* used properly the second time it appears in the sentence? Is it used properly the third time?

"Seeing I was bent on it." Can you find authority for using the phrase *bent on it* to mean *determined to do it*?

"The truth is my dander was up and nothing but war should bring it right again." What does the dictionary say about the use of the word *dander*? Do you suppose it was a common word among Crockett's friends? Is the word

should properly used in this sentence? Is the proper word *would*? Is it a common mistake even now to use *would* for *should* and *should* for *would*? How may we know which word to use?

"When the men were paraded, a lawyer by the name of Jones addressed us; informing us he wished to raise a company, and that then the men should meet and elect their officers." Who were the men that were paraded? Was Crockett among them? Whom did Jones address? When Crockett uses the word *men* and the word *us*, as he does twice in the same sentence, does he make the meaning perfectly clear?

"I believe I was about the second or third man that stepped out; but on marching up and down the regiment a few times we found we had a large company." Who were marching up and down? Does this mean that they marched up and down in front of the regiment? What was this regiment before which they marched up and down? Does *regiment* here mean the same as *militia* in the paragraph before?

"We received orders to start on the next Monday week." What is the meaning of *next Monday week*? If they assembled on Wednesday, how many days would elapse before they were to start, and on what day would they start?

"Mounted my horse and set sail to join my company." How can a man *set sail* when he is mounted on a *horse*? Is such a mixing of figures evidence of good writing?

"All mounted volunteers and all determined to fight, judging from myself, for I felt wolfish

all over, I verily believe that the whole army was of the real grit." Is *felt wolfish all over* a fine phrase? Is it an expressive phrase? What was to be judged from himself—that all were determined to fight, or that the whole army was of the real grit? Does the fact that Crockett felt wolfish all over show that he was determined to fight, or that he had real grit? What is the literal meaning of *grit*? What does it mean as Crockett uses it here? Is it proper to use the word as Crockett uses it?

Probably it is not worth while to push this critical study any farther. It will be seen by this time that Crockett wrote as he talked, and accordingly, his story lacks the polish and literary beauties that men trained to write could have given it.

5. *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings*

(Volume IX, page 439)

WORDS are interesting things, and people who have never tried the experiment will be surprised to learn how much pleasure there is to be found in the use of the dictionary. We consult the dictionary only when we wish to know the meaning of a word, or its pronunciation; but there are numberless other facts in the volume that are more interesting, if not more valuable, than the definitions and marks of pronunciation. In the history and

derivation of words may be found many interesting and surprising facts which, if they are known, give increased force and meaning to the words.

There is a great difference among writers in the kind of words they use. Some naturally use simple words of Anglo-Saxon origin, while others use longer and more sonorous words which come from the Latin and the Greek. It is interesting to take paragraphs from different writers, say, for instance, from Hawthorne, Lamb, Longfellow, Tennyson, Macaulay and Irving, make a list of the leading words in the paragraphs, and then look up their derivations and see how many Anglo-Saxon, how many Latin and how many Greek words are found in each paragraph.

It will be seen that it is a characteristic of Macaulay to use numerous many-syllabled words, most of which come directly from the Latin. His essay on the *Impeachment of Warren Hastings* shows this trait.

Probably that furnishes as good an illustration as anything in the books of the kind of literature from which studies may best be made in words. Taking two paragraphs at random, let us look them over and see what interesting facts may be gleaned from the dictionary concerning the words we find:

"The Opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the Opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable

talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the Opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labor. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

"Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and ability. He labored indeed under one most unfortunate defect, want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in Parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt, who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation."

In the two brief paragraphs given, there are,

among others, the following words of more than passing interest:

1. *Vehement.* This word is derived from two Latin words, meaning *to carry* and *the mind*; hence a vehement speech is one that is supposed to carry the mind away by force. We use the word *furious* when we wish to speak of anger or other passions, but the word *vehement* when we speak of zeal, love, expression. In this paragraph the Opposition was loud and tried *to carry the minds of others by force.*

2. *Formidable.* Synonyms of *formidable* are *dreadful*, *terrible* and *shocking*, yet it is rarely the case that two words are exact synonyms. In this case, *formidable* means something that excites fear, but it is neither sudden nor violent in its action. A *dreadful* thing would excite fear or dread, and might act violently but not suddenly. A *shocking* thing would startle us because it was both violent and sudden. Does *formidable* appear to be the right word by which to characterize the Opposition?

3. *Influence.* This word is derived from two Latin words which mean *flowing over*, and consequently an *influence* brings about change by gradual process. There is no idea of right in the word *influence* as there is in the word *authority.* Does it seem that *influence* is the right word as Macaulay uses it?

4. *Talents.* The history of this word is an interesting one. In origin it is Greek, and there it was the name of a weight, which in silver had a certain money value. The same word appearing

in Hebrew had a similar meaning. A Hebrew talent in silver would be worth something over seventeen or nineteen hundred dollars of our money. In the New Testament, (see Matthew XXV, 14 to 30,) Christ utters the parable of the talents. We now use the word to mean intellectual ability or capacity, or skill in accomplishing things, or some special gift in some art or science. It is probable that this figurative meaning of the word has originated from the parable, and although many writers have criticised the use of *talent* in this sense, it has become well established in the language.

5. *Odious.* The Latin word from which *odious* is derived means *hatred.* An *odious* thing is a thing to be *hated.* Our word *odium* differs slightly in use from our word *hatred.* We exercise *hatred* but we endure *odium.*

6. *Desire.* The origin of this word is not certain, but it was probably derived from the French words which mean literally *from the stars* or *constellations.*

7. *Immense.* This word is derived from two Latin words which mean *cannot be measured.*

8. *Coalition.* The two Latin words from which *coalition* is derived mean, *to grow with*; consequently, a *coalition* is a thing composed of several elements which have grown together. We should not expect a *coalition* to be suddenly formed; it must come about by process of growth.

9. *Appease.* Literally, *appease* means *to make peace.* It also means *to satisfy*, and is derived directly from the Latin. We try to

appease those who are in passion and try to *calm* those who are in trouble or apprehension. Does Macaulay use the word properly when he speaks of *appeasing* indignation?

10. *Fluency.* The Latin word from which *fluency* is derived means *to flow.* Accordingly, a *fluent* person is one from whom speech flows smoothly and readily. To lack *fluency* Macaulay considers an unfortunate defect in Francis.

11. *Asperity.* The Latin word *asper* means *rough* or *harsh*, and was applied to things which had a rough surface. Macaulay uses the word as we now know it, in the same figurative sense in which we now sometimes use the word *roughness.*

12. *Lapse.* This word from the Latin means *sliding* or *following.* In speaking of the *lapse* of years Macaulay intimates that they gradually slid away.

13. *Pharisaical.* The *Pharisees* were a sect of the Jews who were noted for the strict way in which they followed the rites and ceremonies that had been handed down to them by tradition, and who believed themselves superior in sanctity to the other Jews. They held themselves apart and were charged with being hypocrites. The word *Pharisaical* has now come into common English use, and means *hypocritical.*

14. *Ostentation.* This is a Latin word meaning *show* or *parade. Ostentation* and *parade* both imply effort, but the former refers to the intent rather than to the manner. *Ostentation* may be shown by *parade.*

6. *A Christmas Carol*

(Volume VII, page 27)

N author may tell us at the beginning of a story that the scene is laid in London, or in Calcutta, or in the Black Forest; but unless he employs some method of giving a vivid impression of the setting of the story, we soon lose sight of locality. Sometimes, of course, it is not necessary that we should remember the place—the story moves on independent of scene; but other stories depend in part for their interest and even for their plot upon their setting. In such cases, the author, by reference to the natural features characteristic of a region, or to the peculiar traits or mannerisms or turns of speech of his characters, keeps before us the place in which the scene is laid. Such peculiarities of a place or its inhabitants, when introduced into a story, are given the name of local coloring.

Of course it is easier for an author to give local color to his story when his scene is laid in some unusual or picturesque place. Thus Kipling in *Wee Willie Winkie* (Volume III, page 189), by the use of such words as *Ayah*, *Baba*, *hut jao*, *Sahib* and *pukka* makes us feel that we are in India, and not in Great Britain or the United States: while by his reference to *barracks*, *good conduct badges*, *camp fires*, *quarters* and *arrests*, he constantly suggests military life.

In *A Christmas Carol*, Dickens meant that we should be conscious throughout not only of a Christmas atmosphere, but of an *English* Christmas atmosphere. The references to the Christmas feeling are too obvious to require pointing out, but the methods by which the author makes us conscious that we are in London do not show so clearly at first sight. By a study of the paragraph which begins in the middle of page 37, and of the one immediately following it, we may get some idea of these methods.

"Meanwhile the *fog* and darkness thickened so, that the people ran about with flaring *links*." A London boy would not need a footnote to tell him that the fogs of London are famous; that they are at times so thick that all traffic is obliged to cease. Nor would he need to be told that links are torches of tow and pitch, which enterprising London boys provide themselves with at foggy times, that they may earn money by piloting people about. The word *brazier*, too, is in commoner use in England than it is in the United States. The *poulterers'* trade is another English touch.

Every one knows that the *Lord Mayor* is the chief official of the city of London, but perhaps we do not all know that *Mansion House*, with its great banqueting-hall where the state dinners are held, is the residence of the Lord Mayor.

Now-a-days we all know what English *plum pudding* is—it is served at many American tables on Christmas day. But nothing is more characteristically English, unless, indeed, it is

the *roast beef* which the tailor was planning to have for his Christmas dinner.

Probably no one but an English writer, writing of an English subject, would refer in Dickens's off-hand manner to Dunstan, the English statesman and archbishop who accomplished so much for religion that he came to be known as Saint Dunstan.

One of the most characteristically English touches in the two paragraphs is the reference to the *carol* sung by the boy at Scrooge's key-hole. Other countries have Christmas carols, but the custom of singing them before people's houses is peculiarly common in England. The carol of which the first two lines are quoted is perhaps the one most frequently sung.

These instances will give some idea of what is meant by local color, and of the methods used in securing it. It will be an interesting study to find other words and phrases in the remainder of the story which strengthen our feeling of the "Englishness" of *A Christmas Carol.*

7. *Ode to a Skylark*

(Volume VIII, page 105)

FIGURES of speech make a very interesting subject of study, and children enjoy searching for the different varieties in the selections which they read. Not much instruction is needed, and it is not necessary that they should know the names of the different figures or acquire a great

deal of technical knowledge. Yet in helping them to recognize figures it is best to proceed in a logical manner, showing, one at a time, what the principal figures are, upon what they are based, and what they add in vividness and beauty to the language. When one figure is understood, help the children to find many good examples in other selections, before taking up the second figure.

As a help to parents and children, we give an outline here for a study of the figures of speech in Shelley's beautiful *Ode to a Skylark.*

1. The SIMILE is an expressed comparison introduced by *like* or *as.*

Examples:

"From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire."
"*Like an unbodied joy* whose race is just begun."
"With music *sweet as love.*"
"*Like a star of heaven*
In the broad daylight."

2. METAPHOR assumes that one thing is another, and states it as though it is a fact.

Examples:

"From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence *showers a rain of melody.*"
"Or how could thy notes *flow in such a crystal stream!*"
"In *the golden lightning*
Of the sunken sun."

3 and 4. METONYMY and SYNECDOCHE are nearly related. Both name one thing for another closely associated with it in thought. In synecdoche a part is mentioned when the whole is signified, or the whole is mentioned when only a part is signified. In metonymy a sign or symbol is mentioned for the thing signified or symbolized, a cause for its effect, a material for the thing which is made from it, or some other similar relationship is established. Many words in common speech are used almost as frequently in their figurative sense as in a literal way. "The man has fifteen *hands* at work for him"; "There are a dozen *head of cattle* in the field"; "Twenty *sails* are in the harbor," are sentences in which the italicized words are figurative by synecdoche. The *Ode to a Skylark* contains numerous beautiful metonymical figures, of which a few are given below.

Examples:

"Better than all *treasures*
That in books are found."

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy *brain* must know."

"Thou art unseen, but yet I hear *thy shrill delight.*"

"The moon *rains out her beams*, and heaven is overflowed."

"The blue deep thou *wingest.*"

5. PERSONIFICATION raises a living being to a higher plane, or an inanimate object to a living thing. In the *Ode to a Skylark* the poet per-

sonifies the lark, beginning with "Blithe spirit, bird thou never wert," in the first stanza and closing with "Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know," in the last stanza.

6. An APOSTROPHE is a direct address to a person or thing, absent or dead. Most odes have in them something of the nature of an apostrophe. The *Ode to a Skylark* begins

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

Further along in the lyric we find the line,

"Teach us, bird or sprite."

The poem from which we have drawn our illustrations is one of the most perfect creations of lyrical art. It is not only richly adorned with elegant figures that show the poet's mastery of English diction, but its music is as sweet as the song of the lark itself, and its sentiment is delicate, pure, and beautiful:

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Young children will not appreciate the ode as it deserves; accordingly it will be better to use simpler poems for the first lessons. The obvious figures may well be shown first, leaving the more finished and brilliant ones till the minds of the

children become more mature. For instance, as the simile is the most obvious of figures and may be found in nearly every poem of any length, it is the best one to begin with. Notice what a number can be found in *A Visit from Saint Nicholas* (Volume II, page 117). Explain those that are used in the description of Saint Nicholas (page 119):

"And he looked *like a peddler just opening his pack.*"
"His cheeks were *like roses*, his nose *like a cherry;*
His droll little mouth was drawn up *like a bow*,
And the beard on his chin was *as white as the snow.*"
"The smoke it encircled his head *like a wreath.*"
"That shook, when he laughed, *like a bowl full of jelly.*"

Encourage the children to find other similes themselves—the characteristic *like* and *as* will make the task easy.

In *The First Snowfall* (Volume II, page 443) are a number of metaphors which may be easily explained to children. For instance, the following will be readily understood:

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore *ermine* too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with *pearl.*"
"The stiff rails were softened to *swan's-down.*"

VI. THE CONTENTS AND PLAN OF THIS SET

HE design of Journeys Through Bookland is to supply children with a wealth of good reading suitable for their varying ages, to help them to read intelligently and with appreciation, to create a taste for wider reading, and to direct that taste wisely.

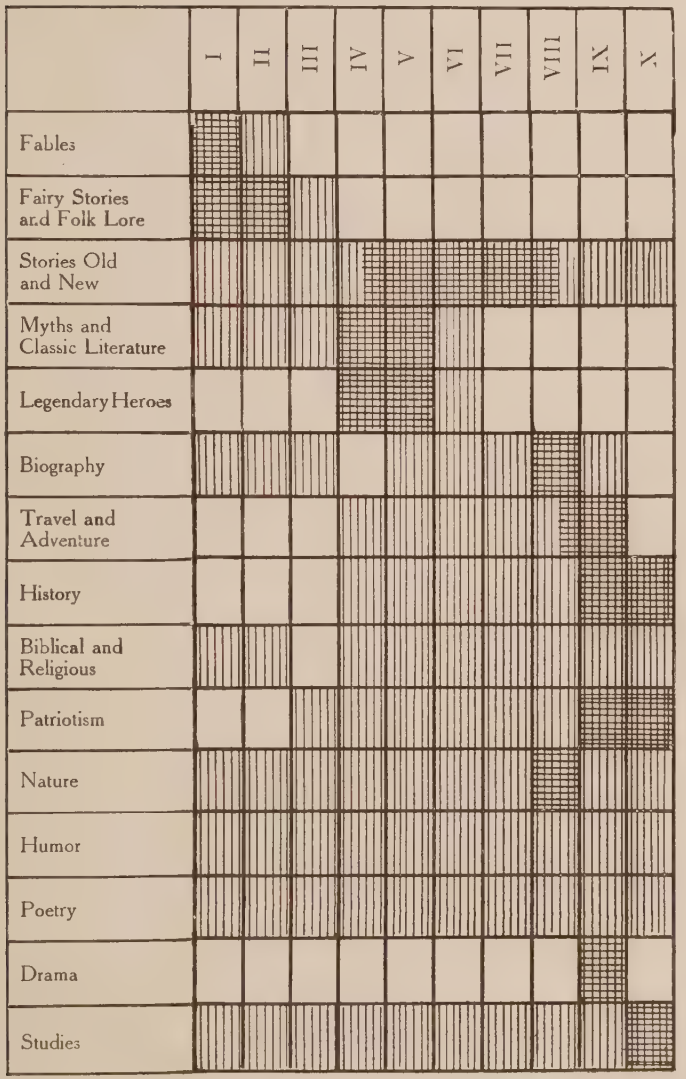
To every phase of school work the plan lends its helping hand. Selections and interpretations combine to make nature study more inspiring and delightful, geography more interesting and profitable, history more real and vivifying. To the dry facts learned in school are given the grace and beauty that make them a real, living influence in the building of character.

Not inferior is its purpose to encourage and assist parents in the selection of good reading and in directing the reading of their young folks.

1. The Masterpieces

HE table of contents at the beginning of each volume shows a wide selection of the best things that have ever been written for children—not always the new things, but always the best things for the purpose. The masterpieces are the tried and true ones that have long been popular with children and

GRAPHIC CLASSIFICATION OF MASTERPIECES



Read across to learn in which volumes the subjects are treated read down to find what each volume contains.

have formed a large part of the literary education of the race.

There are a host of complete masterpieces and many selections from other works which are too long to print here or which are otherwise unavailable. It has often happened that something written for older heads and for serious purposes has in it some of the most charming and helpful things for the young. For instance, *Gulliver's Travels* is a political satire, and as such it is long since dead. Yet parts of it make the most fascinating reading for children. Moreover, Swift and many other great writers defiled their pages with matter which ought to be unprintable. To bring together the good things from such writers, to reprint them with all the graces of style they originally possessed, and yet so carefully to edit them that there can be no suggestion of offense, has been the constant aim of the writer.

The books contain, too, many beautiful selections translated from foreign languages and made fresh, attractive and inspiring. Many of the old fables and folk stories have been rewritten, but others which have existed long in good form have been left untouched. In the great masterpieces no liberties have been taken with the text without making known the fact, and in every case the most reliable edition has been followed. It is hoped that children will have nothing to "unlearn" from the reading of these books.

There are not a few old things in the set that

are really new, because they have heretofore been inaccessible to children except in musty old books not liable to be met.

This is no haphazard collection made hastily, and largely at the suggestion of others. Everything in the books has been read and reread by the writer. True, he has availed himself of the help of others, and to many his obligations are deep and lasting; but in the end the responsibility for selection and for the quantity and quality of the helps is wholly his. The experience of twenty years in the public schools and of ten other years in an editorial capacity has gone into this series, as well as two years of steady labor. It has been an interesting task, and if in its execution the writer has helped his young friends present and to come, his sincere desires are wholly gratified. In no small sense it has been a labor of love.

2. Arrangement and Grading

THE contents of the books have been graded from the nursery rhymes in the first volume to the rather difficult selections in the ninth and tenth volumes. In the arrangement, however, not all the simplest reading is in the first volume. It might be better understood if we say that one volume overlaps another, so that, for instance, the latter part of the first volume is more difficult than the first part of the second volume. When a child

is able to read in the third volume he will find something to interest him in all the volumes.

What has been said, however, does not wholly explain the system of arrangement. Fiction, poetry, essays, biography, nature-study, science and history are all fairly represented in the selections, but no book is given over exclusively to any subject. Rather is it so arranged that the child who reads by course will traverse nearly every subject in every volume, and to him the different subjects will be presented logically in the order in which his growing mind demands them. We might say that as he reads from volume to volume, he travels in an ever widening and rising spiral. The fiction of the first volume consists of fables, fairy tales and folk stories; the poetry of nursery rhymes and children's verses; the biography of anecdotal sketches of Field and Stevenson; and history is suggested in the quaintly written *Story of Joseph.* On a subsequent turn of the spiral are found fiction from Scott and Swift; poetry from Homer, Vergil, Hay, Gilbert and Tennyson; hero stories from Malory; history from Washington Irving. But enough has been said to show how systematic and orderly the arrangement is.

If, however, some inquiring young person should wish to read all there is on history, biography or any other subject, the full index in the tenth volume will show him where everything of the nature he wishes is to be found.

Another valuable feature of arrangement is the frequent bringing together of selections that

bear some relation to one another. A simple instance of this may be seen where in the ninth volume the account of Lord Nelson's great naval victory is followed by *Casabianca*; a better one where in the fifth volume there is an account of King Arthur, followed by tales of the Round Table Knights from Malory, and *Geraint and Enid* and *The Passing of Arthur* from Tennyson. By this plan one selection serves as the setting for another, and a child often can see how the real things of life prove the inspiration for great writers.

3. *The Studies and Helps in These Volumes*

a. Studies. The course, however, is far more than a collection of literature skilfully arranged. Every volume contains a large number of helps of various kinds for young people. Usually these helps are in connection with some selection and are adapted to the age of the boy or girl most likely to read the piece. As each study is presented in an interesting and informal manner and does not cover many points, it is felt that young people will enjoy them only less than the masterpieces themselves.

The studies are arranged as systematically as the selections, and are graded even more carefully. Their scope and method will be well understood by any one who studies the sections "How to Read" in this series of talks (page 333), as those sections summarize in a measure the lessons scattered through the books and present

them in such a way that parents may deal with them systematically.

Besides these more elaborate studies and interpretations, there are a variety of other helps that will aid in making the reading interesting and profitable.

b. Notes. These consist of explanatory notes wherever they seem to be needed. They explain words not usually found readily in the dictionaries, foreign phrases, and such historical or other allusions as are necessary to an understanding of the text by youthful readers. These notes are placed at the bottom of the page that needs explanation, and so are immediately available. In such a position they are more liable to be read than if gathered together at the end of the volume. They are neither formal nor pedantic, and are as brief as is consistent with clearness. Their purpose is to help the reader, not to show the writer's knowledge.

c. Introductory Notes. At the heads of selections from longer masterpieces are introductory notes which give some little account of the larger work and enough of the context so that the selection may not seem a fragment. In some instances this note gives the historical setting of a masterpiece or tells something of the circumstances under which it was written, when those facts help to an appreciation of the selection. Sometimes an acquaintance with the personality of an author is so necessary to a clear understanding of what he writes that a brief sketch of his life or a few anecdotes that show his character

are given in the note preceding what he has written. These notes are printed in the same type as the text, for they are felt to be worthy of consideration.

d. Biographies. Besides the biographical notes appended to selections, there are not a few more pretentious sketches that have been given prominent titles in the body of the books. These have been prepared expressly for this work, either by the editor or by some one fully acquainted with the subject and accustomed to writing for young people. These biographies are written from the point of view of young people, and contain the things that boys and girls like to know about their favorite authors or some of the noble men and women whose lives have made this world a better and a happier place in which to live. In the earlier volumes they are brief, simple, and largely made up of anecdotes; later they are more mature, and show something of the reasons that make the lives interesting and valuable material for studies. There are, also, in the books a few lengthy extracts from some of the world's great biographies. Care has been exercised in the selection of these extracts, so that in each case, while the extract is of interest to young people, it is also fairly representative of the larger work from which it has been taken.

e. Pronouncing Vocabularies. Children often find difficulty in pronouncing proper names, and not many have at hand any books from which they can obtain the information. Accordingly, at the end of every volume is a list of the proper

names in that book, and after each name the pronunciation is given phonetically, so that no dictionary or other reference work is necessary for the purpose. Since each volume has its own list, it is not necessary even to lay down the book in hand and take up the last volume.

f. Pictures. The illustrations in the several volumes form one great feature in the general plan. They alone will do much to interest children in the reading, and if attention is called to them they will be found to increase in value. The colored frontispieces in each volume, the numerous fine halftones of special design, and the hundreds of pen and ink drawings that illuminate the text have been painted and drawn for these books, and will be found nowhere else. More than fifty artists have given their skill and enthusiasm to make the books brighter, clearer, and more inspiring. The initial letters and the many fine decorations also belong exclusively to the set, and combine to give it esthetic value. Everything of this nature will command attention and hold interest.

g. Index. At the end of the tenth volume is an index to the whole ten volumes. There may be found not only each author and title in alphabetical order, but also a complete classification of the selections in the set. To find the history in this series, look in the index under the title "History." When a topic has as many subdivisions as has "Fiction," for instance, or "Poetry," cross references are given.

VII. SUPPLEMENTARY BOOK LISTS

THIS collection is a large one, and if read as we intend, will occupy no inconsiderable part of the time boys and girls give to reading. Yet there will be a call for more reading. Some selections from great authors will create a taste for more from the same writers, and certain pieces will suggest lines of reading that may profitably extend far beyond the limits of the present volumes. In fact, this series is meant to be the stimulus to a lifetime of reading. Some children are naturally readers, and will require more to satisfy their avid tastes than may be sufficient for their brothers and sisters, while other children may need to be helped even beyond the limits covered by our plans. It may be that some parents will feel uncertain what advice to give their boys and girls when asked about other books than those indicated in the text. For such, the following lists have been prepared.

At the present day, good libraries are to be found in almost every town, and from the shelves of the library at school or the one supported by the town may be drawn most of the books mentioned. Books are always good presents, and from these lists parents who have watched the development of their children's tastes will find helpful hints in the selection of presents that will be accepted with joy and read with continued pleasure.

The training these plans for reading have given will excite interest in the great classics which the quantities of light, frivolous stories carelessly written for children have in a measure relegated to the background. These classics are the foundation of literature, and without a knowledge of them, best obtained in youth, genuine culture seems almost impossible.

In presenting the lists it has seemed best to make some of them parallel to the volumes of this work rather than to arrange them by the ages of the children or their grades in school. The power to read intelligently and with appreciation is not wholly dependant upon age, nor does rank in school show the capability of the young person. Some boys of twelve will read and enjoy things that others of sixteen will find almost impossible. Not infrequently a little "sixth-grader" reads better literature than many a high school student. Other lists for older boys and girls are classified according to subject matter. The method in every case is obvious.

This series is for boys and girls of all ages; for girls as much as for boys. Good literature appeals to universal taste, and there is little question of sex in it. There was a time when girls were thought so different from boys that "girls' books" were written in abundance. Now that girls are given the same education that boys have, they usually like the same things. There will be found nearly as great extremes of taste in one sex as in the other during those years to which this set is adapted. Whatever difference

there is in the sexes will manifest itself in what each selects for his or her own from the masterpiece that both read. That we get from our reading what we put into it, is as true of us when we are young as it is when we have grown older. To as great an extent as Alice is different from Fred will what she gets from reading *Rab and His Friends* differ from what he absorbs.

In the books of this series the love story has little place, and into it sex problems do not enter. Its readers have not reached an age when such things are of serious moment, and there is enough good literature for them without dragging in or even admitting stories of passion and those that make their strongest appeal to the attraction of one sex for another. However, there is an abundance of sentiment, and the home feelings are recognized again and again; the love of parents for each other and for their offspring, the love of brother and sister, friendship, the pure affection of young people, love of home, of God, of country, all are subjects of the finest selections the language contains. Such are to be found in abundance.

In the lists more latitude has been allowed, and while nothing has been included that may excite anything but the purest emotions, yet room has been made for many of the great novels that are real studies of the lives and characters of adults. These books, really written for older people, will have their message for the young, a message that will be amplified and perhaps changed entirely, when, after many years, the

book is read again with no lessened interest. *Les Miserables* was read once by a young boy whose attention was caught and held so strongly by the exciting story that he held himself through all the long, prosy meanderings with which Hugo has delayed the march of his plot. Some years later the same boy, grown to a college student, read *Les Miserables* again with even greater interest. He remembered the story quite well, but the prosy meanderings had to his broadened intelligence become wonderful pictures of life, and even the book-long description of the Battle of Waterloo was fascinating, though its only function in the story was to say that one man saved another man's life. The boy, now a man in middle life, read Hugo's masterpiece a third time. Story and description were now secondary in interest, but the author's deep insight into human nature, his brilliant style and shrewd, kindly philosophy held the old reader more closely than had anything before. So will it be with many of the books in the list. If we are to make friends, let us meet them as early as we can, see them as often as we can, and cling to them as long as we can.

In recommending books to children, parents will do well to remember that books in which young people are not interested will not be read in such a way as to be profitable. The books in these lists are all interesting in themselves, and there need be no fear that they will not be read. The child who has been trained after the manner indicated in these talks will need little further assistance in mastering these books.

Volume I

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

There are many good editions published by the various schoolbook houses. That edited by J. H. Stickney and published by Ginn & Co. is as good as any, and contains also a supplement with fables from La Fontaine and Krilof.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES, by *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The edition illustrated by E. Mars and H. M. Squire and published by Rand, McNally & Co. is excellent. Jessie Wilcox Smith illustrates an edition for Charles Scribner's Sons.

LULLABY LAND, by *Eugene Field.*

This is published in beautiful form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FAIRY TALES, by *Hans Christian Andersen.*

The schoolbook houses publish selections in an attractive form; Blackie and Son, London, a cheap edition.

FAIRY TALES, by *Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm.*

Selections, such as those edited by Sarah E. Wiltse for Ginn & Co., are better than the complete editions, for many of the Grimm tales are coarse and valueless.

BLUE FAIRY BOOK and GREEN FAIRY BOOK, by *Andrew Lang.*

Besides some of the Grimm tales these books contain folklore stories from many nations. Lang has edited other books in this series, but two are probably enough.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE, by *Dinah Maria (Mulock) Craik*

This is a charming little tale, much loved by children.

PINOCCHIO, by *C. Collodi.*

Walter Cramp's translation of this little Italian classic will be highly appreciated. Ginn and Company.

OLD GREEK STORIES, by *James Baldwin.*

American Book Company. This contains the stories of Arachne, the Gorgon's Head, Prometheus and Theseus.

LETTERS FROM A CAT, by *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Amusing letters which a cat writes to its mistress. Helpful in teaching kindness to animals.

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN, by *James Whitcomb Riley.*

Charles Scribner's Sons; *Child Rhymes,* Bobbs-Merrill Co.; *Child World,* Bobbs-Merrill Co. Three books with delightful poems for children and about them.

Volume II

While the books mentioned in these lists seem most closely connected to the volume to which they are ascribed, yet no hard and fast lines can be drawn. Children will read in the second

volume of this set before they have finished the first, and the books in the lists are suitable whenever interest is ripe in the kind of literature which the books contain. Several of the titles given in the list for the first volume should be considered with the second volume.

WONDER BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
This contains many other stories than those given in these volumes.

TANGLEWOOD TALES, by *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
A second wonder book of classic myths. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the authorized publishers of the wonder books.

THE HEROES, OR GREEK FAIRY TALES, by *Charles Kingsley.*
Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., with pictures by Rose Le Quesne.

THREE FAIRY TALES, by *Jean Ingelow.*
Illustrated by A. J. Ripley. D. C. Heath & Co.

THE STORY OF ÆNEAS, by *Michael Clarke.*
American Book Company. Fine illustrations. This contains the story of the *Æneid* for young American readers.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE, by *Dinah Maria (Mulock) Craik.*
D. C. Heath & Co. An allegorical fairy tale of great beauty, teaching the lesson of patience and true manhood.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY, by *Joel Chandler Harris.*
Illustrations by Oliver Herford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. RABBIT AT HOME, by *Joel Chandler Harris.*
A sequel to LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER.

NONSENSE SONGS AND STORIES, by *Edward Lear.*
F. Warne & Co.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*
This is one of the books that every family ought to own, there is so much in it for every age. Besides the lyrics children love so well, there are *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish* and other poems, which belong to children as well as to the adults. The Cambridge edition published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a cheap, serviceable book, though the print is necessarily rather small.

THE JUNGLE BOOK, by *Rudyard Kipling.*
The hero is a child brought up among the wolves. A delightful story to create interest in wild animals. The Century Company.

THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK, by *Rudyard Kipling.*
The Century Company.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN, by *Ernest Thompson Seton.*
A delightful series of stories full of human interest.

Volume III

This volume contains selections from several books which it is felt will be read in their entirety by most children. They are:

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND and
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Two modern fairy tales by Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson). The amusing pictures are by Sir John Tenniel. The MacMillan Company. These fantastic stories delight every one who reads them.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, by *Daniel Defoe.*

There are many editions of this old and popular story for boys, from an abbreviated thing in words of one syllable to the original work in full. W. H. Lambert has edited a school edition in excellent manner for Ginn & Co.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, by *Johann Rudolph Wyss.*

Though not of such literary merit as *Robinson Crusoe*, it is similar in plot and usually more popular. Ginn & Co. publish a good, cheap edition, edited by J. H. Stickney.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

The complete editions are not suitable for children to read, but the edition edited by Andrew Lang is excellent. Several schoolbook houses publish good selections, including the most popular tales.

Besides the books mentioned in the lists for Volumes I and II, the following might be suggested here:

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Company's Cambridge edition is perhaps the best. Whittier did not write as much for children as Longfellow did, but his *Snowbound* is a classic that every child will love if he is helped a little in reading it. Other poems will appeal to the older members of the family.

THE BOOK OF LEGENDS TOLD OVER AGAIN, by *Horace E. Scudder.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. *The Flying Dutchman, St. Christopher, William Tell,* and *The Wandering Jew* are some of the names.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES, by *Charles Lamb.*

D. C. Heath & Co.

NORSE STORIES RE-TOLD FROM THE SAGAS, by *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Rand, McNally & Co.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY, by *Ernest Thompson Seton.*

The Century Company.

Volume IV

SOME MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.
Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STORY OF ROLAND, by *James Baldwin.*
Illustrated by R. B. Birch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED, by *James Baldwin.*
Illustrated by Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORY OF THE CID.
Retold by Calvin Dill Wilson. Lathrop, Lee and Shepard.

OLD INDIAN LEGENDS.
Retold graphically by Zitkala Sa, one of the tribe of the Dakotahs, and illustrated by Angel de Cora (Hin-ook-Mahiroi-Kilinaka), the Indian artist. Ginn & Co.

INDIAN BOYHOOD, by *Charles Eastman*, a Sioux Indian.
Full of the manners and customs of the Indians, and containing as well some good stories of adventure. McClure, Phillips & Co.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR, by *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This book contains, besides the stories printed in this set, many other interesting historical tales.

THE BOYS OF '76, by *Charles Carleton Coffin.*
Harper Bros. A fine book that will interest any child in the story of the Revolution. There are other books in a similar vein by the same author.

THE STORY OF THE GREEKS,
THE STORY OF THE ROMANS, and
THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH
are three good books by H. A. Guerber, which will help to create an interest in the history of those peoples and at the same time give information valuable in reading literature. All are published for school use by the American Book Company.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by *Charles Dickens.*
This book is always interesting to children, and is such good reading that we need not feel afraid of Dickens's inexactness and apparent prejudices. Read it as literature, not so much as history.

BIRDS AND BEES, SHARP EYES AND OTHER PAPERS, by *John Burroughs.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Though this may seem rather hard reading to some, it is delightful literature, and full of good lessons in observation for children. Other books by the same author are equally entertaining. An excellent book to read to children.

THE WORLD OF THE GREAT FOREST, by *Paul Du Chaillu.*
Harper and Bros. An interesting account of animal life, not without some literary merit. Other books by the same author will delight the adventurous.

SHARP EYES, and
MY STUDIO NEIGHBORS
are two beautiful books, illustrated by the author, William Hamilton

Gibson. Harper and Bros. They are as interesting and as charmingly written as any of the multitudinous nature books.

Volume V

THE BOYS' KING ARTHUR, edited by *Sidney Lanier.*
Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL, by *James Russell Lowell.*
One of the finest poems in the language. Best read in connection with the stories of King Arthur. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BOYS' FROISSART.
The chronicles retold in simple English by Sidney Lanier.

TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO, abridged by *Thomas W. Knox.*
The touch of fiction does not injure these old tales.

LITTLE SMOKE, by *William Osborn.*
An exciting story of Sioux life.

TEN BIG INDIANS, by *Mary Hazelton Wade.*
W. A. Wilde & Co. An interesting introduction to Indian history.

HANS BRINKER; OR THE SILVER SKATES, by *Mary Mapes Dodge.*
A delightful story of child life in Holland. A valuable picture of manners and customs.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL BOY, by *Edward Eggleston.*
Charles Scribner's Sons. An interesting story of pioneer times.

THE PETERKIN PAPERS, by *Lucretia Peabody Hale.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. One of the few good humorous stories for children.

TOBY TYLER, OR TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS, and
MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER
are two wholesome stories full of humor and pathos. Harper and Bros.

THE STORY OF A NÜRNBERG STOVE, by *Louise De la Ramée* (*Ouida*).
Educational Publishing Company.

BETTY LEICESTER, by *Sarah Orne Jewett.*
A fine story for girls. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL, by *Kate Douglas Wiggin* (*Riggs*).
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A charming story which will delight everybody. By the same author, *The Story of Patsy, Timothy's Quest* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* are all wholesome and entertaining.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF ALL AGES, by *Mark Twain* (*Samuel Langhorne Clemens*).
Harper and Bros. The story relates to England in the sixteenth century.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, by *Edward Everett Hale.*
Little, Brown & Co. The style and language are mature, but the story is one of the best lessons in patriotism ever written.

Volume VI

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, by *Sir Walter Scott.*

An abridged edition published by Ginn & Co. contains the best tales, but many children will like them all.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

An excellent book for young people on account of its interest and its clear literary style. An edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains a sketch of Franklin's life subsequent to the time when his autobiography ends.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, by *Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

Inspiring tales in verse such as children love to hear. *Horatius* is among them.

IVANHOE, by *Sir Walter Scott.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish a cheap school edition.

THE TALISMAN, by *Sir Walter Scott.*

SCOTTISH CHIEFS, by *Jane Porter.*

This is one of the stories that young people enjoyed years ago. It helps to the reading of Scottish history, and is a good type of the romantic novel.

ENOCH ARDEN, by *Alfred Tennyson.*

IDYLLS OF THE KING, by *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS of *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Cambridge edition of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. *The Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill, A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party, Ode for Washington's Birthday, Old Ironsides, Lexington* and others have historical value. The humorous poems like *The One-Hoss Shay, How the Old Horse Won the Bet,* and such beautiful poems as *The Chambered Nautilus* and *The Last Leaf* always appeal to young folks.

THE SPY, by *James Fenimore Cooper.*

This is a thrilling story of the Revolution.

THE PILOT, by *James Fenimore Cooper.*

This also is a story of the Revolution, and it has Paul Jones as its hero.

MEN OF IRON, by *Howard Pyle.*

Harper and Bros. The "men of iron" are Henry IV. of England and the men of his court.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY, by *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. An amusing and frank story of New England boy life.

Volume VII

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, by *Charles Dickens.*

This is one of the Christmas stories, and is written in the best vein of the fascinating author.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, by *Charles Dickens.*
This is usually considered the masterpiece of the author.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, by *Charles Dickens.*
A thrilling story of the French Revolution, rather full of terrible happenings, and rather mature.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE, and
MARMION, by *Sir Walter Scott,*
the two best of his longer poems, rarely fail to interest young people.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, by *Charles and Mary Lamb.*

THE TEMPEST,
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, and
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,
are the three Shakespearean plays that first interest children. Care should be taken in the selection of the edition, as none of the plays in their original form are suitable for children. School editions with notes are excellent. *The Tempest* is printed in Volume IX of this set, and is deferred to that point on account of the very full notes and comments that accompany it. The play itself may be read quite early, and children should be encouraged to try their skill on Shakespeare as soon as they show signs of interest.

UNDINE, by *Baron de la Motte Fouqué,*
is a beautiful fairy tale from the German, with interest for older children than those who read Andersen and Grimm.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
White's *Boys' and Girls' Plutarch* is recommended. The lives of Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Themistocles, Pericles and Alexander are among the more interesting.

THE BURNING OF ROME, by *A. J. Church,*
is a thrilling story of that event.

CUORE, by *Edmondo De Amicis.*
The journal of an Italian schoolboy. Useful and moral, but not always interesting to American boys.

IN HIS NAME, by *Edward Everett Hale.*
A tale of religious persecution.

THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE, by *Harriet Martineau.*
An intensely interesting picture of France just before the Revolution.

PICCIOLA, by *X. B Saintine.*
A touching story whose scene is laid in France in the time of Napoleon.

LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE, by *J. and J. C. Abbott.*

THE ILIAD. *Bryant's* translation.

Classified Lists

When boys and girls can read the first seven

volumes of this set intelligently and with pleasure, they are thinking for themselves. Their tastes are forming rapidly, and they have learned how to read nearly everything that comes to them. They know how to use reference books, and can "make out the meaning" of difficult passages. They are reading for information and culture. What they lack is experience in life, and so they are unable to interpret what they read as fully as can those who have lived longer, seen more of the world, enjoyed more, suffered more. Where they are liable to fail and go astray is in the lack of judgment. They know right and wrong, but they cannot always see the difference. They are apt to be misled by their feelings and to be ruled by their emotions.

The studies and selections of the last three volumes are varied and highly suggestive. They will open new lines of thought and prompt to wider reading in many directions. The contents vary in difficulty as well as in character, but are not graded in a strict sense of the term. They are meant for independent readers, readers who are governed by mood or purpose and no longer rely upon outside guidance.

Accordingly, lists of books suitable for readers of these volumes will cover every department of literature and lead into the reading favored by adults. The majority of these lists deal with literature. They contain the names of those books which are distinctly helpful, and from which young readers may derive nothing to corrupt taste or give false impressions of life.

They are the standard books of the language. The lists might have been longer; they do contain, however, the names of those best books that every cultured person should know. For convenience in reference the arrangement is the alphabetical order of authors' names.

Fiction

AINSWORTH, WILLIAM HARRISON: *The Tower of London*, the story of Lady Jane Grey, and the plots and intrigues that centered about her.

ALCOTT, LOUISA M.: *Little Men* and *Little Women*, two interesting and thoroughly wholesome books for boys and girls.

AUSTEN, JANE: *Pride and Prejudice*, an old-fashioned story, interesting, but liable to be called dull by those who read only the lively stories of the day.

BLACKMORE, R. D.: *Lorna Doone*, a delightful romance, the scene of which is laid in Exmoor, England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

BULWER-LYTTON, SIR EDWARD: *The Last Days of Pompeii*, the author's greatest novel; *The Last of the Barons*, the story of the Earl of Warwick; *Harold, The Last of the Saxons*, a tale of the Norman Conquest of England.

DOYLE, A. CONAN: *The White Company*, an exciting fourteenth century story.

ELIOT, GEORGE: *Silas Marner*, an intensely human story a heart history; *Romola*, a thrilling story of Florence in the days of Savonarola, a study in the degeneration of character that comes from doing only the agreeable things in life.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER: *The Vicar of Wakefield*, an amusing and at times pathetic picture of English country life in the eighteenth century.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL: *The Scarlet Letter*, a tale of sin and its punishment in Puritan New England; *The Marble Faun*, an Italian story full of the art and culture of Rome.

HUGO, VICTOR: *Les Miserables*, one of the greatest novels of the world, but its digressions and its philosophy make it difficult reading for the young. Interesting abridgments of it may be had from the schoolbook houses.

SAINT-PIERRE, BERNARDIN DE: *Paul and Virginia*, a pretty love story from the French.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER: *Kenilworth*, a tale of the days of Queen Elizabeth; *Old Mortality*, a story of the Covenanters; *Guy Mannering*, an eighteenth century tale, with Meg Merrilies, Dominie Sampson and

others of Scott's most famous characters; *The Heart of Midlothian*, a tale of sin and its punishment, with a wonderful picture of a sister's love and devotion.

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, an interesting story, but like most books written for partisan purposes, its influence is not now wholesome.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE: *Henry Esmond*, *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes* may be read in the order named. *Vanity Fair* is better appreciated by adults.

TWAIN, MARK: *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, two stories whose fun every boy will appreciate.

WALLACE, LEW: *Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ.* An admirable historical novel.

Poetry and Drama

BROWNING, ROBERT: Besides the poems given in these books, *The Lost Leader* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra* are enjoyed by boys and girls.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN: *The Poetical Works* (Household Edition), D. Appleton & Co. *The Song of Marion's Men*, *The Green Mountain Boys*, *Thanatopsis*, *Sella*, *The Death of the Flowers*, *The Planting of the Apple Tree* and *Robert of Lincoln*, are among his best poems.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM: *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*, two plays based on Roman history and excellent for reading purposes; *Richard II.* (1398–1399), *Henry IV* (1402–1413), *Henry V* (1414–1420), *Henry VI* (1422–1471), *Richard III* (1471–1485), all based on English history; *As You Like It*, a great comedy; *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, perhaps the two greatest tragedies. All these are excellent reading, especially in such an edition as the *Temple Classics*. Other plays may well be read, but every one should know the foregoing list.

Essays

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO: *The American Scholar*, *Self-Reliance*, *Culture* and *Behavior* may be read with profit by the young, even if they do not fully understand the philosophy.

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT: *American Essays* and *English Essays*, two books edited by Hale (Globe School Book Co.). They contain selections from the writings of George William Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Washington Irving, James Russell Lowell, Addison, Goldsmith, Lamb and Thackeray.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a charming series of talks which embody the best of Holmes's wit, wisdom and philosophy. One of those things everybody must read.

IRVING, WASHINGTON: *The Sketch Book* contains such perfect stories as *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, as well as a number of fine essays for later reading.

RUSKIN, JOHN: *Sesame and Lilies.* In spite of its seeming difficulty this book contains some of the most inspiring words ever spoken on books and reading.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY: *A-Hunting of the Deer and Other Essays,* a delightful little collection that young people will enjoy and that has fine literary qualities. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Nature

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID: *Walden,* a vivid book of outdoor life. Such, also, are *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *Excursions in Field and Forest.*

Biography

BOSWELL, JAMES: *Life of Samuel Johnson.* The first great biography, and still the most remarkable in its intimacy. Not of general interest to young people.

BROOKS, ELDRIDGE STREETER: *Historic Girls.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BROOKS, NOAH: *Life of Abraham Lincoln.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BURROUGHS, JOHN: *John James Audubon.* Small, Maynard & Co.

GOLDING, VAUTIER: *The Story of Henry M. Stanley.* E. P. Dutton & Co.

HARRISON, FREDERICK: *Oliver Cromwell.* Macmillan.

IRVING, WASHINGTON: *Washington* and *Mahomet.*

LODGE, HENRY CABOT: *Alexander Hamilton.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

OBER, FREDERICK A.: *Pizarro.* Harper.

RIIS, JACOB A.: *The Making of an American.* Macmillan.

SCHURZ, CARL: *Life of Henry Clay.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SCUDDER, HORACE ELISHA: *George Washington.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TRENT, W. P.: *Robert E. Lee.*

WISTER, OWEN: *U. S. Grant.* Beacon Biography.

History

BANCROFT, GEORGE: *History of the United States* (to the inauguration of Washington). A voluminous history with interesting passages, but tedious to young readers.

DRAPER, ANDREW SLOAN: *The Rescue of Cuba.* Silver, Burdett & Co.

FISKE, JOHN: *The War of Independence.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LODGE, HENRY CABOT, and ROOSEVELT, THEODORE: *Hero Tales from American History.* The Century Company.

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* This, with other histories by the same writer, is a long and brilliant ac-

count, full of interest to the older youths who have a taste for history.

PARKMAN, FRANCIS: *La Salle and the Northwest, The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* and *Montcalm and Wolfe* are three histories of a brilliant series on the French explorations and colonizations in the Northwest. Parkman is one of our finest historical writers, and his graphic style has given many a young man a deep interest in history.

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING: *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Conquest of Peru* are two interesting histories of the longer type, written in an interesting style that many youths will enjoy. Prescott's work lies with the Spanish, as Motley's with the Dutch and Parkman's with the French.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (see LODGE, HENRY CABOT).

Travel and Geography

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH: *Zig-Zag Journeys in Classic Lands.* There are other interesting Zig-Zag Journeys by the same author.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY: *Two Years before the Mast.*

DARWIN, CHARLES: *Voyage of a Naturalist.*

DU CHAILLU, PAUL: *The Land of the Long Night.* A winter journey through Northern Europe.

INGERSOLL, ERNEST: *The Book of the Ocean.*

JENKS, TUDOR: *The Boy's Book of Exploration.* Deals principally with Africa.

KNOX, THOS.: *The Boy Travelers in South America.* There are other interesting books in the same series.

STANLEY, HENRY M.: *In Darkest Africa.*

STOCKTON, FRANK RICHARD: *Personally Conducted.* Interesting descriptions of places in Europe.

TAYLOR, BAYARD: *Views Afoot.*

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel Langhorne Clemens): *Innocents Abroad.* An amusing account of European travel with good descriptions.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY: *My Winter on the Nile.*

Miscellaneous

The books in the following list have not been selected because of their literary qualities, but because they contain things that are of interest and value to young people. It is thought that parents may wish some information concerning such books as are mentioned, and those given in the list can be relied upon as being interesting,

reliable, instructive and not expensive. The arrangement is by title.

AMERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK, by *Daniel Cortes Beard.* Tells how to fish, hunt, camp, and how to make a great variety of things.

AMERICAN GIRLS' HANDY BOOK, by *Adelia B. Beard.* Directions for making and doing. A companion to *American Boys' Handy Book.*

AMERICAN GIRLS' HOME BOOK OF WORK AND PLAY, by *Helen Campbell.* Outdoor and indoor games and amusements, Christmas gifts, cooking, etc.

AMONG THE LAW MAKERS, by *Edmund Alton Bailey.* Deals with the national Congress, largely the recollections of a former page.

BOY'S BOOK OF INVENTIONS, THE, by *Ray Stannard Baker.* Descriptions of our latest inventions.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING, by *Cleveland Moffett.* Deals with the dangerous occupations of man, steeple-climbing, fire service, ballooning, etc.

CENTURY BOOK FOR YOUNG AMERICANS, THE, by *Eldridge Streeter Brooks.* Deals with Washington and the government of the United States.

COMPLETE HOUSEKEEPER, by *Emily Holt.*

ELECTRIC TOY-MAKING FOR AMATEURS, by *T. O'Conor Sloane.* A practical book, interesting to boys.

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE, by *G. M. Hopkins.* A large and rather expensive book on experimental physics.

FLAME, ELECTRICITY AND THE CAMERA. An account of man's progress from the first kindling of fire to the present time.

GARDEN MAKING, by *Liberty Hyde Bailey.* A practical book for school and house.

HARPER'S INDOOR BOOK FOR BOYS, and

HARPER'S OUTDOOR BOOK FOR BOYS, by *J. H. Adams.* Practical directions for work and play.

OUTLINES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY, by *U. S. Shaler.* A popular book on physiography.

PRACTICAL TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS, by *John Graham* and *Ellery H. Clark.*

RULES OF ORDER (Pocket Manual), by *General Henry M. Robert.* Deals with rules of practice in deliberating assemblies.

YOUNG AMERICAN, by *Henry Pratt Judson.* An outline of our system of government.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

NOTE,—The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated by respelling them phonetically. *N* is used to indicate the French nasal sound; *K* the sound of *ch* in German; *ü* the sound of the German *ü* and French *u*; *ö* the sound of *ö* in foreign languages.

AA, *ah*
ACELDAMA, *a sel′ da ma*
ACHILLES, *a kil′ leez*
AEDUI, *eed′ u i*
ALBINUS, *al bi′ nus*
ALENCON, *ah loN soN′*
ALMAINE, *al′ mayn*
ALESIA, *a lee′ sy a*
ARMADA, *ahr may′ da*, or *ahr mah′ da*
ARTEMIDORUS, *ar″ tem y do′ rus*
ASOLO, *ah′ zo lo*
AUMALE, *o mahl′*
BAYEUX, *bah yeh′*
BEAUVAIS, *bo vay′*
BEAUJEU, *bo zhu′*
BLENHEIM, *blen′ ym*
BLOIS, *blwah*
BŒOTIA, *bee o′ shy a*
BOILOGNE, *bwa lohn′*
BORGIA, *bor′ ja*
BOUQUET, *boo kay′*
BOURCHIER, *boor′ chy ur*

Bretons, *brit′ uns*
Brutes, *broo′ teez*
Burgundy, *bur′ gun dy*
Buys, *bois*
Cairo, *ki′ ro*
Caius Octavius, *kay′ yus ok tay′ vy us*
Calais, *kah lay′*
Chæronea, *ker o nee′ a*
Chalons, *shah loN′*
Champlain, *sham playn′*
Charlemange, *shahr′ le mayn*
Charleroy, *shahr″ l′ rwah′*
Chiara, *kee ah′ rah*
Creasy, *kree′ sy*
Crecy, *kres′ see*, (French) *kray see′*
Cressy, *kres′ sy*
Cornaro, *kor nah′ ro*
d'Aubigny, *do been yee′*
Decius Brutus, *dee′ shus broo′ tus*
Diana, *di an′ a*, or *di ay′ na*
Diocletian, *di″ o klee′ shan*
Ephesus, *ef′ ee sus*
Felippa, *fay leep′ pah*
Froissart, Jean, *frwah sahr′*, *zhaN*
Froude, *frood*
Gergovia, *jer jo′ vy a*
Gnidos, *ni′ dos*
Hague, *hayg*
Harcourt, *hahr′ kurt*
Hengist, *hen′ gist*
Humbre, *hum′ bur*
Jules, *joolz*
Kappelle, *ka pel′ e*

LENTULUS SPINTHER, *len′ tu lus spin′ thur*
LEYDEN, *li′ den*
LIGARIUS, *li gay′ ry us*
LUCA, *loo′ kah*
LUIGI, *lu ee′ jy*
LYCÆANS, *li see′ anz*
LUXEMBOURG, *lux oN boor′*
MACEDONIA, *mas″ ee do′ ny a*
MAFFEO, *mah fay′ o*
MARCUS ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *mahr′ kus ee mil′-y us lep′ y dus*
METELLUS CIMBER, *ma tel′ lus sim′ bur*
METELLUS SCIPIO, *ma tel′ lus sip′ y o*
MEUSE, *muze*
MOINE, *mwahn*
MONSIGNOR, *mohn say nyor′*
MONTCALM, *mont cahm′*
MONTREUIL, *moN tru′ y*
MONTSAULT, *moN soo′*
ORNE, *orn*
PHENE, *fay′ ne*
PHILIPPI, *fy lip′ i*
PICARDY, *pik′ ar dy*
PLEIDES, *plee′ ya deez*
POICTIERS, *pwah tyay′*
POITEVIN, *pwah t′ vaN′*
POMPONIUS ATTICUS, *pom po′ ny us at′ ty kus*
PONTHIEU, *poN tyu′*
POPILIUS, *po pil′ y us*
PULTOWA, *pul to′ va*
ROGIER, *ro zhyay′*
RONCESVALLES, *ron″ thes val′ yays*
ROUEN, *roo″ oN′*

SABINUS, *sa bi′ nus*
SAINT DENIS, *saN dnee′*
SAINT LEGER, *saynt lej′ er*, or *sil′ in jur*
SAINT PANCRAS, *saynt pan′ kras*
SCARABÆUS, *skar a bee′ us*
SCHIEDAM, *skee dahm′*
SEBALD, *say′ bahld*
SEINE, *sayn*
SENLAC, *sen′ lak*
STRABO, *stray′ bo*
SWAMMERDAMM, *swahm′ mur dahm*
TAILLEFER, *tayl fayr′*
TOURS, *toor*
TREBONIUS, *tree bo′ ny us*
TREVISO, *tra vee′ so*
TITIAN, *tish′ an*
UTRECHT, *u′ trekt*
VALDEZ, *vahl dayth′*
VALMY, *val″ mee′*
VARRO, *var′ ro*
VERCINGETORIX, *vur sin jet′ o riks*
VLAARDINGEN, *vlahr′ din jen*
WACE, *vahs*
YSSEL, or IJESEL, *i′ sel*

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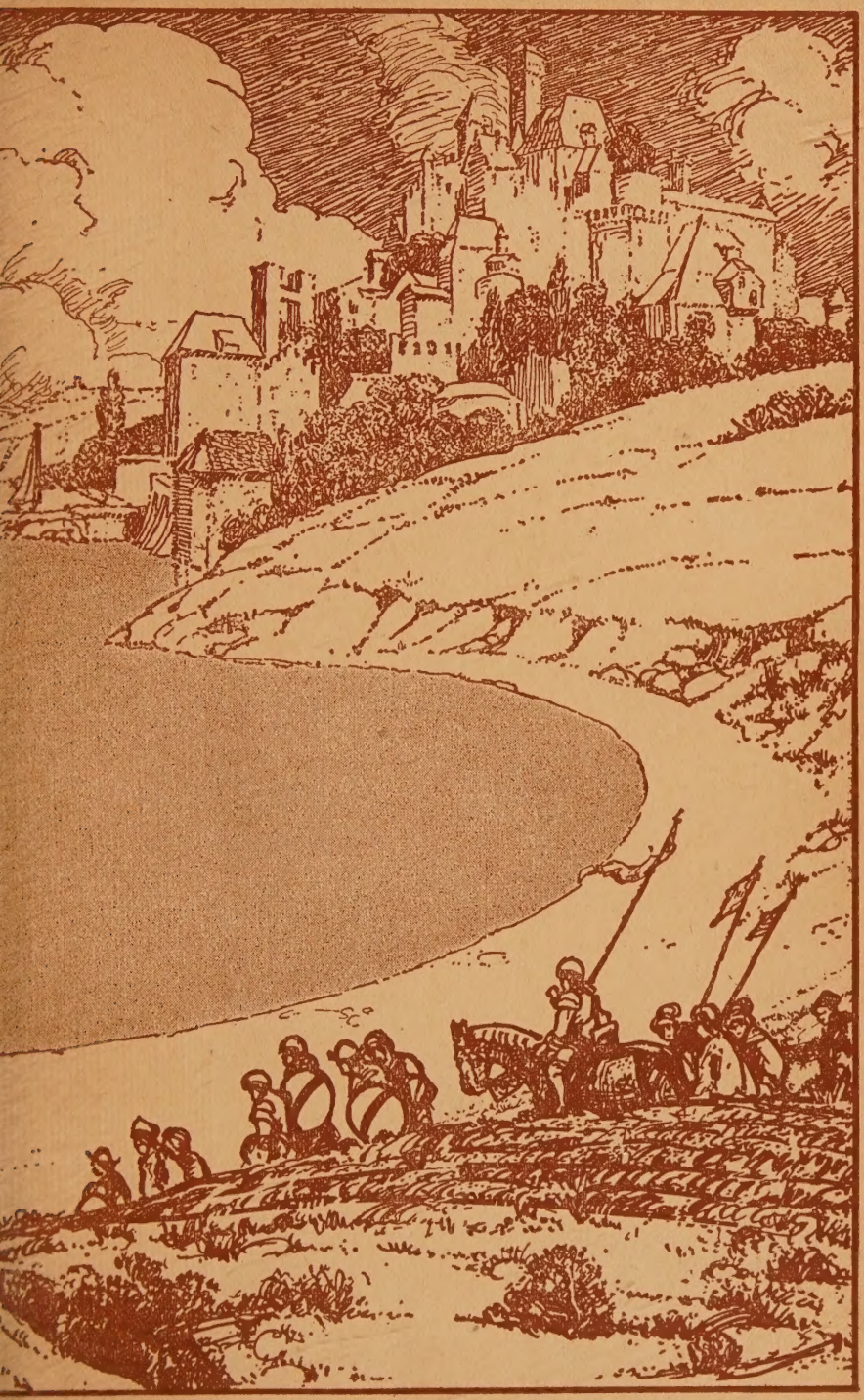
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